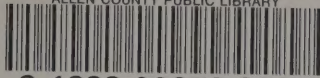


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THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF HUMBOLDT

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1863-1963

THE FIRST 100 YEARS

By Oliver H. DeGroot

1863-1963

The history of Humboldt's

first one hundred years

was compiled by

1985179

OLIVER H. DeGROOTE

for the

Centennial Committee

of the Chamber of Commerce

for the

CENTENNIAL

CELEBRATION

held in Humboldt

June 2 to 9, 1963

and was printed by

JAQUA PRINTING COMPANY

Humboldt, Iowa

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WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON DC 20 442 PM

FRED W. HALL,

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HUMBOLDT IOWA

I HAVE LEARNED WITH GREAT PLEASURE THAT THE TOWN OF HUMBOLDT IS CELEBRATING ITS 100TH ANNIVERSARY THIS YEAR, AND I AM DELIGHTED TO SEND MY WARMEST GREETINGS TO ALL THOSE WHO WILL PARTICIPATE IN THIS MEMORABLE EVENT. YOUR THOUGHTFULLY PLANNED PROGRAM — HIGHLIGHTING THE RELIGIOUS, CULTURAL AND PIONEERING TRADITIONS OF YOUR COMMUNITY — WILL, I AM SURE DRAW THE WIDE ATTENTION OF THE PEOPLE OF IOWA AND SURROUNDING AREAS OF HUMBOLDT'S CHARM.

TO ALL THE CITIZENS OF HUMBOLDT AND THOSE PARTICIPATING IN THIS EVENT, I EXTEND CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR THE YEARS AHEAD.

JOHN F. KENNEDY



STATE OF IOWA
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
DES MOINES

HAROLD E. HUGHES
GOVERNOR

To the People of Humboldt:

It is a pleasure for me to send my greetings to you on this, your Centennial Anniversary.

Your program takes notice of the greatness of Iowa -- past, present and future. It honors our heroic pioneer past. It celebrates our present agricultural abundance. It gives notice to the industrial development that is to be our future.

I am pleased to have this opportunity to extend my congratulations to you -- the citizens of Humboldt -- on this momentous occasion and to express my best wishes for your community's next 100 years.

Very sincerely yours,

HAROLD E. HUGHES
Governor



Oliver H. DeGroote

OLIVER H. DeGROOTE

The Author and Compiler of the "History of Humboldt, Iowa — its first hundred years," was born in Rutland, Humboldt County on January 11th, 1885 of pioneer lineage; his grandfather, Daniel DeGroote, emigrating his family to Rutland township from Wisconsin, upon his discharge from the Union Army, ninety eight years ago.

His father, D. A. DeGroote, at the age of twenty-two opened a general store in Rutland in 1883, where he served as postmaster and seven years later opened a general store in Humboldt. Thus the author grew up in the mercantile business as clerk and later manager, and the lure of business, figuratively speaking, flowed in his blood from early years.

He attended all twelve grades of our Schools, the first grade held in the tiny one room frame building taught by Miss Seguer, the last from the imposing stone high school building torn down in 1918-19 after only about twenty five years of service.

He attended the University of Minnesota, majoring in literature and history and graduated in 1909 from the University of Iowa Law School. He managed his father's store until June 1, 1911 when he engineered the sale of stock, building and fixtures to Frank Arnold, a grain buyer from the then station, named Arnold.

He then traveled widely and in 1912 helped organize the California raisin exchange in the San Joaquin Valley, living in Hartford and Fresno.

He was married on May first 1912 in Los Angeles to Mayme Donaghue, a native Iowan, and the couple returned to Humboldt in Dec. 1912 where the author opened a law office in the newly completed John Reed building. In June 1913, he was elected Secretary of the Humboldt County Agricultural Society, and in Sept. was general manager of the combined farewell county fair on the old grounds and the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of the town of Springvale—later Humboldt.

In 1916 he was elected County Attorney serving two terms, and in 1917-1918 was U. S. Government appeal agent. In 1926 he sold his law practice and library to Thad Herrick, a home boy, who continued the practice in the front upstairs office over the Lane Clothing Store.

In May 1926, he opened a grocery store in the stone Lorbeer block, recently vacated by Harold Hollar (by the way a very inauspicious year to start any business) and in Feb. 1937, purchased the two story stone corner business building from B. H. Wilder, long known as the D. A. Ray general store and built by B. H. Harkness where in early days he operated a general store and was postmaster. In those days the second floor was used for entertainment, Medicine Shows and at times as a lodge hall.

In this building the author operated a big business for six years, selling out for reasons of health June 1st, 1943, to the Selby wholesale Grocery Co., of Webster City.

Fortunately a summer of fishing and relaxation down at the Forks and a couple sojourns in following years, at Hot Springs, Arkansas restored his former good health, and in 1946, he was elected Mayor of Humboldt where he served four years. He preserves pleasant memories of the many meetings of the City Council with W. S. Wilkinson, now deceased, Ed Strachan and Pete Lund, progressive yet conservative in fiscal affairs, and Fred Fredericksen, who always decided every problem with logic and careful study.

Later the author was elected State Representative for Humboldt County and served four years. His fondest recollection of the State House is of the many lasting friendships one acquires; an occasional visit with some, and the Christmas card greetings exchanged with a dozen or more. His greatest pride was his close friendship with the late Gov. Wm. S. Beardsley whom he introduced as a candidate to several large audiences in the Humboldt School Auditorium and in the Humota Theatre and at the Legion Hall; also his close friendship with Gus Kuester, speaker of the house and one of the grandest and ablest speakers of all times; a dirt farmer from Southwest Iowa — his slogan on appropriations — “We’re scraping the bottom of the barrel — let’s not empty it completely.”

With satisfaction he looks back on the success of finally creating the Frank A. Gotch State Park, of the fight assisted by Ted Sloane of Des Moines to grant the cities and towns from five to eight per cent of the road fund (today 13%) — of his floor fight to compel the cities and towns to invest some 75% of all parking meter funds, above maintenance, in off street parking lots or buildings; the bill handled in Committee to exempt five thousand dollars deposits in banks from personal property assessment; both our local banks favored the bill and at first there was considerable opposition in committee.

Thanks to the speaker, he was named to the influential sifting committee which in the final weeks of the session practically controls legislation; and following adjournment, he was appointed associate director of the Iowa State Development Commission, an honor he reluctantly declined and shortly resigned the position.

On May first 1962, Mr. and Mrs. DeGroote observed their golden wedding anniversary in their home, their son and daughter host and hostess — Harold, in the Clothing business in Humboldt, and Betty Jane Paul of Welton Junction, Iowa.

The last dozen years have been pleasant years of retirement in travel, in the rose garden and in relaxation before the fireplace on winter nights.



Humboldt Library



Frank Gotch Memorial

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The History

of the

City of Humboldt

by

Oliver H. DeGroote

DEDICATION

This history is dedicated to the memory of those sturdy and courageous pioneers who one hundred years ago, founded the village of Springvale. From dawn until the darkness of night they labored to build dams, mills and canals; homes, store buildings, schools and churches, all with the crudest of tools and scarcity of material, one hundred twenty miles from the nearest railroad.

They endured fatigue and hardship; they were undaunted by dangers and the peril of flood and winter storms. They were sustained in their difficult hours by an unflinching determination and an "indomitable faith in Providence."

This was the foundation upon which succeeding generations have built the small City of Humboldt, ever proud of its traditions, of cultural, educational and spiritual values.

"When the statesman saves the Nation; soldier stands
the burning test,

Then the Nation pays them proudly, with a medal at
the breast,

But the pioneer, with ax and plow clears the way for
coming race,

Shall he then be forgotten, dying, leave no lasting
trace.

His reward? Nor cross nor medal, but all others
high above,

They may wear more splendid symbols, they have
gained a people's love."

PREFACE

The Centennial Committee of the Chamber of Commerce has requested the author to write a brief history of the village of Springvale from 1863 to 1872, thence of the town of Humboldt to the 30's, and from the 30's, the city of Humboldt.

I wish especially to acknowledge the splendid historical articles contributed by many individuals which are an important part of this book.

I also wish to acknowledge the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce Centennial Committee, the Humboldt newspapers, and all others who have aided in this preparation.

The scrapbook of Mrs. C. W. Carlson, loaned by her, and the scrapbook of the late Mrs. Ella Beebe, loaned by Mrs. George Beebe, have been valuable. Also informative have been the book loaned by Mrs. Mida F. Doan, "The Genealogy of the French Family", the book of poems by the Reverend Horace D. Herr, loaned by Mrs. Lawrence Strachan, and the book "Echoes from Bonie-Brae" loaned by Mrs. Earl Butterworth.

A limited amount of appropriate information has been gleaned from the two comprehensive early histories of Humboldt County, one published in 1884, the second in 1901; however their greatest value is in the treatment of general county history, the townships, elections, and biographies. Our chapter on the "Coming of the Railroads" is in the main copy of their chapters of this important part of our history.

Where applicable, the writer has included excerpts from a brief history of Humboldt County which he wrote in 1946 upon the occasion of the State of Iowa's Centennial observance which was published in the Humboldt Independent of that year.

Many names and episodes have necessarily been omitted in a history of this scope and circumstance. The author, in its presentation, believes that the most important events have been woven into a story of the changing eras of its first 100 years of history.

The author, in compiling this history, has experienced pleasure in its preparation. It has afforded him the opportunity of figuratively meeting again and talking to many of those who long ago have rested from their toil and accomplishment, and were an integral part of Springvale and of Humboldt; he has renewed converse with some of our old timers in the community, and by letter renewed acquaintance with several who had left the State years ago.

In day dreams he has reflected upon younger years and the people of our town those years, and marvels at the swift passage of time. Fifty years ago the occasion of our semi-centennial, the writer as general manager had the honor of inviting our founder the Rev. Stephen H. Taft to return to Humboldt and deliver the address of the day. He remembers as of yesterday every detail of that momentous occasion.

Today he has again been privileged to have a small part in the observance of our centennial, in the way of writing the first and only comprehensive history of our town. Since childhood, Humboldt has been his home; he has always been proud of the now little City and its people, and today, with its superior citizenship, the future can only flash the green light.

Nov. 10th. 1962

Oliver H. DeGroote



THE REVEREND STEPHEN H. TAFT
Founder of Humboldt

HUMBOLDT COUNTY

Humboldt County lies in the valley of the Upper Des Moines river fifty-five miles south of the Minnesota state line, approximately midway between Dubuque and Sioux City, and contains twelve townships or 432 square miles or 276,480 acres.

This county was created in 1851 and then contained sixteen townships. The General Assembly July 1, 1855, legislated it out of existence as a county, and its territory was divided equally between Webster and Kossuth counties. On February 26, 1857, the Assembly reestablished the county with the original boundaries, but through error, negligence or malfeasance of the enrolling clerk, it was discovered after passage of the bill and before reaching the governor for his signature, township ninety had been erased from the bill and given to Webster County. It was approved in this form. However, when the next Legislature attempted to correct the error, it was found impossible to act, as a new constitution of the state had been adopted September 3, 1857, which in Section 30, of Article 3 made it illegal to change the boundaries of any county without the approval at a general election of the people of all counties affected. Webster County thus gained what is now four valuable townships: Humboldt County lost four, and the young ambitious town of Fort Dodge was enabled thereby to become the county seat of Webster County instead of Homer. As a result of this misfortune Humboldt County was organized in 1857 with its present boundaries, and is one of the smallest counties in the state, not only in area, but in population.

Geologically this county is included within the area of the Wisconsin glacial drift which covers this section of Iowa, and, with the Kansas drift which preceded it, together with the natural erosion effected by the two branches of the Des Moines river and its tributaries, have shaped the land as it exists today—gently rolling, a rich warm black loam generally with clay subsoil. Geologists tell us that our fertile soil is an alluvial deposit of prehistoric rivers and lakes. The prairies of Humboldt County are not excelled in production by any land in the state, and Humboldt County is generally regarded as among the ten most productive counties in Iowa.

The county is well drained by the east and west branches of the Des Moines river, together with several creeks, among them Lott's Creek, Bloody Run, Trunler Creek, Indian Beaver Creek and Prairie Creek. Several lakes were once scattered over the county. The early settlers found a portion of the land covered with sloughs and grassy marshes, and they cultivated only the higher land. In the late nineties drainage ditches and tile lines were begun in earnest throughout the county, and today it is estimated several million dollars have been expended in building our drainage system, thereby bringing into cultivation nearly all the land in the county. Owl Lake, Thompson's Slough, Bass Lake and many others are today but memories of the past.

Except for stone, sand and gravel and limestone Humboldt county has as yet discovered no minerals of value or importance. Coal and oil have not

been found, though diggings have been made and at least one hoped for oil well was drilled.

In early days our rivers were utilized for water power, and mills at Dakota City, Rutland and Humboldt flourished for many years, supplying the pioneers with lumber, flour, cornmeal and other cereal products: they are no more, but they served their people well in their day, especially before the coming of the railroads. Today the waters of the west branch of the Des Moines furnish power for the Iowa Public Service Company, generating electricity at Rutland and at Humboldt.

The climate of Humboldt County emphasizes the four seasons; in winter generally cold; we burn plenty of coal, wood and oil, and we complain of the long months of winter; in the early days terrific blizzards swept across the prairies—the blizzard of 1866 and 1888 probably the most severe; of later years January 1912 was our coldest month, the thermometer registering at times 35 to 40 degrees below zero. The winter of 1936 brought us a severe blizzard and severe cold, many secondary roads having been blocked by drifts for days. However, not since that year has Humboldt County suffered from a severe blizzard nor extreme cold, except for the destructive Armistice Day blizzard and freeze of November 11, 1940. In general for the past ten winters our automobiles each day rolled to and from Humboldt, Livermore, Bode and Thor, and to and from adjoining county seats in comparative comfort to the occupants. Winter in Humboldt County now carries naught of the dread and fear of early years when the prairie homes were isolated for weeks at a time. Spring and autumn are generally pleasant and delightful.

Sometimes in summer we get some broiling hot days and often hot nights—corn nights we call them—and some people complain about that too, but in due time the cooling showers come, the dreaded drouth is averted just in time, and in the fall Humboldt County has again harvested a good crop, sunshine and rain falling on fertile soil throughout the growing season. Humboldt County has never known a complete crop failure—though the grasshopper scourge of 1873 and 1876 and the severe drouth of 1894—bordered on disaster.

The panic of 1857 lingered over Humboldt County until the second year of the Civil War, 1862, when prices for products doubled; wheat rose from 30 cents to 60 cents per bushel—though markets and transportation continued to be the number one problem. Lincoln signed the homestead law in 1862, thus opening a vast expanse of free land in Northwest Iowa, but the Civil War was on, and new settlers came slowly.

The establishment of an army post at Fort Dodge in 1850, and of a United States land office in 1855, together with its favorable location, made Fort Dodge a place of great importance, and by the 1860's new settlers spread out from this common center of eight hundred people in all directions.

During those early years no pastures were fenced and the few cattle, sheep, horses or hogs owned by the settler mingled at times with the gentle does.

Settlements were often miles apart and social intercourse difficult—grad-

ually husking bees, the building of the log cabin, log rollings, and quilting or hunting and fishing parties supplied an opportunity for the settlers to get together, often a good settler's abode was opened for a school, taught by some member of the household, and in summer those God-fearing, courageous and devout homesteaders of all faiths gathered in Hand's Grove for divine worship.

So it is, that a hundred ten years the Winnebagoes, the Foxes, and the Sioux in turn rode their wiry ponies over the prairies of this county—hunting big game, their wigwams pitched on sheltered spots along the streams, and the terrain adjacent to the forks of the East and West Des Moines, three miles south of Humboldt near Glen farm, even today bears marks and yields relics of fierce battles fought among them for family—for game, and for home.

G. M. Rosen, an Iowa pioneer, speaks eloquently of the beauty of the Iowa prairie left by the red men of America to the white race of all nations. "Grass carpeted, flower strewn Iowa prairie! Grand and beautiful in sunshine; awe inspiring, furious and merciless in storm. The glow of the morning sun, a brilliant sunset, twilight, silence, the peace of midnight under a blanket of stars, the mellow air of Indian summer, all lent change and beauty, mystery and dread to the wild new far-reaching prairie of northern Iowa.

Ducks and geese filled the many marshes which dotted the landscape, while thousands of prairie chickens "boomed" as they went through their courtship antics on the upland prairie. Upland plovers were here in countless numbers for the larder of many a pioneer home, and passenger pigeons darkened the sky as they passed over in their migration. The beauty of the Iowa prairie in summer dress rivaled description. Mile upon mile of tall, Blazing star swaying in the breeze, gay Sweet William, purple cone-flowers, the wild rose, the golden rod and field lilies all made a carpet of the grandest color. Bluestem grass grew so tall that when cut for hay and placed in a manger, six horses standing abreast could eat on the same stem, hence the name 'Six Horse Grass'."

Our early farmers with ox teams and breaking plows broke the prairies and planted field and gardens "The plow could skin off the sod, but the roots of the grass and weeds were difficult to unearth and often failed to rot." They needed the sharp multiple plow and the modern disk that did not come along until 1880 and the powerful tractors of today to do a good job. "But the farmer did get along and did raise crops, but no one attained wealth out of farming or any other business until about 1880 after the coming of the railroads."

No words of men now living nor of men to come can ever express our grateful thanks to those pioneers of 1860 to 1880—courageous, faithful to their trust, capable, strong, enduring—those who founded, turned the sod of our boundless prairie and handed to later generations—a rich heritage beyond the imagination of our practical minded forefathers.

In early days of our county, celebrations, picnics, barbecues, fairs and exhibits were of decided importance in the social life of our pioneers, and at those events the speech or oration was the primary interest, the mid-day basket

dinner was second, and sports were third. Today the sports are first, the dinner is second, and the speech so far down the list that often only a handful listen to it—no matter how forceful or instructive. The days of speeches were temporarily revived in Humboldt County in the period from 1900 to 1920 when the Humboldt Chautauqua flourished and furnished many gifted orators. Today other influences have displaced this important instrument of education.

This change in the people's interest can be attributed to one slowly developing fact; in the earliest days concern in legislation at the State House, at the Court House and in Town Councils was intense; the pioneers were building an empire; they were improving and developing their own quarter section, their home. Every resolution, every improvement begun or proposed, was vital to them. They had to be informed for their own welfare was involved; they had to take a distinct interest in national, state and local elections. They were intelligent, though seldom educated from the modern viewpoint; most of them had a smattering of book learning; all had a college education in experience, adversity or success. All were keen for information, and as early as 1857 when there were fewer than fifty people in the whole county, a newspaper or "sheet" was printed, and as early as 1866 "The True Democrat", an informative and ably edited newspaper, flourished. In a word, our pioneers were avid for information, and it was vastly to their welfare to know where and when roads, bridges and culverts were to be established whether 40 or 80 acres should be a homestead, exempt from liability for debts of the owner. They needed to formulate fence laws, drainage laws, school laws and hundreds of other matters so vital to the very existence and welfare of the pioneer, his home and his family.

Very early then, those pioneers from the East who were best educated in the schools and academies, adventurous and intelligent became the leaders of thought and action. Some of those men held the county offices, others sat on the board of supervisors, who were moulders of the county's improvements, a few became teachers or lawyers, occasionally one a preacher, and from among them were generally found the orators of those early days. As the nation, from 1832 to 1850 eagerly absorbed the every word uttered by Webster, Hayne, Calhoun and Clay, so our pioneers listened eagerly to the words of S. H. Taft, A. D. Bicknell, J. N. Prouty and to other public addresses and they read newspaper contributions and editorials. Of the many who held positions of trust during the first epoch of our country, 1860 to 1880, none betrayed that trust.

A change has come through the years in the minds of the people. Once we were building a county and state which provided security of the homestead and the family through law. Today the homestead is secure; the county has been organized, built and protected by law; only improvements on the fringe remain. The people are secure as far as the law is concerned. Interpretation of that law and accomplishment by labor only is left to us; our interest in national, state and local affairs has waned. We are willing to leave our political destiny in the hands of a few chosen representatives. From only 30 to 50

percent of the voters of the state vote in our primaries, where nominations are made for important offices. Many of our school elections go by default unless in matters affecting the pocketbook.

Let us not, however, be too harsh; people of today are not less intelligent; certainly they are far better educated; and if their foremost interests, after hours of labor are done, are in relaxation, games and lighter fancies, it is only because we live in a newer, faster era of our history. Once our forefathers builded; today we enjoy the fruits of this achievement. It must be so—the times discourage change—perchance, however some prophet may perceive in the future still another and different era of our history.

Centuries of recorded history speak always of the restlessness of the world's people. The adventurous and the strong through the ages have sought to conquer, explore and seek new homes. Civilized Greece went to Rome and Rome went to England and to northern Europe. Three hundred and fifty-six years ago the English in turn came to Jamestown to establish the first permanent settlement in the new world. Twenty years later, on horses shod with golden horseshoes, they in turn crossed the Blue Ridge to form settlements upon the upper James.

Thirteen years after Jamestown the Puritans in the Mayflower landed at Plymouth in Massachusetts, and sixteen years later founded Harvard. Slowly they trekked ever westward.

Two hundred and thirty years later the Eastern states were the home of fifteen million people and New York City was twice as large as the State of Iowa's largest city of today. In the early 1850's, the halls of Congress still echoed with Webster's immortal reply to Hayne. John C. Calhoun had just died followed by Webster and Clay two years later.

Jennie Lind was singing to great crowds in Eastern cities—Longfellow had written "Hiawatha"—Whittier had written "Snow Bound", and Walt Whitman had written "Leaves of Grass". Abraham Lincoln was a country lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. Harriet Beecher Stowe had written "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and dark clouds were gathering, foretelling the coming of the mighty scourge of Civil War.

Years before this time Ohio, Indiana and Illinois had become states and were rapidly increasing their population. Chicago had become an important commercial little city. Finally, after the signing of the Blackhawk Treaty with the Indians, six million acres of land in eastern Iowa were opened up for settlement. Settlers by the thousands crossed the Mississippi; railroads were built, and the breaking plow first turned the beautiful Iowa prairie.

Only forty-seven years prior to 1850 the Louisiana Purchase had been ratified which included all of the present state of Iowa.

Statesmen rose in the United States Congress to deplore the waste of \$15,000,000.00 paid to France for a wilderness inhabited only by buffalo and Indians. They believed that this vast territory would never be settled by white men. They prophesied no railroad could ever be built which would span the Rocky Mountains to reach the Pacific Coast. In 1849 gold had been

discovered in California. Great Britain and America had just signed the treaty establishing the boundary between the state of Washington and Canada, and the cry "54-40 or Fight" was forever settled. Commodore Perry was soon to open the door of Japan to commerce. Then throughout the land a railroad linking the two coasts was demanded by the people.

The map of Iowa in 1850 shows the organized counties and centers of population along the Mississippi extending inland for about seventy-five miles. Northwestern Iowa was a vast wilderness with no organized counties and few if any white settlers.

The Winnebago Neutral Indian Territory extended west from Fayette and Black Hawk Counties to the East Des Moines River. To the northwest, as far as the Missouri, the Sioux, the Fox and the Sacs inhabited and controlled the hunting grounds.

This is the picture of Humboldt County and northwest Iowa which was beckoning to the inhabitants of the well developed eastern farms, towns and cities. They were willing to leave comfortable homes and many friends to seek new homes on the untamed prairie. Only the strong and the courageous could succeed. Many of the weak returned to their former homes.

History of Humboldt County—From History 1884

A RETROSPECT

The following is an account of Humboldt county written by the hand of Major W. W. Williams, of Fort Dodge, in January, 1867, and gives a picture of the county as it then was:

Humboldt county is situated in the Des Moines valley, bounded on the north by Kossuth, on the east by Wright, on the south by Webster, and on the west by Pocahontas counties. This county may be ranked among the best counties in the State. The prairies are gently rolling, the soil is a sandy loam of a dark color, and in depth and richness will compare favorably with any county in the State. The products are wheat, corn, oats, sorghum and potatoes. All the hardiest varieties of fruits do well. There is a good proportion of timber, there being about eight or nine acres of timber to every acre of prairie in the county. The timber lies principally along the several streams as it does in the prairie country generally, and consists of oak, elm, ash, linn, poplar, walnut, cherry, butternut and other varieties such as crab-apple, plum, etc.

There are four townships organized in the county: Dakota, Humboldt, Vernon and Wacousta. Both forks of what is now called the Des Moines river run through the county, uniting before reaching the south line of the county, the West Fork running through the western part and the East Fork nearly through the center. Tributary to these branches, are Lott's creek in the northern part, Indian and Deer creeks in the west and southwest, and Beaver and Badger creeks in the southeast, and a small stream a branch of Boone river, in the east. There are several good mill sites on both branches of the Des Moines yet to be improved.

It may be satisfactory to the citizens of the county, to know the origin of the names given to the several streams, also the Indian named by the Algonquin race of Inidans who owned the territory, the "Moingonan," by Charlevoix, the "Moingona," by the Dakota or Sioux Indians, "Eah-sha-wah-pa-tah" or Red Stone river. The East Branch or fork, which heads in the lakes near the State line, was called by the Indians "Sun-ka-kee" or Brother river. Lott's creek was named by settlers from the fact that on that creek Lott committed the murder of the Indians in 1854. Deer creek was named by the men at Fort Dodge from the fact that they never failed to find the deer numerous along that stream. Indian creek was so named because we found quite a large encampment of Indians had been on that stream, and a desperate battle was fought near it between the Sioux and Sac and Fox Indians. A party of the Sioux who lived there went down to the Skunk river country in the vicinity of Poweshiek's village, and ran off a number of their horses and killed three or four of Poweshiek's band. As soon as discovered by the Sac and Fox Indians a party of them gave chase and pursued the Sioux to their encampment, at which point a desperate fight took place. The Sac and Fox Indians were victorious. The Sioux lost a number; but a few of them escaping. This occurrence took place in 1844.

Beaver creek was so named from the fact that when we first came up to this country, we found quite an encampment of Sioux on the east side of the river, a short distance below the mouth of the creek. Meek Piere Hap-a-wa's parties claimed that neighborhood as their trapping and fishing district. The small lake above the mouth of the creek was always called, "Pit-tau-wam-a-dos-ka" or "Pit-tau-min-ne-da" which interpreted is Beaver lake. From this the creek was named Beaver creek, as it was a favorite place for trapping beaver. Badger creek was so named by the men at the garrison.

A squad of men was sent up to the grove above to haul down some timber that had been selected of a particular length by the quartermaster when building the quarters. They came on a badger near the creek, when the badger whipped the dogs they had with them. They managed to kill it, however, and brought it down to the garrison as a wonderful baste, as they called it, never having seen one before. The squad was composed of Irishmen, who afterwards were called by their fellow-soldiers, "the badger boys," and in speaking of the creek, called it Badger creek.

There is in the county one first-class flour or grist mill, and a second one about completed, and three saw mills, and a fourth one nearly completed, and also a machine shop and woolen factory in operation.

The county of Humboldt was organized in March, 1857. The commissioners appointed by the Legislature to select a site for the county seat, selected Dakota City as the proper place. The first election held was on the first Monday in April, 1857, when the county officers were elected.

Dakota City, the county seat, is situated about three miles north of the junction of the two branches of the Des Moines river, and between the two streams on a beautiful elevated prairie extending from the timber on the East

Fork of the river westward. The location is a beautiful and healthy one. The town site was laid out by Edward McKnight, Esq., at an early day, (1854 or 1855) though but little was done in the way of improvement until 1856, and in the spring of 1857, the Indian massacre occurred at Spirit Lake and other points on our northern frontier, which checked emigration. Within the last eighteen months emigration has been very great to the northern counties generally. The population of Dakota City at this time (January 1, 1867) is about 100.

Fifteen or sixteen new houses were built this season past. Messrs. McKnight & West have built an excellent dam, and have built a first-class flouring mill. There is a Catholic Church, a Methodist Episcopal organization, one clothing and grocery store, one variety store, one shoe shop, six carpenters, one tanner, one blacksmith, a good string band and a Masonic ledge. The agricultural society of the county have established their fair grounds immediately north of and adjoining the town site, and a good bridge erected over the river. A neat brick school house was also put up last fall. A postoffice, C. Bergk, Esq., postmaster. Dakota City, owing to its location and many advantages, is destined to be a town of considerable importance.

The reason why the population of Dakota City does not number more is that a great proportion of the present population are bachelors and have been from the first settlement. Perhaps they are disposed to follow the example of the proprietor, who seems to hold out stubbornly. Two of the first settlers who held out a long time finally caved in some time ago, and deserted the fraternity of bachelors by taking to themselves partners. Since, they look like new men, feel evidently as they should feel, proud of what they have done, and feel that they now have others to live for. There can be no better points for emigrants to steer for, particularly those who can bring fine young ladies with them; no better class of young bachelors can be found anywhere. Could the old chief, by a vigorous charge, be captured, 'tis likely that all would surrender at discretion, as they are all of that class who would be disposed to follow a good example.

Springvale, a thriving town, is situated on the West Branch of the Des Moines river, between three and four miles north of the junction of the two branches of the Des Moines river, about one mile west of Dakota City. Its location is in a beautiful valley. It was named Springvale from the fact that several fine springs were found along the river in the vicinity of the town plat. It was laid out by Rev. S. H. Taft, who, with a colony of several families, emigrated from central New York and settled in Humboldt county in the spring of 1863. The town is laid out on quite an extensive scale, with several parks and squares, named after martyrs, statesmen, generals, and others who, in the estimation of the proprietor, were the great men of the Nation whose names should be perpetuated. The Rev. Mr. Taft, the proprietor, has been so kind as to furnish me with the following statistics: Number of houses, twenty-seven; number of inhabitants are at present, 137; number of voters, forty-six; one flouring mill, one saw mill, one carding machine, one turning

lathe, one dry goods store, one grocery, one hardware store, one cabinet maker, one blacksmith, four carpenters, one millwright, one clergyman, one lawyer, a lodge of Good Templars, a cornet brass band and five masons; number of scholars in the district, fifty-six. The building known as the Union Hall will seat 300 persons. The inhabitants of Springvale appear to be a go-ahead people, principally emigrants from the eastern States. It may be said that the future prospects for Springvale promise fair.

EARLY TRAGEDIES

Sometime during the spring of 1878, Patrick Lavin, while hunting ducks in Wacousta Township, and while creeping up to a flock of them in a grassy marsh, suddenly came on what to him was a startling sight, causing him for the time being to lose all thought of his ducks. It was a grinning skeleton of a man, with shreds of clothing here and there attached, lying partly concealed in the long grass. The coroner was notified and proceeded to the spot with some assistants. On further examination, it proved to be that of a man about forty years of age, dark hair and about five feet eight inches high. Nothing was found to identify him as to who he was or where he came from. A plain jack knife was all his earthly possessions. His remains were gathered up and interred in what is now Union cemetery. Since which time no inquiry has been made concerning the lost wanderer, nor had anything been developed as to who he was, or how he met his terrible fate.

No sadder tale can be told in the history of our county, than the death by freezing to the Van Driest boys, sons of Daniel and Amelia Van Driest, of Beaver township. On Saturday morning just preceding the advent of one of the most severe "blizzard" storms that ever occurred in the county, these little boys left their home, as was their custom, to attend to some traps they had strung out along Beaver creek, which runs through the township, little thinking of what was in store for them ere evening came. The forenoon and afternoon up to about 2 o'clock was warm and balmy. These boys had wandered nearly four miles from home, as their footprints disclosed, in the search made for them afterwards. About 2 o'clock the blinding snowstorm came, accompanied with severe cold. The wind blew a gale, and no human being could long survive, exposed to its fury. H. J. Ketman and Timothy Driscoll, neighbors of Mr. Van Driest, made their way to Dakota, on the next day, by feeling their way carefully along the bed of Des Moines river, and gave the alarm. But no effort could be made for their relief until the storm abated. As soon as it was possible for any person to venture out, a large party of the citizens of Dakota and vicinity started out in search of the little ones. Some followed their trail, others wandered at will over the open prairie. About 11 o'clock in the morning, a signal gun was fired, and it was soon known that the bodies were found, both frozen to death. They were found about a mile and a half from their home, a few rods apart. One lay straight, with his hands folded across the breast, as if the kind offices to the dead had been performed by the

Savior; the other had, after doing what he could for his little companion, started in a direct line towards the house. He did not proceed far before he was overcome with the cold, and perished in the snow. The latter's appearance gave evidence of a struggle for his life, but it was a fruitless one, and the little fellow surrendered to the grim monster, and went to sleep on the cold prairie. They were conveyed to their late home, prepared for burial, and their remains lie in Union Cemetery.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY IN THE WAR—HISTORY 1884

In this connection has been carefully compiled from the adjutant general's report, and other sources, the name of every soldier from Humboldt county. Any omissions are not intentional, for none have greater respect and honor for the brave soldier, who, leaving home and comforts for the leadership of camp and battlefield, offered himself a sacrifice for the honor of his home and country, than the comrade who lovingly pens these lines in honor of their names.

The following is the roster:

SIXTEENTH INFANTRY.

(unassigned.)

Alexander Coffin.

Company C.

William Murray.

Company D.

Captain.

John Berry.

THIRTY-SECOND INFANTRY.

Major.

Jonathan Hutchinson.

Company A.

Jasper Scurlock.

Levi Scurlock.

Company I.

John H. Ford.

John Means.

George T. Cass.

Isaac McHenry.

Henry C. Cusey.

John N. McHenry.

Francis W. Russell.

James A. Rowley.

George W. Hanchett.

Mathias Hutchinson.

John McKitrick.

Hiram Hulsizer.

John R. Mayberry.

STEPHEN H. TAFT

The Reverend Stephen H. Taft was born in Volney, Oswego County, New York, on September 14, 1825. He received very little formal schooling, but his mother taught her children the rudiments of education. At the age of 16 he hired out as a farm hand for \$10.00 per month, his wages going into the general family fund. At 17 he worked for the same wages on the same farm. At that time his father once gave him \$4.00 on July 4th for an excursion trip. Instead of the trip he bought a Bible, the Lives of Washington and Franklin and a cheap copy of Shakespeare. He studied and read these books in the evening after work. At 18 years of age he commenced teaching school during the winter at \$10.00 per month and taught for several years at a much greater salary because of his proven ability in the district. On the 22nd of February, 1853, he married Mary A. Burnham of Madison, New York. The following year, being ordained, he held a pastorate of the Congregational Society for three years, and later he held a pastorate in Lewis County, N. Y. He resigned in 1862 coming west to Humboldt County where he obtained an option on some ten sections of land for the home of a colony. On May 17, 1863, the colony arrived, and in the exuberance of youth it went to work.

Let us now digress for a moment and follow Mr. Taft upon his return from California to help celebrate the 50th anniversary of the town which he founded. It was a beautiful morning on the 11th of September in 1913. The town was gay with bunting draped from every business building on Sumner Avenue. Twenty streamers of flags and bunting stretched across the avenue, waving in the late summer breeze. From every home in the residential section of the town decorations were displayed. Hundreds of recently purchased automobiles, teams with wagons, and horses and surreys mingled with these automobiles seeking parking places from one end of the town to the other. The Iowa Military Band had just concluded a half hour band concert on the Russell House intersection. This famous band led a short parade of dignitaries and many pioneers coming from great distances, riding behind the marching band to Riverside Park. The lovely park was already the scene of hundreds who had gathered in expectation. The Wingate Company of Des Moines had decorated the speakers' platform with streamers of bunting and flags which presented a gala appearance. The crowd was hushed as the minister rose to give the invocation. The Ladies' Quartet sang "America."

Rev. Horace D. Herr arose to introduce Rev. S. H. Taft and stated in effect that the Rev. and himself have two sentiments in common—our love for the town of Humboldt. I wrote this poem, "Humboldt Town" because I have learned to love the town and its people since my arrival here some years ago.

HUMBOLDT TOWN.

I'm no agent, no Sir, no,
Got no land I want to sell,
But I saw you lookin' roun'
Like you's huntin' where to go,

And I know this country well,
And I know this Humboldt Town.

I'm not much at tellin' yarns,
Like a terrapin I crawl
'Long the level solid groun';
I can tell you who has barns,
Who is farmin' big or small,—
If they live near Humboldt Town.

I've seen some of this earth-ball,
Been from Maine to Minnesoty,
Strolled in Canady aroun'
And looked over South Dakoty,
I have seen them places all
And come back to Humboldt Town.

Well, now since you ask, I'll say
We've got churches stone and wood,
Schools as good as can be foun',
Reckon all our folks don't pray,
But we know sich things is good,
Good for us in Humboldt Town.

Furthermore, I'd like to say,
When Garnaygie made his bluff,
Couldn't vote that book-house down,
So it went the other way,
And they called him quick enough,—
Took that in for Humboldt Town.

"Ponds!" Well, yes, your right 'bout that,
But we call 'em lakes, you see,
And the wust we're drainin' down,
Spoils the home of duck and rat,
Hunter's sport that used to be
For the men of Humboldt Town.

California? Yes, that's so—
Land of sunshine, flowers and dust;
Folks have gone there and have foun'
Warmth at noon, but now they know
Sea-damp chills the very wust,—
Bad as cold in Humboldt Town.

We've got lakes but got no bogs,
Got a college on the hill,

Got a river bendin' roun',
Got fine cattle, sheep and hogs,
Got a bridge, and dam and mill,
Woods and bluffs, near Humboldt Town.

Got a cream'ry plant down there,
Got a poultry packin'-ranch,
Got cement works, best I've foun'—
I'm not givin' you hot air—
Banks and stores are good and stanch,—
Got them all in Humboldt Town.

"Folks," you say, "mean more than these,"
And in that you're right agin;
Yet, with herds, and on good groun',
Men and women grow like trees,
Nature's gifts are subsoiled in,—
Manhood grows in Humboldt Town.

And the ladies! Well now, say,
I'm no singin' truebydoor,
But no woman with a crown,
Shakespeare wrote of in his day,
Was a Queen a thimble more
Than the ones in Humboldt Town.

No, Sir, no, we've no saloon,
But there's some as ship it in,
Do it sneakin' as a houn',
But we hope they'll stop it soon,
'Cause it's just as mean as sin,
Smugglin' drinks in Humboldt Town.

Mostly, tho' we're sober here,
"Father" works as others do,
And we're busy all year roun';
But we stop for Christmas cheer,
Fair and Fourth, Thanksgiving, too—
Hard to beat this Humboldt Town.

The Reverend Taft then rose amid tremendous applause from the crowd and at the age of 88 years in a strong and resonant voice delivered the following address of the day.

HUMBOLDT HISTORY READS LIKE STORY

A Semi-Centennial Address Given at Humboldt, Iowa, on the
11th Day of September, 1913, by Rev. S. H. Taft,
Founder of City of Humboldt

Like a fascinating tale of adventure, and a parallel in many ways for the history of Iowa community is the semi-centennial address delivered before the Humboldt Homecoming audience at Humboldt yesterday by Rev. S. H. Taft, founder of Humboldt, who has journeyed back from his home in Sawtelle, California, to mingle once more with his friends of early days. Throughout its delivery, a great audience sat intent upon the story that was woven so lucidly and attractively by the much loved pioneer.

In the many thousands gathered together no accident of any nature occurred, no disorder, drunkenness, nor disturbance of any kind marred the afternoon. People from all parts of the United States were present to listen to their former fellow townsman.

The address:

Fellow Citizens: Many important events have transpired in the last half century, and though the one we have met to celebrate is not one of the greatest, it is one of importance to this country, and especially to this immediate vicinity, namely, the birth of the town of Springvale now called Humboldt, which event took place fifty years ago, and I have been asked to perform the pleasant duty on behalf of the citizens of Humboldt of welcoming both the home comers and the strangers, to a full and free participation in the festivities of this Historic day. On such an occasion as this I can but wish that I were a poet, so I might, with words befitting the occasion, express the tender, all embracing sentiment of good will and friendship that today hallows the social atmosphere of Humboldt, and trembles in every heart. But my regret that I am not a poet is mitigated by the fact that such fitting words have already been penned by Brother Herr, and I should like, did time permit, to quote every word of his poem.

Of those who were here fifty years ago, but a very few remain. While some have made their homes in other and distant lands, a majority of them have passed from earthly life, and of them we have to say:

"The mossy marble rests
Upon the slips we pressed in their bloom.
And the names we loved to hear
Have been graven many a year
Upon the tomb."

But those who remain, with their children, together with the hundreds of others who have chosen this beauty spot for their homes, all unite in extending, alike to home comers and strangers, a most hearty greeting.

I shall make no attempt to give a detailed history of the town from its birth to the present time, for two reasons. First, I have been absent many years, and secondly, time would not permit me to do so. And of the sacrifices and heroism of the early settlers, I shall be able to speak only in a general way.

On the first of September, 1862, I resigned my pastorate in Martinsburg, New York and came west with as little knowledge as to where I should find a home for myself and colony I contemplated as had the patriarch Abraham when he left the land of his fathers. On reaching Dubuque, Iowa, I was

joined by Townsend Rogers. We came to Cedar Falls, then the end of the railroad and there hired a team and continued our journey. Between Iowa Falls and Webster City, we met covered wagons bringing settlers and their wounded companions who had escaped the massacre which had just occurred in southern Minnesota. After this, we could but think about the Indians and at one time thought we saw a number of them moving on an elevation far ahead and to the right of our road. But, on approaching near enough to see more clearly, we found they were cranes having a dance, which was most ludicrous to witness because of the energetic yet awkward manner in which they would jump, spread their wings and duck their heads.

On reaching Webster City, we were strongly urged by the Wilson brothers to stop there. But I could not find the amount of land I desired for my colony enterprise. Leaving Webster City late in the afternoon, we made our way along an indistinct trail until darkness compelled us to stop. And while considering how we should tether our horses for the night we saw the light of the one residence between Webster City and Fort Dodge, which we had expected to reach before dark. Towards this we cautiously made our way, and were hospitably received and entertained for the night. In the morning while talking with the proprietor, I asked him if he was the owner of all the cattle gathered in the corral in which he was milking, to which he replied, "Oh, yes, there's no one else living hereabouts." On asking him how many cattle he had, he answered, "A heap of them." Not knowing just the number that "heap" represented, I later renewed my question, to which he promptly replied, "A right smart lot."

Leaving our genial entertainers about 7:00, we reached Fort Dodge in time to attend church and hear Rev. L. S. Coffin give a farewell sermon before joining with other volunteers in going to the seat of the Civil War. We spent Monday in looking over lands on the west side of the river, and on Tuesday came up to Dakota, and spent several days looking over the odd sections which Platt Smith of Dubuque believed lay within the grant to the Dubuque & Sioux City Railroad Company.

Finding the necessary amount and quality of land desired, I returned to Dubuque and contracted with the Company for five sections, at \$1.25 per acre.

The few settlers in Dakota and vicinity expressed their interest in my enterprise by subscribing \$500.00 toward the erection of a grist mill.

Up to this time I had given my chief thought to the colony enterprise, but knowing the importance of a saw and grist mill in a newly settled country where the nearest grist mill was forty miles away, I recognized the practicability of building up a town, and resolved so to do. So, Humboldt was conceived in September, 1862, and born the following year.

In my thought of building a town, educational and religious considerations became dominant, so it can be truthfully affirmed that Humboldt is a town which if not religiously conceived, was religiously baptized at its birth.

I well remember the delight with which I first looked upon this beauty spot of the Des Moines valley. It was in the afternoon of a perfect September day, and I can never forget the impression it made upon me by its wild and marvelous beauty. The season of 1862 had been favorable for the growth of vegetation, and the prairie grass, interspersed with autumn flowers, waved

gracefully in answer to the invigorating September breeze. Only from the northwest could the plat be approached without wading through water which lay along the foot of the bluff which encircles it on the east and north. The next day I spent several hours in wandering along the bank of the river, listening to the music of the rapids and dreaming a day dream. I comprehended the fact that the boundless stretch of fertile prairie surrounding this beautiful valley was destined to be densely populated in coming years, and my thoughts were busy with the problem as to what was necessary in order that I might consistently invite my friends in the East to come out to this wilderness of beauty and make their home here, transforming the wild prairie into fields of wheat and corn.

The rapids in the river, the ledges of rock along its banks, and the adjacent timber suggested to me that the first necessity for the success and comfort of the colony was at hand. Nature stood before me inviting someone to build saw and grist mill, and in connection with such an improvement I saw the blacksmith shop, the dry goods store, the cabinet shop, the grocery, the school and church; in short, a well ordered town became real to my imagination. The when and how this transformation of the solitude that shut me in like the curtain of night should be thus transformed did not at that time largely engage my thought. But the purpose was then and there formed to at once ascertain who of right controlled the odd sections of land in this vicinity and if possible to obtain possession of enough of them to meet the necessities of my colony enterprise. Accordingly, on my return to New York, I stopped at Dubuque and, as already stated, contracted for five sections, embracing Sections No. 1 and 2 upon which the original town was laid out. In December, following, I returned to Iowa, accompanied by Mrs. Walters and her family and Mr. John Fairman and his young wife. My first care on reaching Dakota was to find shelter for those who had accompanied me.

The Northwest Quarter of Section 7, which was embraced in my contract, had several years before been pre-empted and a building 12 x 16 feet had been erected upon it. The Indian scare which preceded my advent in Iowa had caused the pre-emptor to abandon the claim and leave the country. I took possession of this building, manufactured the necessary bedsteads, some benches and stools, and procuring at Fort Dodge the necessary cooking utensils, we settled down to housekeeping. I set Mr. Fairman and Milton Walters to cutting spars for the dam.

Among those who contributed in work and material towards the erection of the mills were, as I now remember, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Sherman, Mr. McKitterick, Mr. Ames, Mr. Bellows, Mr. Snook, Mr. Callahan, Mr. Flowers, Washington Hand, Clemm Cusey, Walter Thomas and a few other whose names I do not call to mind.

Early in January, with ax in hand, I went up the east Des Moines, on the ice, to find in the timber along its banks tall, straight trees which would make the husk timbers, sills and plates for the grist mill—on finding which I marked them to be cut at a future date. At about 1:00, I found myself above Lot's

Creek and knowing that a blacksmith had settled on the north side of the creek, I sought his residence to obtain dinner. On reaching the log house, I found a woman with three children, the husband and father having been two days absent to mill, and was expected home the next day. All she could give me for dinner was some buckwheat griddle cakes with sorghum, which I ate with relish, and then walked ten miles home.

As was most natural, a spirit of rivalry was awakened in Dakota City when I commenced my work in earnest. This rivalry I sought to avoid by proposing to Mr. Burk and Mr. McKnight that I would give them a one third interest in my town plat and take a like interest in theirs, and have a single town between the two rivers, to be called Dakota. To this Mr. Burk readily gave his assent, but Mr. McKnight rejected the proposition somewhat scornfully. Before leaving Mr. Burk's office, I said, "Well, Gentlemen, it seems we are elected to engage in a long pull, and a strong pull, but we are not going to pull together, which I regret. While I shall do all I can, legitimately to build up my town, I shall do nothing with the intention of injuring your town, I hope our rivalry may be just and generous."

Early in the winter I commenced preaching in a little building across the street from Mr. Burk's house, in connection with which was organized a Sunday school. After the colony came on the ground, we worshiped in a building called "the storehouse," which soon being needed for a residence, we went over to what was known as the court house, in which we worshiped until the Catholics purchased it for a church. Then we met in what was called the Snook schoolhouse, which later burned down. About this time, I had got the hardware store on Sumner avenue enclosed, after which we met in what was called Union Hall until the stone schoolhouse was erected. The Christian Union Church was organized in the summer of 1863, in which was gathered a very successful Sunday school, which eventually attained to a membership of over a hundred scholars, and its monthly concerts were events of much interest. In the latter part of February 1863, I drove up to Elhanan Clark's in Kossuth county and bought a load of potatoes, and on my return stopped at Mr. Bellows' and bought some pork, paying him two cents per pound for three hundred pounds. After supper, at about 8:00, putting the two dressed pigs upon the wagon, I started for home, but had not been on the road more than twenty minutes before I heard wolves howling, and I soon discovered that they were following me, being attracted by the scent of the pork. They continued approaching nearer and nearer until I crossed the river east of Dakota. While I was not greatly alarmed, as I did not think that there were any timber wolves among them, I will admit that the music of a brass band would have been more welcome to me.

One day when driving up to Lott's Creek I overtook an Irishman and asked him to ride, which invitation he cheerfully accepted. To my question, "Where are you going?" he answered, "I am looking for a farm." Then I said, "Why go any farther when good land can be obtained here for \$2.00 per acre?"

To which he answered with emphasis, "I'll tell you, stranger. I stopped at Dakota last night and I there learned that a domed rascal by the name of Taft claims he owns all the odd sections in this vicinity and is fleecing everybody he can persuade to buy of him, and, mind ye, he don't fool me." I commended his caution, and he bid me good bye in blissful ignorance that he had been riding with the rascal against whom he had been warned. A compliment of like character was once paid me in good faith by Barney Callahan. He had been working with me one warm day in March, hauling logs, which had been cut and rolled down from the bluff on the ice, out on to the land. He had been loth to go in the morning, and I had urged him very earnestly before he harnessed his team. We had had good luck and although we got very wet we were going home in comfort, as the day was warm. Feeling very grateful and wishing to say a cheerful word, I said, "Well, Barney, we have accomplished all I planned, and you see how it was that if the logs were not removed at once I was likely to lose them all. You thought I was very persistent this morning, but now you see the reason for it." To which he replied, in a deprecating tone, "Oh, Mr. Taft, don't say a word. You did all right. The fact is, a man that is engaged in doing what you are doing has got to carry a domed hard face." And I let the matter rest there.

In February, I received a letter from Platt Smith, of Dubuque, informing me that the lands that I had contracted for lay outside of the line of their grant and were claimed by the Keokuk and Des Moines Valley Company, and he said he would give me a letter of introduction to the President of that company, which had its headquarters in Keokuk. On the 18th of March, I took the stage, with several other passengers, at Fort Dodge, for Cedar Falls, on my way to Dubuque. Night overtook us before reaching the Falls and with it came a furious thunder storm which made the latter part of our journey very hazardous. The lightning and thunder were appalling and one of the lead horses was crazed with fear. We should have failed to reach town that night if I had not taken the driver's lantern, and going ahead, piloted the stage into town, which I did when the rain was falling in torrents.

Reaching Dubuque, and receiving a letter of introduction to the president of the other railroad company, I went down the Mississippi to Keokuk on the first boat that navigated the river after the ice broke. I contracted with the company for ten sections of land on the same terms I had originally contracted with the Dubuque company for five sections.

Returning to New York, I came back with the colony, which reached Dakota on the 17th of May, 1863. I had made an arrangement with the railroad running from Niagara Falls west to bring all the members of my colony with their belongings for two thirds usual fare. So all one had to do to obtain this reduction was to present a letter from me to the agent at the Falls, setting forth that they were coming to join my colony, and the reduction was made. At the end of three years there were over two hundred settlers in Humboldt county who came west under this arrangement.

It was with difficulty that we found shelter for the colony. Mrs. Walters took the Dakota hotel, and my family of seven moved into the building she had vacated. There was a log house on the McClain farm, another log house on the Cramer farm, and another building down the river, all of which were taken possession of. Mr. Charles Lorbeer put up the first building on the plat, which he brought in from an abandoned homestead. But little progress was made in building up the town the first summer, but the heads of the families proceeded to select the 80 acre tracts which I had promised each at the price it cost me. I also agreed to let them have whatever more they wanted at \$2.00 an acre. This whole enterprise rested upon faith. First, my faith that I should obtain a valid title either from the railroad company or the state; secondly, faith on the part of the settlers in my integrity and ability to procure and give them a valid title. The several purchasers set to work breaking prairie and raising such vegetables as would grow on prairie sod. The situation was relieved by there being a number of pieces of land that had already been broken up, some on abandoned homesteads and some on the farms of those who had enlisted and were in the Union Army. I tilled, the first year, land on the Cramer farm, the Rowley farm, the Snook farm and the McClain farm.

We had no difficulty that year in getting food and making preparations to raise crops on our own land the next year. Knowing at the beginning that there was no grist mill within many miles, we had brought with us large coffee mills with which we ground our wheat and corn. At this time there were living in this section of Iowa a good many sympathizers with the Rebellion, called "Copper Heads." One of them, living at Fort Dodge, said when the colony came through there that "A company of black abolitionists have passed north through our town." Which statement was correct, except as to color.

As soon as the spring's work was completed, I employed Mr. T. Elwood Collins to survey and plat the town, giving to the streets the names of Generals and statesmen for whom I entertained high regard; and although it is held to be dangerous to bestow honors upon individuals while living, lest they later bring discredit upon their names, none of the streets of Humboldt bear names of which the people need be ashamed. The name for the town was suggested by my beloved wife, given because of the springs that abound in and near the river. Springvale was changed to Humboldt with the intent that under it Dakota and Springvale might be merged into one town. It was not without a menal struggle and it was from a sense of duty that I consented to the change and went to Washington and had the name of the post office changed.

Of the three last days of December, 1863, a furious storm prevailed over the entire Middle West. It died away toward evening of the third day and the clouds all disappeared during the night. New Year's morning was bright and clear but, oh, so cold. The atmosphere upon the face felt like ice. Cattle perished during the storm. Mr. Walter Thomas lost a cow. New Year's Day of 1864 is remembered as one of the coldest on record.

My arrangement for reduced railroad fare resulted in having all goods shipped from Niagara Falls, to be sent in my care to Humboldt county, and some packages came through marked "Taftville." To this I objected, and to my friends who approved it I said, "I will give my name to the large park but cannot consent to have it given to the town." The small park I named John Brown Park, in honor of Freedom's great martyr, of whom the Italian statesmen and patriot Mazana said, "John Brown, the redeeming name of America."

During the autumn of 1863 there were a number of cases of typhoid fever. Mrs. John Craig was brought very low by it, and Mrs. Taft watched with her continuously until she herself was stricken with it, being delirious from the first and continuing so for over two weeks. It was often so cold during her sickness that water standing in a cup by her bedside would freeze. I frequently watched, with my overcoat on, with a warm stone in my lap for my hands and another at my feet. I kept hot bricks in the bed and on the pillow near her head. The children would come to the bedside in the morning, push aside the curtain, look at their mother and go away with sad faces and sometimes in tears when she failed to greet them. The youngest then three years old, was the first one to be made glad by Mrs. Taft's return to consciousness. During the night previous to the incident of which I speak, Mrs. Taft had slept more restfully than at any time before, so I had hoped and even expected to see an improvement in her condition in the morning. I was making preparations for breakfast when the little fellow came from his bed, climbed up in a chair behind the curtain, seeing which I hastened to the bedside lest he should disturb her sleep, when he turned towards me with his face all aglow with delight, saying, "Pa! Ma looks good at me." The fever had broken and from that time on she rapidly improved.

In the autumn I put up a building from lumber sawed in the new mill, which was run by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Pinney. It was raised on the fourth day of November, the day on which Mr. Lincoln was elected the second time. The building was sixteen by twenty four feet in dimensions and had a cellar under it. It was boarded up on both sides of the studding and filled in with sawdust.

During the summer of 1863 and the following winter I got the dam in, and during the summer of 1864 got the saw mill running. Soon after I bought an iron corn cracker, to which Mr. Pinney adjusted a belt from the saw mill pulley, after which we had better meal and graham flour than that produced by grinding by hand in coffee mills. Mr. Pinney and Mr. Rogers taking turns in running the mills. This corn cracker gave our town much distinction calling customers from adjoining counties. Thousands of bushels of wheat and corn were ground in it. Mr. Pinney also attached the water power to a sorghum mill, in which many tons of cane were ground, the juice being made into syrup at the halves. This proved a great blessing to the community as it being war time all kinds of sweetening were very high.

In the early spring before the water in the river had raised I had got the walls of the grist mill built, the dam nearly completed, the flume in, but had

not shut both of the flume gates, not anticipating the rise of the river at that time. But the water rose during one night and pouring in through the open gate was undermining one corner of the mill foundation. The gate was suspended ready to be dropped into its place, and I stepped out on the large beam, drew out the pin that held it up, and taking hold of the stem sought to guide it to its place, but on reaching the water it slipped from the groove, and turning edgeways it was jerked too suddenly as to plunge me into the flume head foremost, which manner of approach proved very fortunate, for being aware that if I was drawn into the gateway it would be fatal, on reaching the water I swam underneath the surface, as I never did before, and succeeded in getting so far beyond the current as to reach the opposite side of the flume, and was helped out by willing hands. But I contracted a cold that confined me to the house for weeks, which was followed by an attack of pleurisy. This was my only sickness for twenty five years.

Another and more tragic event during that summer was the death of Uriah Pinney, by drowning. He was a noble boy, beloved by all who knew him. I was having some finishing work done on the race which required the floating of timber from the opposite side of the river just above the dam. Uriah was a good swimmer and after dinner one day swam out, instead of taking the row boat. He must have been taken with cramps, for he sunk out of sight and perished before it could be realized what had happened. This event carried deep sorrow into every household.

The winter of 1864-5 was a very cold one and some of the families suffered oppressive hardship. Mr. Pinney and family, Mr. Leland and family and Mr. Byron Parsons lived in cellars covered with boards. While the boards kept the rain from falling directly upon the occupants of the cellars, they did not prevent the water from gathering in the cellar in which Mr. Leland and Mr. Parsons lived, and they had to bale out their dwelling place after each storm. I lived in the building to which I have referred, erected November 4th. Besides a family of seven, I had to keep hotel also. Guests who had come to mill often covered the kitchen floor, sleeping on and under their own blankets or buffalo robes. I had put a stove in the cellar to keep the vegetables from freezing, and it was the warmest room of all, so the children, as also the guests, would lift the trap door, put their hands on the sides of the opening, drop themselves down upon a dry goods box, step from that on to a lower box, pull the door over then down to its place, and step on to the cellar bottom. One morning when writing at my desk I saw five, one after another, descend, shutting the door after them.

Before we got the saw mill running I had some of my logs sawed at the McAuley mills, six miles up the river. One cold winter day I drove up with a large log, got stalled on my way and was greatly hindered. After reaching the mill, unloading the log, and reloading with boards, I started for home, but had got but little way on my journey when night overtook me. As the track was very indistinct I had to drive slow to keep from losing it. I became greatly

chilled before reaching Dakota and had great difficulty to keep from going to sleep. I could have driven but very little farther.

In the last days of December, 1864, I arranged to drive down to Fort Dodge in my spring wagon, two of my hired men and the two older boys, William and Frederick, accompanying me. At this time Mr. Pinney's family were living in the upper part of the mill. Mr. Pinney was sick with a fever and was being cared for away from home. Geo. Pinney, then a young lad, was also sick with a fever and being cared for by his mother. In that open loft there were no partitions except those made by blankets. Albert Pinney was working for me and was the provider for the family. As there were signs of a storm I took with me a large, strong umbrella and the rubber blankets with which we covered our loads of wheat and flour in moving them. We had a delightful ride down, but it began to mist just before we reached the city, which mist soon turned into snow. While we were in the city the wind suddenly changed and a fierce storm began to develop. Knowing the severity of Iowa storms, I concluded my business as soon as possible and we started on our home journey, facing a furious storm. When a short distance out of the city, I drove up to a straw stack and had the men fill the box with dry straw, had the boys lay down in the wagon bed and covered them with the oil cloth blankets. With our overcoats well buttoned up and our hands protected as best we could, we made our way up the river. I sat in the middle and the man on one side, held the umbrella with one hand and reaching forward held the edge of the cover on the other side of me. In this manner they managed to give my eyes partial protection from the snow that then cut like small shot. The umbrella prevented a tragedy, for we all must have perished without it. The reins in my hands seemed like ribbons of ice, as they were frozen hard, being wet by the first part of the storm. The roads were drifting badly and one of the horses frequently stumbled. If much of the road had been drifted as badly as on the last two miles of the drive, we could never have reached home.

There was but one stopping place between Fort Dodge and home. That was the grove in which Mr. Webber had built a log house. When we reached there Mr. Pinney, Mr. Lawler and myself were much chilled. Driving under the shelter of the grove and putting the blankets upon the horses, we went in and got thoroughly warmed. They tried hard to have us remain over night, saying we never could live to reach home, but I replied, "We MUST reach home tonight." Resuming our journey, I drove the team as I had never driven before, and have never since. "Old Dime" came near giving out before we reached home, one time stumbling and falling so that I was afraid she would never get upon her feet again. The boys called out from time to time, "Papa, are we most home?" But they bore their imprisonment courageously until we reached home and I lifted the snow covered blankets from them, and the storm smote them with demoniac fury. They then gave free vent to their pent up feelings.

I told Albert Pinney and Mr. Lawler to hasten down to the mill and see

if all was well there. As they descended the stairway and came in sight of Mrs. Pinney, she exclaimed, "Oh, boys, I am so glad you have come, for these double doors have been threatening to give way for some time." She had scarcely finished speaking when a fiercer blast than before burst them in, extinguished the lamps and tore away blankets and overturned chairs. Mrs. Pinney felt her way to the bedside of the sick child and gave it what protection she could until the men, getting upon their knees, each behind a door, pushed them shut and held them until Mrs. Pinney relighted the lamp and procured a hammer and nails, when the doors were made secure. If we had failed to reach home that night Mrs. Pinney and the children would have been frozen to death.

A storm of like character occurred in February, 1866, in which the McLachlin boy perished. Mr. Rogers, with his team, took a load of flour down to Fort Dodge that day, and I accompanied him. We went down on the ice. The fore part of the day was very pleasant. We left the Fort to return about 3:00, and when entering upon the river above where the old dam used to stand, we were greeted with a strong breeze from the north, accompanied with fine snow. The ride home was very uncomfortable. We took turns driving and running behind the sleigh to keep warm. Soon after we reached the forks of the river a sharp gust of wind hurtled through the leaves of the trees of the river's bank, then it was altogether calm for two or three minutes, then another blast, and in a little less time still another, until before we reached the McClain ford we were in the midst of a wild Iowa storm. We made our way home from the ford with great difficulty, and just before reaching shelter the wind carried away my hat which I made no effort to regain.

In February 1865, the mill commenced making bolted flour, which was made an occasion of great rejoicing, a banquet being given at the Fremont House, where biscuits and butter and sorghum were served free. Hundreds from our county and quite a number from adjoining counties were present on the occasion.

There being no bridges or culverts in this part of the state at that time, farmers frequently came to the mill in company, so as to double teams when crossing bad sloughs. I have seen loads of grain come to mill, drawn by three yokes of oxen.

A man known as Judge Rose came to what is now Rutland, the year after I came into the country. He said he represented a number of families and seemed intent on doing much the same kind of work that engaged my attention. He had so little confidence in my enterprise that he volunteered to pay \$20.00 for the first barrel of flour that I should manufacture. Later he moved to Webster City. When the mill was set running I purchased a very nice barrel, filled it with the best flour that could be manufactured, and sent it to him by express, writing him at the same time, thanking him for his generous offer. But he never took the flour and he did not answer my letter. I later understood that the flour was taken to pay express charges.

In the spring of 1865, I went East on business, and on my return I was accompanied by Mr. Snyder and family and Mrs. Bremmer and family. We left the cars at State Center and hired a team to cross over to the Northern Railroad. Night overtook us before we had reached the only stopping place between the two roads. We had, however, come in sight of the light and, having lost the trail, made directly for it. To make sure that we would come in contact with no disturbing force, I took the driver's lantern and piloted the way. Water was running freely in many of the sloughs that we crossed. The driver had a three horse team, one in lead of the double team. While walking some little distance ahead of the team, I suddenly dropped into what was called a slough well, dug to gather water for cattle in the summer time. Throwing out my hands, I prevented going lower than to my shoulders. Mr. Snyder, noticing that the light suddenly disappeared, sprang from the wagon, hastened to my relief, and taking hold of my shoulder helped me out. And the moment after I was released the leading horse went in with his forefeet. The water was flowing a foot deep over the surface of the ground, so all we had to do to get the horse out of the well was to seize his head and pull him down stream, after which he got upon his feet. Then, avoiding the well, we made our way to the end of our journey. When retiring, I gave my clothes into the hands of the landlord to be rendered wearable by being dried during the night.

At one time, when compelled to cross the mill pond on treacherous ice, I dropped through and would have been drowned but for my precaution in carrying a long pole in my hand. This stopped my descent, and crawling upon the ice over it, I made the shore by keeping that in my hands and moving on my hands and knees.

In order to take the stage at Fort Dodge to go East, I had to leave my home soon after midnight. I quote from *The True Democrat*, of February 28th, 1866, an account of one of those early rides, when called upon to attend an important railroad meeting at Boone. My hired man, Mr. Rathkey, and I left home at 3:00 a.m. The night was dark and stormy. In fording the East Fork the horses had to break ice almost strong enough to hold them up. On reaching the farther bank and driving up on the prairie, the wind proved too strong for our lantern and it went out. We soon found ourselves lost on the prairie and could make no further headway without a light. The only way the lantern could be relighted was by my holding a blanket over the teamster as he got down in the wagon bed. Then we found the trail and made our way safely to Fort Dodge, reaching there just as the stage coach drove up to the Duncombe House.

The Railroad Company with which I contracted for the land, failing to build as required in the bill making the grant to it, was unable to complete its title, so I could not procure mine. Under these embarrassing circumstances, I resolved on seeking relief through the state legislature. In December, 1866, I went to Des Moines, a stranger to everybody in the city except Judge C. C. Cole, whom I had met in Keokuk when there to contract for the land. He

introduced me to leading members of the Legislature, and I laid my case before them. I shall never cease to be grateful for the deep and intelligent interest they all took in my enterprise. In a few days a resolution had passed both houses and received the executive sanction, which authorized the governor to convey the land directly to me on my paying the agreed purchase price into the State Treasury. So it turned out that what at first seemed a serious difficulty proved a blessing in disguise, as my visit to the State Capitol gave me the acquaintance of many of the legislators and other leading men of the state, among whom I call to mind Governor Stone, B. F. Gue, Dr. McGowan, Senator Harlan, Judge Wright, Judge Hubbard, Judge Chase, John Scott, Governor Larrabee, Governor Merrill, Governor Carpenter, Charles Aldrich, H. J. Parker, J. B. Powers, Judge Oliver, Professor Abernathy and others. This acquaintance later proved of signal value to me when I engaged in my educational work. In the Senate I found an old school chum, who was with me a member of the "Union Literary Society" in Mexico Academy, New York. I last saw him as we parted on leaving school.

In 1866, I established a weekly paper called the True Democrat, which name I changed to Republican when I found that "Copper Heads" supposed that paper represented secession. In 1872, I transferred the paper to my son Frederick, who changed its name to "The Humboldt Kosmos" and who remained its editor and proprietor until he removed from Humboldt to Sioux City, when he sold the paper to its present proprietor who changed its name again to "The Humboldt Republican."

In 1867, a calamity befell me and the town, and there was also conferred upon me and my family a priceless blessing. In April of that year an ice gorge took out the mill dam, and in June our only daughter, Mary, was born. The going out of the dam, while an oppressive loss to me, and while compelling farmers to go far to get milling done, proved a blessing to scores of families, by reason of the work which was made necessary in recovering control of the river. Instead of putting the dam where it formerly stood, I found that by putting it a half mile up the river I could secure three feet more of fall and also make the mill safe from damage by future floods. This required the digging of a canal a half mile long, which involved an outlay of many thousands of dollars. I commenced excavating the canal on the 6th day of June, frequently had fifty men employed at a time, together with many teams. For a few weeks I paid the workmen on each Saturday night, but finding my resources would not permit this, I paid them half, promising them the remainder when the mill should run. But it soon became evident that I could not continue to pay even that amount, and I told the men the best I could do was to furnish them bread for their families and let them wait for the rest of their pay until the mill should run; and such were the necessities of those early settlers that they gladly accepted these conditions, and I had no difficulty in procuring all necessary help on these terms. When I commenced the work I had quite a stock of flour in the mill. After this was exhausted I borrowed

from farmers all the grain that I could and sent it to Webster City to have it floured, but this source of supply finally failed me, when the outlook became dark indeed. I had come to where two weeks more work would give me the command of the river, as I had got the dam in and was putting in head gates, all of which would have been of no avail without the completion of the canal. This was called "Starvation Year" in northern Iowa. Mr. Rogers helped relieve the situation by taking a load of his wheat to Tyson's mill below Fort Dodge.

On Saturday morning, two weeks before the opening of the canal, I sent one of my hired men and work teams down to Fort Dodge, following later with my driving team. I went to Fuller and Ringland's store and offered them a dollar extra on each hundred of flour if they would let me have a ton on ninety days time, to which they replied, "We can sell only for cash." Having learned that Mr. George Bassett was loaning money belonging to the state, I called upon him at his office and inquired on what terms I could obtain a hundred dollars. He replied, "Give me your note, with some other good name, and you can have the money." He wrote out a note, which I signed, and then I called at the Fort Dodge Messenger office and stated to Mr. B. F. Gue the conditions confronting me. He promptly replied, "I will sign the note with you," which he did. Taking the note back to Mr. Bassett I obtained the hundred dollars, then went back to Fuller and Ringland's bought a ton of flour, had it loaded upon my wagon, and let the team start home with it, remaining myself to transact some further business. It then occurred to me that if the load of flour reached home before I did not a sack of it would get into my larder, so I started for home, making good time, and drove across the bridge just as the load of flour was being driven up to my residence. There were then no trees to obscure the vision, my house being in sight of the workmen on the canal. As soon as the load of flour was sighted the workmen dropped their spades, pick axes, shovels and scraper handles and started for the wagon. Those with teams headed also in that direction. They were all on the march when I came in sight and most of them reached there before I did. I, however, got there in time to get my hands upon the mouths of two sacks, and when a man who had one sack on his shoulder requested me to let his son take another sack, saying he had a large family, I replied, "My family is the largest, I must retain two sacks." Some of the men were laughing, some were shedding tears. One jolly Irishman exclaimed, "Bully for Taft." Another more Quaker like in manner exclaimed, "Thank God."

Two weeks from that day the water was let into the canal, which was made an occasion of much rejoicing. I had given notice in the True Democrat when the head gate would be lifted, and hundreds came from all parts of the county. Many came from adjoining counties, also, and they all gathered on the river's bank at the head of the canal. The Good Templars were out in force, and the brass band was on hand. I got into a rowboat below the head gate and was carried down to the mill by the rising tide while the company.

led by the band, marched down on the north side. It was a day never to be forgotten by those who were present.

Among the first Ordinances passed after the town was incorporated was one prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks, signed by John Dickey, Mayor, and S. H. Taft. Recorder.

In the spring of 1869, I set out a great many trees, and in 1872, I set out over two thousand, most of them on the college grounds and in the second college addition. Since returning to town this time I have highly enjoyed the grateful shade of those beautiful trees.

Sumner Avenue was the first road opened up into Humboldt. When I spoke to Mr. Craigg, one of the county officials, about opening this road and having a culvert put in at the lowest point, he replied, "There will never be travel enough there to need a culvert." And when I went before the supervisors and asked for the laying out of the Air Line Road, old Mr. Atkinson, who was opposed to it, said, "Not in Mr. Taft's nor in my day will a road be needed there." Realizing the necessity of a good approach from the east, I put in the culvert on Sumner Avenue and plowed and turnpiked at each end of it for several rods. This was at the time the only piece of turnpike in the county. The next road laid out was to the west, which road I employed Mr. Averill to survey for a distance of six miles. The third road secured was the Air Line road, the county bearing the expense of the survey and the putting in of a bridge at Bloody Run. But three owners of the quarter sections along which this road ran refused to give the right of way, two of them demanding \$100 and one of them \$52.00. This I paid to avoid the inconvenience of delay. In 1866, I employed Mr. Collins to stake out a trail from the Fort Dodge road on the west side of the river, leaving it after crossing the creek this side of the Flower farm and going over to Lizard Creek, to accommodate farmers living ten and twelve miles west on the creek. And many grists were brought to the mill over that road. We of this day are amused at the failure of the first settlers to comprehend what the future held in store for them in this garden spot of the state of Iowa. But men of high distinction have made like mistakes. Daniel Webster, on hearing some railroad men talking of building a road to Worcester, exclaimed, "A railroad from Boston to Worcester! Who will ever be interested in a railroad to Worcester?"

A bit of early history, revealing the fact that Humboldt did at one time have a blind pig, came to my knowledge a few weeks ago. The story was told me by Mr. Youne, whom many of you will remember as one of the early settlers in Humboldt. When visiting me not long ago, he told me the story, which I will give as nearly as I can in his own words. "I had been up to do some business at the Courthouse and coming down on my way home to Balser Lindstruth's, with whom I was then living, I stopped at Mr. ——— and asked him for something that might give me a little warmth. He replied, 'I have no license to sell anything, and Mr. Taft and his fanatical friends watch me very closely, but if you will go with me I can find you something to drink.'

He started downstairs, asking me to follow him, and took me into the back end of the cellar, where he drew me a glass of liquor, which I drank, and after returning with him upstairs I started for home. But before I got across the bridge I was taken with violent pains in both stomachs, and before I got to Mr. Lindstruth's I was in such agony that I crawled under the side of a hay stack and stayed for a while, but feeling sure that I would die if I did not get relief I started on my way again and succeeded in reaching his house, when he gave me a cup of mustard and water, which gave me immediate relief. I have never drank anything since." If a like result would come to all patrons of blind pigs, we might feel partially complacent.

After the upper dam was put in, high water in the spring usually overflowed the low land west of the dam, and finally it began to cut a channel from where it flowed into the river below the dam up towards the mill pond, so that it became necessary to build a dyke across this low land, which was done while the water was flowing three feet deep. The dyke was constructed by driving plank, sharpened at one end, four inches in width, into the ground from eighteen inches to two feet, and filling in front with gravel and building up stone on the backside. The driver stood in a boat that was fastened as we moved along, but the holder of the plank had to stand in the water and with his feet see to it that each plank was properly driven beside its fellow. And I was so anxious that this should be done correctly, as a badly driven plank leaving a place for a break would jeopardize the whole work, that I worked all one day with ice water flowing about me up to my hips. Dr. Welch drove up twice to where we were at work, warning me that I was jeopardizing my life.

Two years later the water cut through the dyke, leaving an island west of the dam. This was to me a crowning calamity. The recovery of the control of the river was of inexpressible importance to me. How this could be attained came to me when reverently seeking divine guidance. It occurred to me as possible to fill the gap with quarry stone, which was obtainable on the bank of the river opposite the cut. I had observed that flat stone would sink and come to rest even in a rapid current. To get the stone there in necessary amounts involved great difficulty and even danger to life. But that genius of a mechanic Dunham Pinney helped me work out the problem of procedure. I had a flat boat which would carry several tons of rock at a time, and the plan agreed upon was to attach two ropes to the rear end of this boat, one to hold it in check and the other to draw it back to shore. A large rope was suspended across the river, one end fastened to a post at the quarry, the other fastened to a tree on the island, and had a short rope running from the boat to a pulley on this suspended rope. Then we were to load the boat with stone and the workmen would pull it out into the current, with one of the ropes half hitched around the post to hold the boat whenever it was desired. This control of the boat was put into Mr. Pinney's hands, and the boat was drawn back to shore by a horse. I elected myself captain of the boat and at

7:00 at night, with three men started across the river. Before reaching the middle of the river the current moved the boat toward the gap, and when we were as near as was safe I called a halt, when the rope was fastened to the post. Then we threw the stone from the forward end of the boat into the gap. Our lives were constantly in the hands of Mr. Pinney, for had he let go the rope, the boat with all hands, and the horse besides, would have been drawn into the vortex.

At one time, with a heavy load, I did not call a halt quite soon enough and the boat reached so far out upon the dropping waters that it began to fill and sink. Then I called out, "Take us back! Take us back!" at which the horse was put upon a trot and we were brought to shore just in time to spring from the sinking boat to the bank before it went down. We had to unload the boat with long poles, and when it rose to the surface we baled out the water and resumed our work. After putting in about ten loads, I asked Mr. Pinney to let the boat move a little farther out, after being unloaded, so I could ascertain what progress we were making in filling the gap. Standing on the boat that was tugging at the rope with the waters rushing by it, I thrust a pole down and struck the stone which we had thrown in at a depth of about eight feet. I called back, "All right, boys, we shall win." You should have heard the shout of gladness that went up from the people on the bank of the quarry. We worked all night, by which time we had stopped the enlargement of the break. It took several days to obtain control of the waters but in less than a week's time the mill was set running again.

The dyke needed frequent repairing, to do which we carried material across the river on the flat boat. For sometimes the long rope spanning the river remained in its place, and it was an easy and safe matter to pull the boat over by the rope. But this was finally removed, after which we had to cross the river by the use of poles. On one occasion when the water was high we crossed over, made repairs, and attempted to return. But a strong wind from up the river had set in and before we had got half way across the river it became evident that the boat would be carried over the dam. Mr. Belcher and Mr. Jones, who were with me, were given their posts on the boat, and we worked as for our lives. I told them to retain their places until the front end of the boat came to where the water dropped over the dam, then to leap to the shore, if possible. We succeeded in getting the boat so near the bank that when we jumped we reached so near that by leaning over we could take hold of the projecting stones of the bank, and the water came up only to our shoulders. So we escaped with no further injury than a plunge in the cold water. The boat went over the dam and remained in the vortex some little time before floating away.

At the time I laid out the parks some considered it a waste of land to devote four blocks to a single park, but I replied that the time would come when such dedication would be accounted one of the most commendable things that I had done.

In 1870, I contracted for land for an educational campus, and then went East to secure funds for establishing a college. The erection of the Central Building was commenced in 1870, and its doors were open for the reception of students in September, 1872. For two years no tuition fee was charged, only an incidental fee of \$2.00 per term for lights and fuel. The teachers were paid from funds I procured in the East. A good many are today occupying positions of trust and influence which they never could have attained but for Humboldt College. And many of its earliest students have attained signal distinction in their several callings and professions. It is also cause for grateful satisfaction that the graduates from Humboldt College, under its present administration, take high rank in the educational and commercial world. The work of establishing the school was attended with experiences of a most diverse character, ranging from the gladness that waits on a consciousness of noble attainment achieved to that of oppressive sadness attendant upon the apparent loss of all that was believed to have been attained. But of these experiences I cherish the pleasant ones, while to the fullest extent of my ability I consign the unpleasant remembrances to the grave of forgetfulness.

There were three occasions in the history of Humboldt when its prosperity, if not its very life, was in peril. First, when the state regranted the river lands to the Valley Railroad Company after the company had failed to comply with the terms of the first grant. Mr. Kasson, who was appointed to draft the bill, knowing that I had contracted for ten sections of the land, asked me to formulate a section of the bill that would protect my interests, which I did. This section provided that a portion of the land should be withheld from the company until it should build the road into Fort Dodge. This provision so offended the president of the road that he said, "I will now run the road so as to make the grass grow in the streets of Taft's town, or I'll go to hell." But for this provision the road would have been built through some distance west of town. This provision was so important to Fort Dodge that several of its leading business men thanked me for securing its incorporation in the bill.

The second occasion was when the committee of five, appointed to locate the road from Fort Dodge to Britt, came to our town. The committee had driven down from Britt on the divide between the Des Moines and the Boone Rivers, and two of them favored that route. Mr. Piersons came to my house very early one morning and said, "I have brought the locating committee up along my road, and they are at the hotel now. Two of them are in favor of an air line route between Britt and Fort Dodge and two of them favor buying my road and building through the towns on the river. Governor Washburn is undecided. Now we have got to win the governor to our side or you and I are going to the devil." Governor Washburn, after looking over the ground, decided for the river route and the purchase of Mr. Pierson's road.

The third occasion was when Mr. Piersons agreed with me to abandon three miles of grading and turn west and cross the river at the Forks instead of at Dr. Welch's quarry, on condition that I should raise seventeen hundred

dollars for the company and also obtain the right of way to Humboldt and the necessary depot grounds there, all of which I accomplished within sixty days.

On the 20th of September, 1872, the National Scientific Association, which held its sessions that year in Dubuque, visited Humboldt and spent three days with us. Among those who gave addresses were: Dr. White, Prof. Perry, Prof. Putnam, Prof. Waldon and one or two others. Two days before their visit Humboldt College had opened its doors for the admission of students. The visit of the scientists was much appreciated by citizens, teachers and scholars.

In 1875, the Christian Union Church supplemented its previous declaration regarding the bounds of its fellowship by declaring that "any and every person desiring to study and practice the Christian religion as taught by Christ, was invited to fellowship and membership." This church was organized in 1863, but a house of worship was not erected until 1879, at which time it was difficult to obtain mechanics but still more difficult to find money to pay them with. So, making available my knowledge of mechanical work obtained when I was a student, I laid the walls under the church, my son William and Mr. Stephen Seward being my tenders. Under the direction of Mr. Pinney, I superintended the framing and erection of the building, which was accomplished during the winter of 1879-80. The funds with which the building was erected came from three sources: first, the subscription of its friends; second, the two year's salary which I contributed toward it; and, third, a few hundred dollars which were borrowed. The church was dedicated in the early summer of 1880, and Miss Mary A. Safford was chosen as the first pastor in the new house of worship. On the occasion of the dedication, the church was named "Unity Church," by which name the church and society have since been called.

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On the 20th of September, 1889, our beloved daughter, Mary, died. Of her beautiful character, her helpful social and religious influence in the county, I have no need to speak before those present who knew her. I have spoken of her birth as a priceless blessing, made so by the helpfulness and beauty of her brief life, of which I have to say that it was ever inspired and beautified by the belief that she was God's child, for the one conclusive reason that He made her. I am confident that the thought that she was other than a child of God never gave her an hour's anxiety. To her, the Gospel proclaimed and illustrated by Jesus of Nazareth was not a new religion but rather a clearer revelation of the ever abounding love and gracious watch care of God. Before entering the valley of the shadow of death, while yet able to speak through earthly lips, with a countenance all radiant with peaceful trust and Heavenly joy, she said, "I shall soon know the mystery of death and the life beyond." In the light of such a death, we may well repeat the challenge of the apostle. "O, death, where is thy sting; O, grave, where is thy victory?"

In this connection I take grateful satisfaction in paying a tribute to the noble Christian woman, faithful wife and affectionate mother, who counselled with and inspired me for almost fifty years. With rare courage and ability

she cheerfully accepted the double burden imposed upon her during my long absence from home when procuring funds for the college. She possessed executive ability of a high order, and was for a quarter of a century one of the directing and molding moral and social forces of Humboldt. I shall awaken no feeling of protest when saying that no one enjoyed more unreservedly the respect, confidence and love of all than did Mrs. Taft.

As nearly as my memory enables me to name them, the following are some of the first developments in the life of Humboldt. The first house was erected by Charles Lorbeer. The first church organization and Sunday school was the Christian Union. The first church edifice erected was the Congregational. The first school house was erected upon the block where the present school houses stand, by Mr. Dyer and S. H. Taft. The first paper established was The True Democrat, published by S. H. Taft. The first hotel was kept by Mr. Locke. The first mason was Mr. Leland. The first hardware store was kept by Mr. J. F. Ward. The first general store was kept by Mr. Eli Wilder. The first furniture store was kept by Charles Lorbeer. And the first blacksmith shop was run by Mr. Goldsworthy. Dr. Cole was the first dentist and Dr. Russell was the first physician. The first goldsmith was Mr. Knowles. The first school teacher was Mr. Jared Snyder.

The work of building, from these small beginnings, has been carried forward until Humboldt has attained wide distinction because of its inviting homes, pleasant parks, shaded streets, extensive, elegant stores, strong banks, grandly improved waterpowers and electric plant, beautiful lake, successful Chautauqua, and its first class high school and college. Financially, it has measured up fully to my highest hopes; but religiously and politically, it has not yet attained to all I had hoped for.

I have thus far spoken of the conception, birth and early years of Humboldt and some of the experience attending upon my work in its behalf. I wish the time would allow of my telling of the faithful work of those associated with me, without the cooperation of many of whom success would have been impossible. Among the early settlers and their families I recall the following names, though of necessity this list is incomplete:

T. T. Rogers, John W. Fairman, Dunham G. Pinney, Newton Northum, Charles Lorbeer, Mother Cynthias Wickes, John Lorbeer, Louis Lorbeer, F. W. Bowen, A. D. Bicknell, Avery B. Snyder, Judge J. M. Snyder, G. M. Snyder, Mrs. Emilie C. Bremer, B. H. Harkness, Hiram Lane, Carlos Lane, Walter Thomas, Charles C. Coyle, O. F. Avery, M. W. Berrier, Mrs. Jane Walters, J. F. Ward, Duane Loomis, Mr. Richter, John Johnston, Col. J. J. Smart, Joseph W. Foster, Wm. Quick, Prof. John McLeod, Prof. D. B. Stone, Prof. A. Earthman, Charles Atkinson, William O. Atkinson, Henry A. Knowles, Wm. Emerson, Edward Emerson, Daniel DeGroote, Hiram Arnold, Dr. W. M. D. Van Velsor, Franklin W. Parsons, Hugh McKinstry, A. P. Webber, Judge John N. Weaver, Chester Dean, Christian Snyder, John D. Foster, Daniel Teller, James D. Springer, M. V. Reed, A. H. Reed, P. H. Pope, Alexander Mc-

Lean, A. B. West, Fayette West, Samuel Rogers, Mr. Shellenberger, Wm. B. Leland, Byron Parsons, Robert Lowry, Joseph Albee, O. M. Marsh, E. A. Belcher, A. C. Nopens, Rev. Julius Stevens, Parley Finch, August Rathkey, Alexander Younie, Stephen Seward, Henry Weist, The Clarks, Mr. Goldsworthy, C. D. Mastin, Deacon A. E. Lathrop, Dr. D. P. Russell, Dr. Ira L. Welch, N. R. Jones, Barney Callahan, Washington Hand. The Simonses. E. K. Lord, John McKittrick, O. W. Coney, Joseph Berkhimer, George Martin, David Martin, Thomas B. Nixon, Edward D. Nixon, John H. Nixon, John Ratcliff, N. E. Ames, Daniel Harvey T. E. Collins, O. J. Hack, Alex. McAlughlin, The Calder Brothers, A. F. Beebe, Edward Snook, Wm. Rowley, Wm. Craig, John E. Craig, Michael Loomis, George C. McCauley, Alexander McLean, John Bartholomew, Cyrus E. Wilson, Eber Stone, M. C. Hewlett, Russell H. Norton, Wm. Learmont, J. H. Rine, A. B. Fairman, C. H. Brown, Sr., Father Foster, Clem Cusey, S. B. Bellows, J. B. Thorne, Wm. H. Locke, Rev. E. C. Miles, Eli A. Wilder, G. L. Tremain, B. Linnastruth, G. B. White, A. M. Adams, J. E. Barker, S. K. Winne, William Gay, David Fikes, C. P. Clark, I. A. Averill, J. H. Bramblee, J. N. Prouty, George Bucholz, Martin Alger, Edward Sherman, Carlos Combs, Henry Watkins, Myron Blackman, John Dickey, H. J. Preble, Frederick Gotch, F. F. French, H. S. Wells, William Thompson, Sarah Segur, Ann Segur, E. E. Colby, R. C. Hayes, B. G. Stark, John Ford, N. O. Nelson, L. J. Anderson, A. J. Collson, Rufus Whittier, E. P. Fuller, G. W. Farlow, G. W. Briggs, W. N. Beer, Myron A. Benton, Irwin Benton, Dr. O. Haran, George W. Dyer, A. R. Starrett, Gilbert Bogart, W. M. Brackett, S. H. Brewer, H. S. Cadett, Tellier, Wade Brown, George S. Webber. Charles Bergk, A. W. McFarland, Eli Tellier.

Having spoken of the birth and early history of Humboldt, I should be untrue to the cause of human progress and untrue to my own sense of duty, even unworthy of the higher honor you have bestowed upon me, if I should fail to speak of what ought to be Humboldt's future and how desirable social, moral and political conditions can be assured.

But fifty years lie behind Humboldt; fifty centuries lie before it if it shall prove worthy of continued existence. It is God's good pleasure that its life should run parallel with the passing ages if it will but truly represent the principle of law, which is to command what is right and forbid what is wrong; and if it shall execute judgment and justice and deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the spoiler.

Fellow Citizens: America must not prove untrue to its heaven appointed mission as the custodian of the priceless treasures of Christian civilization by permitting them to be wheimed in the maelstrom of political corruption and social debauchery. But to prevent this dire catastrophe we must improve the environments of our youth. To do this we must cease to "bargain away the public health and the public morals" by licensing the traffic in intoxicating drinks and we must establish a government of law that shall "be a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well." And such a consummation I believe to be near at hand. The social and political heavens are bright with

promise of coming victory for the cause of truth, purity and righteousness. Let it be ours to severally act nobly our part in this crowning contest for the preservation and promotion of Christian civilization.

"We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust,
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod
The power to stand alone and vote with God."

Fellow Citizens: I reverently invoke upon you all Heaven's richest blessings. May your lives be hallowed and exalted by an abiding consciousness that you are the children of the living God who gave you your being. And may the spirit of love and human helpfulness that glorified the life and death of the Master ever rule your hearts and lives so that you shall know the joy and peace of the eternal life this side of the grave. And may the memories of this historic occasion brighten all the days of future years.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The following excerpts are copied from the book written in 1929 by Judge Fred Taft. This book was a memorial to his father, Reverend Stephen H. Taft. These quotations reflect what his college work meant to Mr. Taft, and also portray his excellent composition and the richness of his association with many of the important people of the time — names that yet today and shall tomorrow shine in the galaxy of American history.

Part of his letter written to Julia Ward Howe in 1875

It has been my great privilege to have had Gerrit Smith, Beriah Green, Frederick Douglass, Rev. Dr. Morrison, A. Bronson Alcott and Mrs. Livermore as guests. And I remember with especial pleasure your visit to Humboldt, Iowa, and your tarry with us for a night.

At the time I was in the East securing funds with which to establish Humboldt college, I made the acquaintance of many of those whom you name. I was introduced to the poet Longfellow by humanity's truest friend, Edward Everett Hale. A few months later, in company with Dr. Putnam of Brooklyn, N. Y., I called on Mr. Longfellow at his summer house at Nahant, and had the good fortune to meet Charles Sumner there. He had just returned from his last visit to Europe, and the occasion was made memorable by the narrative given by Mr. Sumner of his interviews with distinguished men of Europe.

Among those of whom he spoke I have a vivid recollection of Gladstone, Castelar, Guigot, Thier and Bismarck. I heard Mr. Emerson speak on two occasions. First when the public library in Concord was dedicated, on which occasion I was introduced to him; and I was present at the Centennial of the Boston Tea Party held in Faneuil Hall, and heard him read a poem on that occasion.

I once heard Phillips Brooks preach in his own church and soon after this, by invitation of Mr. Wolcott, father of your present governor, I dined with him at Mr. Wolcott's summer house out near the Blue Hills. After dinner we went up on the principal point of observation and tarried there to witness the glories of a cloudless sunset. Little was said by anyone after the blue curtain of the heavens began to dissolve and reveal to us the glories of the city of God. We felt as Moses did when beholding the burning bush.

I met William Lloyd Garrison on several occasions and was, with my wife, invited to spend an evening at his house, where we met his daughter and her husband, Mr. Willard. Mr. Garrison had just returned from his last visit in the East where Mrs. Willard had traveled with her father, and I that evening came the nearest I ever shall come to realizing my earnest wish to travel in the old world. Mr. Garrison and Mrs. Willard gave most of the evening to showing us the treasures of art which they had gathered up, and taking us with them to the places of historic interest which they had visited.

I was also a guest at Edward Everett Hale's home on two occasions and shall ever remember him as the one to whom, more than to anyone else, I am indebted for the success attending my work for Humboldt college. I met Dr. James Freeman Clarke often when in Boston, and I call to mind no one except Dr. Hale whose friendship I cherish with such grateful satisfaction. I have letters from him which I preserve as sacred treasures. During those darkest days of my life when being smitten by hands which should have gladly helped me, Dr. Clarke, Edward Everett Hale and John E. Williams were God's messengers of strength and help to me.

As I think of those days there comes before me a scene which can never fade from memory. It occurred when the editor of the Christian Register, Mr. Mumford, was making his saddest mistakes in speaking of Humboldt college. We had come to await the arrival of the mail, which brought the Christian Register, with the deepest interest. The last copy preceding the event of which I am to speak had represented me as taking advantage of the confidence of eastern friends to promote my own selfish interests. On the day of the arrival of the next Register my son came running home from the post office with the Register in his hand, and in broken accents of joy: "Dr. James Freeman Clarke has an article in the Register defending father." That was a day of Thanksgiving at our house.

I first met Wendell Phillips in New York in the spring of 1870. He had lectured in the city the evening previous to my arriving there and I called at his hotel quite early in the morning and handed my card to a waiter who soon returned with word that I should come up to his room, where I found him engaged in shaving himself. He made many inquiries regarding the educational work I represented, and later, when I met him in Boston, he made a liberal contribution to Humboldt college.

Peter Cooper was the first eastern contributor to the school. I heard Mr. Phillips speak on several occasions. The most notable one was when he

pleaded for the preservation of the Old South Church. The occasion was indeed historic, for besides the multitude which filled every part of the church Mr. Phillips made us feel that those long since departed were also there and that reverence for the memory of the noble dead and for the principles for which they fought required the preservation of a building hallowed by such sacred associations.

More than half a century after Springvale was founded a local paper, writing historically of its region, had this to say of Mr. Taft and his work:

"Mr. Taft faced conditions, natural and man-made, that would have discouraged and broken down a less courageous and determined personality. He faced the mental hazards of slander and adverse criticism as stoutly as he did the elements of nature he had to contend with in the course of the years he gave to making his dreams come true. . . . There was hardly a development project of that day and age in which Mr. Taft was not a leading factor. . . .

In many ways he was the most picturesque figure in Humboldt county history. A saintly man of education and refinement who could far more easily be placed in the security and comforts of the more densely populated and developed eastern sections of the country than as the organizer of an expedition that had for its purpose the subduing of an unknown and remote frontier civilization. But he was a robust man having a most fertile mind and an abundance of imagination and initiative. He was by instinct an empire builder and the walls of civilization oppressed him. This impression of Mr. Taft's character is borne out in the later years of his life when he left Humboldt and founded the town of Sawtelle in California."

From an Eastern Newspaper

"The citizens of Springvale are possessed of more than average intelligence as a community," says the correspondent. "The superior educational advantages offered, and the broad liberality of the people, have attracted hither, and will continue to attract, the highest class of people. There is not a liquor saloon in the town."

In Mr. Taft's address of welcome on September 20th, 1872, he said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the American Association for the Advancement of Science: On behalf of the citizens of Springvale and vicinity, I welcome you to the hospitality of our town.

We cannot present you with the bold bluffs and deep ravines which you have beheld on the banks of the two great rivers which fold Iowa in their arms, nor with rivers of such magnificent proportions as the Mississippi and Missouri.

But we can show you a landscape where the extremes are toned down and up, until they meet in such modified forms as to make a scene as beautiful as the pencil of the artist ever sketched, and where the absence of the wild scenery which has delighted your eyes for the past week, is compensated for by beautiful and well tilled farms of marvelous fertility.

Instead of the great rivers to which reference has been made, we present

you with the Des Moines, which, rising among the lakes of Minnesota, runs like a silver ribbon through a valley four hundred miles in length, which in the fertility of its soil, the extent of its coal fields, gypsum beds, lime and building quarries, and in its beauty is not equaled by any other valley, of like extent, in the world.

We cannot show you extensive commercial houses or stately mansions, but we can present you with a thriving business town, standing where ten years ago the prairie was as untouched and wild as when the Indian hunted the deer, the elk, and the buffalo which fed in the valley. A town (without a beer saloon), the citizens of which are animated by as pure and noble aspirations as those which stir the hearts of the inhabitants of the older towns which you have visited.

In evidence of this high claim, I point you to the beautiful edifice which crowns the bluff in the north part of the town, bearing the immortal name of Humboldt."

Mr. Taft wrote in 1873 as follows: Among the difficulties which have attended my labors, I would name first, the Boston fire, second, dull spring trade of 1873, third, the panic, and fourth, the defalcations of the railroad companies on their bonds.

At the age of 92 years and seven months, yet vigorous in both mind and body, Mr. Taft climbed a ladder to prune a tree and suffered the fall which preceded his death by less than four days.

In the Humboldt Union Cemetery stands a Monument at the base of which reposes the ashes of him, who came from the more populace New York State to the wilderness of Northwestern Iowa where 100 years ago he founded the village of Springvale, where he envisioned a prosperous community in the heart of a fertile territory.

A solid cube of granite, carved from the everlasting hills of New England which cradled his forbears, carries on two sides the simple name Taft. Superimposed a second cube just smaller, carries upon its smaller sides the family legends. In measure it typifies the character of the man for whom it stands. Undaunted by the winds of adversity and the storms of controversy it looks calmly out upon the vicissitudes attending upon the lives of men and bears ever the serenity of its substantial worth and unchanging purpose which neither time nor the elements can destroy. The flame of his life burned steadily through many a storm, but it was ever and always a never failing beacon tended for the purpose of helping others to avoid the pitfalls and to aim for the higher levels of life. This is his monument; the record of a long and active life, consistently consecrated to service.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The name of Stephen H. Taft, our founder, shall endure as long as Humboldt has a history, and the name will be perpetuated as long as our City has a

Taft Park, a Taft Street, and a Taft elementary school in the park he loved so well.

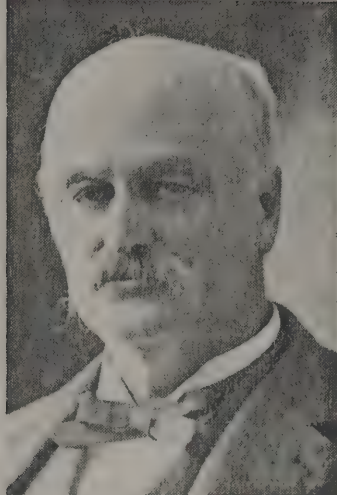
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

Illustrative of the noble character of Mrs. Mary A. Burnham Taft, wife of our founder, in her hours of life's deepest grief, after the funeral of her brilliant and only daughter Mary V., who had died on September 20th, 1889, in the bloom of young womanhood, we quote the following from the pen of Bernice B. Smith:

Mother, at 92, remembers Mrs. Stephen Taft, wife of Humboldt's founder, as a gracious lady. Mother was present at the funeral of the Taft's brilliant daughter. The grieving Mrs. Taft wore a red paisley shawl — when black was customarily worn for mourning. Overhearing a criticism, Mrs. Taft said, "My daughter loved this beautiful shawl. Let my **heart** do the mourning, but let me smile at the world with courage." Mother overheard it and has repeated it many times. I offer it as my Christmas appeal in this Centennial year.

Bernice B. Smith.



ANSON DODGE BICKNELL

In 1862 a hundred years ago, Anson D. Bicknell arrived in Humboldt County from Oneida County, N. Y. He found Dakota (City) a small village and Springvale later known as Humboldt not yet established. The railroad then stopped at Cedar Falls, and from there he walked to Dakota City, where he taught school the first winter.

The Bicknells are one of the oldest families in the United States, they being descended from Zachary Bicknell, an English naval officer, his wife and son, natives of Somerset, England, who immigrated to America in 1635. They were dissenters from the established church, and like others at that time, sought religious freedom in America. Anson was the eighth generation in America, son of Rev. James and Rebecca Ruth (Brooks) Bicknell; b. Oneida Co., N. Y., 30 Dec. 1835; d. Humboldt, Iowa, 23 April 1918; m. in N. Y., 30 Dec. 1864, Sara Ann Mills, daughter of Allen and Sara Ann (Lee) Mills of Oneida Co., N. Y. They were the parents of four children, all born in Iowa:—Frank W., b. 1866; Clara Rebekah, b. 1870; Chales Mills, b. 1875; and George James, b. 4 Aug. 1885 at 1005 Third Ave. No., Humboldt, Iowa where he has resided all his life — is the only one living.

Mr. Bicknell, prominent attorney, Republican, County superintendent of schools, member of the house in the Eighteenth General Assembly, twice mayor of Humboldt, and member of the Unitarian Church, preserved old data on Humboldt County. His contributions to the press were frequent and characterized by their logical thought and clear, terse style. He gave lectures to the students of Humboldt College on his travels, history, and study of nature.

After Mr. Bicknell's death, his two sons, Frank W. and George J. gave the land at the end of Sumner Avenue, known as Riverside Park to the City of Humboldt as a Memorial to their parents — Anson D. and Sara Ann (Mills) Bicknell. The Park to be known as Bicknell Park.

Compiled August, 1962, by Dorothy (Mrs. Geo. J.) Bicknell
1005 Third Avenue North, Humboldt, Iowa

PIONEER DAYS
IN
NORTHWESTERN IOWA

BY
A. D. BICKNELL

In the Humboldt Republican,
April 15 to June 24, 1897.

HOW WE TRAVELED AND RECEIVED NEWS IN 1862

When I look straight over events and details to a hot July day in 1862 when I first walked into Dakota City, it does not seem such a long while ago. But as I recall the varied and later history of this part of the state in particular, and that of the United States as well and compare all things that now touch our local life, with the things that then environed us and were a part of our life, that thirty-five years more than doubles in seeming length.

In the few brief notes that I shall make of those odd days, I shall not try to be either literary or systematic, but shall simply tell, in a rambling way, of the things that were so controlling in their power as to make all time, prior to the advent of our first railroad in August, 1879, seem like ancient history.

At this time, little Humboldt county has five railroads, and the last time I counted them up there were fourteen stations. In 1862 our nearest depot was at Cedar Falls, one hundred and twenty miles away. The war was raging and that summer was the gloomiest period of its entire four years. Everybody was keen for news from the front, yet, with rare exception, nothing came to us younger than four days of age. It came about this way: The day it was printed in Dubuque it reached Cedar Falls; next night it slept with the stage at Iowa Falls; next night at Fort Dodge, and the following day it touched Dakota City on its way up to Algona and Blue Earth City. But we never waited for the mail bags to be opened to learn the outlines — the headlines as it were — of the latest news; for the stage driver, everywhere beyond the last telegraph office and railroad station, was the veritable town crier, and he either gladdened or saddened every one on his line as he shouted out the bloody news of the day.

You see at that time we could not step into a telephone office and call a fellow up hundreds of miles away and talk to him face to face, for the telephone was then a two-year dream of a single brain, and it did not stand squarely on its pins till fourteen years thereafter. Even the telegraph was a minor child of only eighteen years, and the locomotive was a young fellow of about thirty years experience in America.

We traveled by stage or by lumber wagon, minus the spring seat, or by a method then very popular with a great many who wished to take their time and see the country at leisure, to-wit; on foot. The "tramp" had not been invented and the very bon ton of the prairie felt no moral loss after a trifling walk of a hundred or two hundred miles. In fact such a journey rather added to his standing in society without any damage to his financial rating, because there were but few people, even in our largest and only town of Dakota City, who had money enough to pay for a stage ride to the railroad. It cost \$9.50, and as muskrat skins and taxes, directly or indirectly, brought in about all the spending money we could reach, a fellow would stretch out his legs over a long distance before he would squander so much. Besides, up here there was little demand for labor. With a market 120 miles away and produce at a nominal price even at the railroad — butter 7 cents, wheat 30 cents, etc. — wages on the farm were only \$13 per month, or 50 cents per day, and one would squander in such a ride the fruits of nineteen hard days work, besides six or seven more for hotel fare. It really meant the loss of a full month's work, and he could walk it in three days.

If I have not made it plain that I walked in from Cedar Falls and that I afterwards worked for a farmer for \$13 per month, I believe I will not try further to explain. But at that time I arrived at Dakota City my cash capital was \$19.50, \$20 of which had been loaned me by a woman. Still, financially, I held an even rank with most of my neighbors. For the first day out from Cedar Falls it seemed very queer that I should be giving out the very latest war news — the news I had read in Dubuque two days before. I made Iowa Falls that first day and put up at the same hotel that the stage did, the Wood House. The stage beat me into Fort Dodge by a night and half a day, but even when I got to Dakota City the next day, four days afoot, I still carried the very latest news. It seemed almost as though I had become a telegraph instead of a plodding footman.

I would give twice my fortune of that day, which you observe was minus fifty cents, if I could take that walk again with every circumstance repeated. Such a journey was a common thing then, but notice that we were not then old chaps of from fifty to seventy years of age, but boys of twenty to thirty. A man forty-five years of age was spoken of as "old man" so-and-so. And would you believe it, I found fellows the year after, when I was living in Fort Dodge, who didn't look to be a minute over thirty-five, with carefully prepared proof made out by their mothers "who," they said, "ought to know," showing that the young fellows were "over forty-five." Ah, that draft, that wicked and partial draft that let every fellow out who was properly branded "45 and upwards." Excepting such prematurely old chaps we were all young, with not a thing to lose and everything to hope for and long for and dare, and very often you would strike a young fellow whose courage would visibly brighten after he had read a letter from some far off state. He was the chap who was accused of having "a best girl back east." I know of several cases where the boys were guilty.

WILD WEST IN 1862 — DAKOTA CITY — FORT DODGE — THE GREAT METROPOLIS OF EIGHT HUNDRED SOULS

Although the railroad, in 1862, extended as far west as Cedar Falls, the country east of Waterloo for more than seventy-five miles was still very wild. Except close to the few streams we often rode a dozen miles over a prairie bare of any human signal. Several times our train stopped at a mile post, out of sight of any house, and unloaded lumber. Once the conductor told me it was left there on the order of some one "living over yonder about fifteen miles."

Camp fires and canvas covered lumber wagons were numerous at Cedar Falls, all of which belonged to farmers who had come long distances to this nearest market to sell their wheat, wool and oats. The first one I talked with told me he had brought in wheat from Webster county, over a hundred miles, and had sold it for twenty-five cents a bushel. He run his own hotel on the road, and hoped to get part of a load of merchandise to haul back, taking his pay in trade from his merchant, in salt, groceries, whiskey, tobacco and other necessities.

Salt was a precious piece of property, growing more and more valuable the farther it was carted. But whiskey had not yet been "taxed out of the reach of the poor man," as a thirsty fellow growled that it had been two years later. Billy Holehan was then running a still near Fort Dodge, and handing out what he called first-class goods at a dollar a gallon.

Primitive conditions grew apace as we went west from Cedar Falls. From Alden to Webster City, twenty-five miles, with the exception of a stage station where horses were changed, there was nothing but the virgin prairie. Not a bush nor a running brook broke the monotony. From Webster City to Fort Dodge, twenty miles, there was no house but that of the enterprising muskrat.

West of Fort Dodge to the Missouri river the tri-weekly stage carried the mail to the county seats on the route and on to Sioux City, where river navigation pulled for the traffic of the pioneer for eighty miles or more back toward the end of the railroad. But even on this line the prairie was bare of improvement except at the little hamlet at the county seat, and now and then a few log cabins at the far-apart streams.

Here was a route from Cedar Falls to Sioux City, two hundred miles long in a straight line, that typified the highest stage of development west of the railroads. Yet it was wilder than I know how to tell, and north of this line these wild conditions were wilder still, and wilder grew the farther we went.

Dakota City and Algona were the only towns in Iowa north of Fort Dodge on the East Des Moines, and Dakota City, though it was an old, old town of eight years growth — I quote from the book — consisted of four dwelling houses, two of which were empty, one was occupied by a lone bachelor and one held a regular family. Also there were two offices, three barns, a 10 x 14 school house and a hotel with three rooms below and two upstairs. There was

not a chimney in the city. Yet Dakota City held high rank among the county seats of the northwest third of Iowa.

For Dodge was the metropolis of the northwest. Nothing outranked her to the Rocky Mountains. Though she only claimed a population of eight hundred, she was at the jumping off place, so to speak, for all points west and northwest, and her people were enterprising and daring out of all proportion to their numbers. Their houses seemed ridiculously small, and to one just fresh from central New York it was hard to harmonize the cramped home quarters with the cultured and genial people who lived there. The first night I stopped there I called on a friend of years before. He had married in Fort Dodge, and I had never seen his wife. They pressed me to get my satchel from the St. Charles — there were no "grips" then — and stay with them while I remained in the city. But as I could see all over the one story house, and it had but three rooms, and the family consisted of husband, wife, two children and an old maid, and only one bed and a lounge showed up for the night's repose, I concluded that my pressing invitation was due to an over-politeness that could not be genuine. Ah, how I was fooled. Afterwards that blessed woman who presided in that home did not know how to deceive, and that in that same little house there was always room for another friend.

In this same little house I noticed what seemed a luxury quite out of harmony with the surroundings; that is to say, a first-class piano. But next day in passing a two room house I saw and heard, through the open door a girl who was coaxing such melody from her piano that I was forced to stop and listen. I then and there determined never more to be surprised at seeming incongruities; and so when a few days later I met Charlie Bergk, the treasurer and recorder of Humboldt county, in his tiny little office in Dakota City, and noticed his piano in the little bedroom in the rear — the room now used by Dock Simpson for medicine bottles — I was not surprised but boldly called for his best. Charlie was clad in an ancient and broken straw hat, a blue denims "smock" with blue denims overalls tucked into boot tops that reached above the knees, and over all but the hat there shown the friendly smile that lit his way into the hearts of his friends.

He played and sang a favorite of his — "Call me pet names, dearest; call me thine own." There was a little mis-cue on some of his th sounds, and the piano had been slightly jarred out of tune in its jolting over the hundred and twenty miles in a lumber wagon, but Charlie threw such soul into the execution that when he had gotten well into the song I had forgotten his boots, his clothes, his old hat, his German accent, his cracked piano, the disorder of the little room, and everything else that was out of harmony with the spirit of the song.

Charlie, old boy, I would go a hundred miles to hear you sing that song again as you sang it that day.

But where have I drifted? I just meant to say that at that time the culture and style of Fort Dodge was partly indexed by the nineteen pianos owned there. Also, other Fort Dodge items are "held over for next week".

**OUR GREAT SENATORIAL DISTRICT IN 1862 — ANCIENT
POLITICAL AND BUSINESS GENIUS OF FORT DODGE —
HOW HUMBOLDT COUNTY WAS CUT AND CARVED.**

Pull down your map of Iowa, draw a line from the southeast corner of Webster county up the east side of that county; thence east to the southeast corner of Wright county, thence north along the east line of Wright, Hancock and Winnebago counties to the state line, thence west along the state line to the northwest corner of the state, thence down the Big Sioux and Missouri rivers to the southwest corner of Harrison county, thence east to the southeast corner of Audubon county, thence north along the east side of Audubon and Carroll counties to the northeast corner of the last named county, thence east to the place of beginning. You have marked out nearly one-third part of the state. Yet that line bounds the territory that the legislature set apart, in 1862, for our senatorial district. Our present district is Humboldt, Pocahontas and Buena Vista counties. The state then had forty-six senators, so that, presumptively, that large territory did not contain to exceed one forty-sixth part of the population of the state.

It is hardly probable that we had been overloaded with territory, for Fort Dodge had kindly consented to let her own John F. Duncombe sit in the senate that carved out the district, and her shrewd and cautious Samuel Ruse then sat for Webster county and for us in the lower house. For the little city had developed, even in that early day, a tender solicitude for her humbler neighbors, and her willingness to sweat under the cares and burdens of official life was as patent and as firmly fixed then as at any time since in her successful career. A sort of legacy seemed to have befallen her from the military spirit that had but lately dominated one-half of the state, with headquarters at Fort Dodge. Already she had laid the foundation for that wonderful growth and giant strength that a few years later enabled her to carry at one and the same time, without murmur or sigh of complaint, the state offices of railroad commissioner, secretary of the railway commission, state printer, and a number of lesser offices added to round up the load, such as member of the state board of health, regent of the state university, etc., not to mention sundry fair-sized federal offices.

Up to the year 1855 Humboldt county contained sixteen congressional townships. At that time Fort Dodge was at war with enterprising citizens of the south part of Webster county over the location of the county seat. Just glance at the map again. You see that if you cut off the extra six mile strip, now the north end of Webster county, Fort Dodge is dangerously near the north end of the county to make her footing sure in a county seat tussle. It would be only three miles to the north line of the county. So Humboldt county good-naturedly consented to the passage of an act in 1855 by which Humboldt county was split in two east and west and the south half "Attached to Webster county for election, judicial and revenue purposes," and the north half was attached to Kossuth county for the same purposes, including also county seat

reasons slightly akin to those at Fort Dodge, and not named in the bill. When the little war had ended and the county seat had been permanently fixed at Fort Dodge, and in January, 1857, Humboldt county handed back all she had received. But the bill of restoration, when printed in the session laws, drew the line through the middle of the strip that had been loaned to Fort Dodge, and the south half, a six mile strip, has ever since been permanently "attached" to Webster county. In March, 1858, the legislature passed an explanatory bill stating that the whole original county of sixteen townships was named in the bill as it was passed in 1857, and that the mistake was made in the printing of the bill, but that the "Original bill, as the same was passed, has been lost and cannot be found, therefore" it undertook to construe back the lost ground. But the supreme court, in *Duncombe vs. Prindle*, 12 Iowa, 1, said that was no go, and left us shorn and clipped as we are today. This briefly answers the oft-repeated question, "How does it happen that Humboldt has only three tiers of townships and Webster has five."

The politics and business strode out of Fort Dodge arm in arm and hand in hand. Her enterprise was felt in all northwestern Iowa, notably in Pocahontas and Palo Alto counties, where her people constructed court houses and "bridges" that never were crossed, taking in payment all the swamp lands belonging to said counties.

Clay county also was colonized from Fort Dodge, and the rich fruit plucked from the venture was later enjoyed, some of it, in Fort Dodge, and much of it was lost in dissipation.

Humboldt county refused all the tempting offers so made to be in style and give up her swamp lands, and Fort Dodge did not get them till 1879. Later, and in 1896, it was decided in our district court that our lakes, as well as our swamp lands, had fallen captive to the rustler from Fort Dodge.

Three years after the Palo Alto court house was built, I examined it with care. It was built of brick. It had never had a door or a window or a floor or a lath or a particle of plastering. The builders had run out of lime four feet below the top of the walls, and had laid up the balance in clay mortar. The roof was without cross ties, so its weight acted as a lever and then had made great cracks in the walls, so spreading them that the ceiling joists were falling to the ground. The edifice stood alone on the bare prairie about three miles south of where the first town of Emmetsburg was started, and had been christened Paoli. Emmetsburg was then, 1864, a city comprised of the lone log cabin of the original Martin Coonan. Court was seldom, if ever, held in the county; but the judge touched the county regularly on his round-up of the counties in his district, and had with him an attorney from Fort Dodge who acted as district attorney pro tem. And yet people talk of present time attorneys having a soft snap.

Coonan's Hotel, the stage junction, Judge Pendleton, court, Theodore Hawley, John Hefly, "Capt. Hutchison's mules," a fifty mile ride in a lumber wagon with his best girl to a Fourth of July dance — all shut out because a newspaper column is not a rod long.

HOTELING ON THE PRAIRIE IN 1864—HOW COURT WAS HELD— A MODEL OUTING—A HONEYMOON RIDE OF TWO HUNDRED MILES.

At the time I interviewed the courthouse in Palo Alto county in 1864, mentioned last week, I had gone up there to put up the walls of a brick house for Martin Coonan from brick left over from the building of the court house. Martin had already hauled up the necessary lime from Fort Dodge, a distance of sixty miles. This is the same house that the cyclone caressed and fondled a few years later. John Hefley was then proprietor of a stage route up the West Fork of the Des Moines river into Minnesota, and he landed us at the Coonan House at the end of the first day. My two years residence in Iowa had introduced me to some rare skill in the art of hoteling, but our landlady on that occasion easily outdid any effort I had then seen. The house was a one story, one room log cabin, with one added room, a "bed sink," just large enough to hold a bed with standing room beside it. This house was the junction between Hefley's stage line and another star router who came across from Algona loaded on a gig. The roof had been covered with skakes, but failing to bar out the summer rains and the winter cold it had been fortified with an added covering of a foot of earth. The summer had been wet and favorable for roof gardening and a luxurious growth of prairie herbage flourished over the entire roof and gave a new charm to the novel situation. Both stages stayed at Coonan's over night with their passengers. A careful count showed me that sixteen, including the family, were billed for lodgings in that little cabin on my first night there. Only two beds were visible, yet, as the night wore away, there was no clamor for rooms on the part of the guests, and an assured and contented spirit beamed from every face. Early in the evening Mother Coonan put two of the smaller children into the family bed in the main room. A little later she reached under the bed and drew forth a trundle bed, where three more children soon nicely snoozed. A little later John Hefly picked up his buffalo robe and said he would sleep in his wagon as usual. Mrs. Coonan then turned to my companion and said that while we stayed we would occupy the other bed.

This left six more to be accounted for, but that was really the easiest job of the night. Pointing and waving her hand alternately at a guest and a spot on the blanket covered floor, she said, "You will sleep there, and you will sleep there," till she had assigned them all to their quarters. She then stepped outside and waited till all was quiet within, when she returned, blew out the tallow dip, and she, too, retired. I have seen some able landlords and have fed at some fancy tables, but that week at Coonan's is still a pleasant recollection and has been instructive as well. I have never since been afraid there was not room enough to fully entertain, provided the guest can squeeze in at the door.

One night we had a transient couple that I feared might not harmonize with the accommodations. They were a young couple who had been married

ten days before down in Black Hawk county, 170 miles from there, and they were on their way to the homestead in Dickinson county that the groom had selected the year before. They were making their honeymoon trip of more than 200 miles in a covered lumber wagon, with spring seat attachment. But the young wife seemed to know her business well. She had a great store of bedding that she put to use, and her happy spirit made us almost forget the ravenous mosquito.

Twenty-five years later I met an old man who recognized me. He recalled that night. He was the same young man. He had been a success. His wife still lived and he told me that they were dangling their first grandchild.

On Thursday of our week at Coonan's we noticed a couple of horseback men riding around the court house. They finally rode down to Coonan's and showed us legal papers signed by the sheriff commanding them to appear at the court house in Paoli on that day to act, the one as petit juror and the other as grand juror, for the term of court to begin that day. They had been in the county less than a year, had never been at Paoli, and had not the least notion what a huge joke was wrapped up in the three words. "Paoli, court house, and court." They recovered their good humor at the dinner table, and they said they would be home by milking time all right. No other juror appeared at that term.

That evening after supper as we sat outside the door, Coonan looked out southeast at a little dark dot silhouetted against the horizon, and remarked, "Hello, there comes a buggy up by the court house. I'll bet that is Judge Pendleton coming up from Pocahontas county to hold court. What's this he is driving? It's a pair of mules. They look like Cap. Hutchison's mules." The mules resided in Fort Dodge, and Hutchison had been two years in the army. When the outfit was still a mile and a half away he continued: "Yes, that is the judge, and who is this he has with him? I suppose it is some Fort Dodge lawyer, probably Theodore Hawley."

Martin was right in all his conclusions. Years afterwards, while farming on the prairie, I learned that the telescope eye was not alone the gift of Coonan, but that it came, in a large degree, to all who dwell on the limitless prairie. How? I cannot tell. I only know the fact.

The next day the judge and his temporary district attorney drove over to Paoli, but did not go into the court house for fear of falling joists and leaning walls. But close at hand still stood the log house that had been occupied by the workman who built the court house. From the pine shavings they left behind they must have entered the house and stayed about half an hour before we saw them hitch up and wheel out for Fort Dodge. Court was over for a year. Such was court in a majority of the twenty counties that then composed this district. The district began with Harrison county and ran diagonally across the state northeast, skipping Webster and taking in Humboldt and Kossuth counties and all northwestern Iowa. Only Harrison, Woodbury and Monona counties pretended to hold two terms a year, and Sioux was

attached to Woodbury at that. Several, like Pocahontas, Palo Alto and Kosuth, had half a week each per year, which was generally half a week too long. Buena Vista, Cherokee and O'Brien counties were of so little consequence that they were attached to Clay county, which barely outranked them, and three days were given for the four counties. It was plenty. Thus we courted in 1864.

I finished Coonan's walls on an off day for the stage, and was about to pace off the sixty miles to Fort Dodge when a lumber wagon from Estherville came along, whose owner was bound for Fort Dodge to buy a mower. I invited myself to ride, and we camped that night "under the old elm at the big spring near the crossing on 30," on the Fort Dodge and Fort Ridgby trail — Rutland township they call it now.

I got home to Fort Dodge July 3d and next day we celebrated as we only could while the war was on, and after noon I was lucky enough to get an invitation to ride in a lumber wagon to Webster City to a grand opening ball at the Wilson House. I accepted, of course. The young man had thoughtfully fixed up a spring seat for himself and his sweetheart, by nailing a board onto the ends of a couple of springpoles. But the rest of us — we didn't have any springpoles. This happy pair had driven that day from Humboldt county to Fort Dodge, thirty miles, making fifty miles in all. But they seemed to enjoy every minute of the ride from Fort Dodge and the all night dance at Webster City. So it seemed to me, at least. But when they faced the return fifty miles in a July sun their energy had so departed that I feared their solemnity was contagious and so I returned to Fort Dodge by stage. Really, I had no energy to spare myself. Thus they courted in 1864. Thus they took their outings. Thus they rested up for future hardships.

THE DELUDED SPECTATOR—THE HIGH RANK OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY IN 1862—DREAMS IN THE VALLEY OF RUTLAND

A critical friend of mine has invited me to come back to Humboldt county and tell something about the years 1862 and 1863, which he says I have apparently skipped.

But I am not pretending to write a history of the county, neither am I imposing on autobiography, but am simply trying to show a few isolated facts that tend, in a measure, to picture early life on the frontier as it really was. I find the human mind the very oddest thing I meet. For instance, since I have been serving up this hash, I have sometimes tried to confirm my memory by consultation with some other old settler who is a part of the old story. But in most cases I find that the old man has so gradually grown out of and away from those rare experiences that they seem to him a misty and uncertain dream. It seems to him as though, if he did in fact live a life so different from the present, he was almost another person, and it is with great effort that he can recall a fact with any certainty of detail. Years and events mix and mingle into one, and that the wrong one. The old man will babble of events that happened after the war, and locate them in 1863. The dust and debris of the every day conflict has dimmed the eye and buried the fact.

I hope to avoid the most of such errors, but I shall still jump over years, and then jump back again, if need be, without close reference to the almanac.

So now I jump back from Palo Alto county, 1864, to Humboldt county, 1862. At that time the pall of the panic of the 1857 still mantled the prairie and no sign could be seen that it would soon be lifted. Like everything else that had wandered out here, the panic had been slow in coming, and the artificial relief, born of the inflated greenback, was also a year behind the world of the railroad and the telegraph. The deluded "speculators" who had purchased large tracts of lands a few years before in the fond hope of securing old age against the possibility of want had wakened from their dream, and a majority of them were either offering their holdings at 75 cents to \$1.25 per acre, or abandoning them to the tax title shark. The homestead law, that came May 20th of that year, and so opened a vast territory of free land in north-western Iowa and beyond, together, with the uncertainties of war and the unmerciful local tax levy combined to loosen the grasp of the owners of land, and being unable to sell at any price a great many let go their hold and dropped into the arms of poverty and despair.

In fact land for present use could not be given away if it was not located near the river or close to timber, and almost all the settlers were domiciled in little one-room or two-room houses, built of logs cut from the dooryard or garden patch. I do not remember a single occupied cabin that stood a mile away from timber and stream, and I do not believe a single house so decorated the prairie in the twenty northwestern counties of the state. Even as late as 1875, from a point seven miles above Algona to the state line, save a few abandoned shanties and the "sod" tavern — then advanced to boards — a

distance of twenty-eight miles, there was no sign of a habitation.

The previous census, that of 1860, by the methods then in vogue, gave Humboldt county a population of 332; about the same as the little town of Bode. But hard times, the war, Indian scares, a few actual deaths and some minor causes, notably lack of marriage bells and lack of imagination, had reduced the population to less than 300. But still, comparatively, Humboldt was a great county. She still outranked seventeen of her near neighbors and had an actual population of about three times that of the combined counties of Lyons, Sioux, Osceola, O'Brien, Ida and Buena Vista. Over all this vast and unoccupied expanse, and away west to the Rocky Mountains, animal life flourished with little fear of the white man.

There was a delicate musical and self-domesticating little bird that I had almost forgotten. His greatest gift lay in his beak. It was simply a hollow tube, equal in length to his entire body and sharply pointed at the end. Through this tube all his food was taken. He came to us at all times of day and night in great numbers, singing as he came. He would perch upon our body in a confident and familiar way, quit his song and lovingly toy with our tenderest sensibilities. There was little use to strike at him as he made ready to light. He was a dodger. He always got there. While at the St. Charles hotel in Fort Dodge I had seen nailed onto the windows a cloth with meshes like a meal sieve. It was a new cloth to me. The landlord said he had nailed it there to keep out these birds, which he said were a perfect pest. He was a joker, but not then, as I learned while trying to sleep on my first night in Humboldt county.

Notwithstanding the multitude of these, our intimate friends and neighbors, our misguided relatives in the east continued to squander upon us their sympathy, and often they enquired if we were not awfully lonesome. If they could have seen us some night when the wind had lulled, our active motions and rapid strokes would have shown them that we were quite too busy to get lonesome.

Just before I came to Iowa the odd numbered sections within five miles of the West Fork of the Des Moines river by order of the United States land office had been thrown upon the market, as was thought. Before such order these lands had been reserved from entry under claim that they belonged to the Des Moines Navigation company. That spring, while stopping in Wisconsin, I had sorted out a quarter section of this strip quite close to the river and a mile and a half west of the one time Rutland mill dam. My intention was to improve this quarter and make a farm, and thus become, for a time, at least, an honest yeoman, and at the same time coax back a physical vigor that had been foolishly impaired in the vain effort to do ten years educational work in half that time. It seemed that the water power of Rutland would soon be improved, and everything would be lovely.

I had been preceded to Rutland by those genial and gifted artists, Judge S. L. Rose and my cousin, H. G. Bicknell. They had drawn me a word pic-

ture of the river valley and water power and certain future mills and factories and a great humming city and other delightful and near certainties that would soon leave nothing to be wished for in that favored locality. I was somewhat familiar with their gift in the field of poetry, and, though not expecting all that was painted in the picture, I still saw much that was alluring, and so had hitched myself onto the "colony."

I was anxious to see this embryotic Eden, and so did not stop over night the day I walked into Dakota City, but strode on to the little log cabin in Rutland, then the batching quarters of Patrick Sheridan and Jacob Murry. On the way up, at an elevation on section 27, that beautiful valley lay pictured before me, and I sat down on the grass and enjoyed the scene a long while. The sun was low down; the river shimmered and murmured a low, monotonous song; a few great elms and cottonwoods stood sentinel here and there on its banks; fringes of timber and little islands lent their charms; unfamiliar birds shrieked or sang their evening song; and all the while I sat dreaming and dreaming.

Lots of people dreamed that way in that early day, and I am sorry for those who did not get a happy interpretation; because every dream that I dreamed that hour has been more than realized in the years that followed, and I have come to believe that bright dreams generally come true to him who learns "to labor and to wait."

RUTLAND AND THE RIVER LANDS—HOLDING DOWN CLAIMS— HARVESTING IN 1862

I stayed at the cabin of Patrick Sheridan and Jacob Murry the night of my arrival in Rutland, and though the house was very small the bed was big enough for three. Every house in the county was big enough in 1862 to accommodate all who came at nightfall, and no guest ever found fault with his quarters. But I am afraid that I kept my good natured landlords awake most of the night, for it was my first great and bloody battle with mosquitoes.

The night was hot and the wind was still, and we had let the door stand open all the evening before bed time, and I had steadily smoked great clouds into the room, hoping thus to drive away the the multitude. But Jacob was right when he said there was nothing they enjoyed like a good smoke. He told me further that I would get used to them, as he and Patrick had.

He was right again. They soon taught me the truth of the old saw, "There is nothing like getting used to a thing."

For a few days I assisted one H. K. Botsford in finding corners and "making improvements" on the odd sections that we supposed had lately been opened for pre-emption and homestead. We batched on the open prairie, and at night slept in the wagon owned by a party who was breaking little patches for us on the different claims that we were trying to hold down for friends yet to come.

We took more pains in making improvements than was then the custom, for we were fresh in the business. In every case we broke a strip a couple of rods wide and eight or ten rods long, generally crossing the line between claims, thus making one "land" answer for two claims. But I afterwards learned that the regulation improvement and the thing that showed exclusive possession by the claimant was a very simple affair. Four sods a foot square each, lifted and reversed, passed for the four walls of the residence, and the space inside for the home and family comforts of the owner. Some varied the plan and placed a small stone on top of the sod and laid a couple of little poles on the stones. This made a first-class log house for all legal purposes, and it would have fared hard with the person whose greed had tempted him to disregard such visible ownership and seek to jump a claim thus held. The city of Rutland stands on one of the claims we nursed at that time, and if all the money and nerve that has since then been spent in litigating the title thereto had been turned, instead, into the building of a town, the dream of its founder would not have been so vain.

Of all the permanent settlers we thus provided for, only myself and one other ever occupied the land selected. The reason was that congress had, July 12, 1862, donated to the D.M.V. Ry. Co. all these lands, although we did not know it till three weeks later. This grant caused a sudden stop to further enthusiasm among the hopeful settlers, but the belief that pre-emptions were valid that had been made prior to the grant led many to hang on, in a desultory way, and five years later, indemnity lands having been given the

railroad company in place of the lands so pre-empted, new claimants settled upon all the vacant lands, and thus joined the great army of litigants that had begun its march soon after the original grant to the navigation company, August 8, 1846, and the fight was only brought to a finish in 1896. Just fifty years of warfare. I served twenty-nine years in the army. While we were in the tussle it did not seem so very funny, but the most of us pulled through at last with no fatal wounds and with a title perfect to our farms, and Uncle Sam fully repaid us such sums as we had been compelled to pay the railroad company for our title.

After finishing our work on the prairie, Botsford and I returned to Dakota City and secured board at the Thomas hotel, first-class in every particular, price \$3.50 per week, and operated by our venerable Mrs. Walter Thomas. But good and cheap as was the fare, a great difficulty confronted me. It so happened that I was born "long on figures," and while at school I had been put hard through in mathematics, and so I was enabled to fix the exact day when the last half dollar of my capital would drop into the hand of my landlady, unless I turned something up that would check the outflow. I solved the problem July 27, and found the answer read "August 21, 1862, before dinner." Such is the unyielding tyranny of figures. Before dinner. Why could it not have read "after dinner?"

At that time there was no employment to be heard of of any kind, unless the employee would take his pay in a cow, or a horse, or a sack of flour, or some sorghum or such like, none of which I could make use of. But luck has generally been kind to me whenever I have coaxed it and found for it an easy road, so now and that very night I went home with S. B. Bellows under contract to rake and bind oats and wheat and swing a cradle at the liberal fee of one dollar for each and every day while thus employed.

Did you ever swing a cradle six hours together through heavy oats? You never did? Then you do not know what real work is. But in 1862, if there was any such thing as a reaper or mower in Humboldt county we did not see it, and Bellows was the leading farmer in the county, and had a field of thirty-eight acres of small grain to cut, besides much hay, and all to be done by hand. Bellows was a genius in more ways than one. He put me alone and at raking and binding the first half day, so as to break me gently in; but at noon, in the kindness that was a gift of his, he told me he felt sure that if he left me alone the entire day I would be stone blind by night — watching the sun. He didn't miss it far, I think, for a queer dark spot seemed to screen his face as I tried to look at him. That first forenoon — well, if ever the sun stood still that was the time and that the place. The afternoon was short and social — a very holiday as it were — for I had with me the late Barney Callahan, who told me many tales of western life, and the more his stories the easier I kept up with him. Thus my first day in this new field of labor did not punish me as I had feared it would.

My work with Bellows continued till into November, during which time

several things happened of much moment to this county, as well as to the whole nation. In August of that year the Sioux uprising in Minnesota, commonly called the New Ulm massacre, spread its terrors over the prairie and depopulated a great territory. Next week I will say something about it.

Humboldt county has a direct and very close connection with the Indian war of 1862 and the massacre at Spirit Lake in March 1857. One of the leading causes of those outbreaks, is directly traceable to the murder of the Sioux Chief, Si-dom-i-na-do-ta and most of his family, by Henry Lott, in January 1854, on the banks of Bloody Run in Humboldt County.

From a mass of conflicting printed stories and as conflicting individual memories, I have sorted such statements as seem most probable. I have given preference to the version told me thirty-five years ago by Major Williams and John Hefley, of Fort Dodge.

Lott was a rough, daring, wily frontiersman. When the soldiers located at Fort Dodge in the summer of 1850, Lott had preceded them several years, and was then located at the mouth of Boone river where he had been two or three years, trading to the Indians whiskey and trinkets in exchange for furs and gold. He had a masterful will and a genius for command. As a rule he did not have much trouble in handling his wicked wares and his savage customers. But before this time, and probably in 1848, the Indians came in force to his cabin and accused him of having stolen their ponies. This time he failed to pacify them. They filled themselves with his whiskey, had a very high old time, became vicious, drove Lott and his family out into the the snow and a zero atmosphere, looted and burned his house, and Lott's little boy got lost and perished in the snow.

Lott charged his ruin to the chief, Sidominadota. He did not parade his grief, but he quietly swore vengeance.

The Indians moved a little north of Fort Dodge when the troops came, and so did Lott, and in 1851 he squatted near Fort Dodge in the region of the gypsum beds. While there he made a few fraudulent deals in land claims, and still traded with the Indians on most friendly terms.

The next year he moved his barrels and his beads into Humboldt county, girdled a couple of acres of timber on the north-west corner of section sixteen in Humboldt township east of the river and opposite to the mouth of Lott's Creek, built a cabin and kept his eye on Si-dom-i-no-do-ta.

His clearing and his cabin were a great resort for the thirsty braves. His first invoice included three barrels of wet goods; and yet the supply soon ran dry.

Thus he established unlimited confidence in his friendship and integrity, and thus he watched and waited till January 1854. The entire band under Sidominadota had then just broken camp on Bloody Run and moved away to winter quarters. But Sidominadota still lovingly lingered with his friend and his jugs. He had with him his own squaw, his very old mother, his two or three children and a young squaw with her two children. They occupied a couple of tepees on the right bank of Bloody Run, about half a mile south-

west of its mouth on the farm now owned by A. B. Miner and about eighty rods northwest of his house.

The time for which Lott had so long and so patiently waited had come. He laid his plans with cunning care and careful detail.

First he selected such of his own property as would not impede rapid flight—his furs, his guns and his ammunition, his knives and his blankets, and placed them where they could be quickly tossed into his camp wagon in case his plans should work as he hoped down at the tepee by the run.

Next he took his step-son—his wife had died some years before—and they two went down to Bloody Run to the big bend on the $w\frac{1}{2}$ $sw\frac{1}{4}$ sec. 32, on the farm now owned by Theodore McGee, and selected the place where they thought it would be convenient for Sidominadota to die.

Here the son erected himself in the brush while Lott went down to the tepees and enticed the fated chief to ride up to his own execution. He rode maudlin and happy, expecting great sport killing elk; a great herd of which Lott had told him was on the bottom in the bend. Lott led the way. Soon after they had left the tepees two shots were heard in quick succession, by the squaws at the camp and at the same time Sidominadota rolled off from his pony with two bloody holes through his body.

The sun was just going down. The expectant squaws and the hungry children waited for their venison and their lord, while Lott and his son waited for night and the greater carnage.

Meantime, fearing that some victim might escape and witness against them, they bedaubed and bedecked themselves in imitation of the savage on the war path.

When darkness came they crept up to the tepees, and falling upon the unsuspecting inmates they butchered them all but two.

During the confusion of the first part of the slaughter, the aged squaw and a little boy and a little girl, children of Sidominadota, escaped into the darkness, but Lott overtook them, killed the old squaw, and supposed he had killed the boy. While Lott was at work with these two, the little girl got away and hid in the brush. The boy recovered from the blows he had received and with the little girl he skulked in the grass where they were found by the Indians a few days later. This little boy was Jos-pa-do-ta, or Jos. as the whites afterwards called him.

When Lott had made certain that all the others were dead, he made diligent search for the little girl and, not finding her, he thought best to get away from there as soon as possible. He destroyed all the belongings of his victims except some furs and the pony that Sidominadota had ridden, all of which he took with him. In like manner he destroyed his own household goods, and set fire to his cabin and fled southward.

In all this work of ruin and death he had tried to imitate the style of the savage, and so make it appear that hostile Indians had done all the mischief, and had murdered him and his son as well.

The two children so reported and for a short time the Indians so believed. But the absence of the dead bodies of white men, and Lott's oversight in leaving bright tin utensils behind, disputed the theory that it was the work of Indians. For, at that time, tin was not as plentiful as now, and the Indian rated it next to silver for ornamental purposes, and he never failed to take it along. Lott's trail was also plain to be seen, and it told the story of a white man's flight.

Lott was traced south as far as Saylorville, just north of Des Moines, where he was last seen by Mr. Saylor. He still had in his possession, old Sidominadota's pony and other of his property. The next news of him came from California where he had his son send word to Fort Dodge that he had been killed in some kind of a quarrel. As he has not advertised his death for the last thirty years, it is supposed that he is now, possibly, quite dead.

Ink-pa-du-ta was a brother of Sidominadota, and after the death of the latter, he rallied the band that had been led by his brother and demanded that Lott be delivered up. The whites would have gladly complied, but it was impossible. Several councils were held between the Indians and the settlers at points along the Des Moines at and between Dakota City and Fort Dodge, but they failed to satisfy the Indians and they kept this part of the state in fear of their vengeance for the three years that followed and up to the massacre at Spirit Lake.

Inkpaduta was a very familiar figure during these three years, and the lodges of his band were pitched all about here at times, and especially at Glen Farm and "up the Indian trail" across from the mill dam. Drunk or sober he talked of his murdered brother; and in his indiscreetest moods he hinted of sure revenge, and he headed frequent parties that went out to plunder, but they did not murder.

Jospadota had been cared for by Bent Carter who still resides at West Bend. Little Jos. warned the whites, just before the Spirit Lake massacre, that trouble was close at hand; but it did no good. Jos. knew that if he stayed and the place was sacked he would be killed as a renegade, and he did not think his chance much better at the hands of the whites, in the hurly-burly of a hand to hand fight between the reds and the whites.

Then followed the massacre at Spirit Lake. Inkpaduta led the assault.

I have yielded to the temptation to say more about the Sioux Indian War of 1862 than I first intended, because I find even the very best informed have only a misty notion of the facts in the case.

In hunting for my data I have nowhere been able to find a detailed and connected history of that war, and have been obliged to rely largely upon fragmentary and contradictory official documents that I found in a public library at Des Moines.

The general opinion seems to be that the massacre was confined to the locality of New Ulm, and that the extent of the mischief done, the people murdered or carried captive away, were about the same as in the previous massacre at Spirit Lake. Yet at Spirit Lake only forty-one were murdered and only four women carried off, while in this war it is estimated that 1,000 settlers were killed, and after the battle of Wood Lake, Gen. Sibley rescued, in that locality alone, 107 white captives, mostly young women, besides 162 friendly half-breeds.

The country depopulated during the forty days war was half as large as the state of Iowa, being 200 miles long and nearly 150 miles in width.

SOME STORIES OF PIONEER DAYS

By Wm. E. Callahan

In the spring of 1862 Anson D. Bicknell — a young man of 18 years — was working for Simon Bellows in Grove Township, when Tom Owens and Barney Callahan having heard of the New Ulm Massacre, came to talk over the situation with Mr. Bellows and decide about sending the women and children to Fort Dodge.

Mr. Bicknell heard the talk and felt it foolish, so he volunteered "Indians don't carry any commissary department. You need not fear they will come down this far. Why! I could eat all the Indians you'll see here."

Mr. Owens felt quite peeved that Young Bicknell just out from the East should take the situation so lightly, and ever after his name for Mr. Bicknell was "The Indian Eater".

The O. Callaghan children were orphans that lived on Lizard Creek in Webster County. One of the Fahay girls was caring for them. When their uncle, John Callaghan, heard of the Spirit Lake Massacre he hitched up his Ox Team to the ox-cart early one hazy foggy morning and piled in all his own children, their mother, and the orphans, and started for Fort Dodge, plying the ox brad pretty hard. Every little bush loomed up big and the children "saw Indians coming" from all sides. That was a ride they never forgot.

In the old days when the Pioneers herded cattle over on the Lizard in the Irish neighborhood there was no herd law and the calves would sometimes

get mixed. Now and then a small calf would come up with O'Callaghan's cow and sometimes a large calf. One day the large calf died. O'Callaghan broke the news to his neighbor in this manner, "Kelly" he said, "which was your calf that run with my cow, the big one or the little one?" "Oh," says Kelly, "'Twas the big one". "That's too bad", said O'Callaghan, "the big one's dead!"

Some diplomat was O'Callaghan, he had established his title to the living calf.

Pioneer Economy was well developed by a man in Dickinson County in the early days. He was the only man in the County that had children to attend school. He lived in the school house. The stove (bought with taxes levied on non-resident tax-payers) was a cook stove and the man's wife received the teacher's wages!

W. E. CALLAHAN

Of the firm of Callahan Bros., was born in Humboldt county, Iowa, December 17, 1862. His father, B. O. Callahan, was born in Ireland, and came to America in 1855, settling first at Iowa City, Iowa, and later at Fort Dodge, in the same state. He married Bridget Healy, a native of Ireland, and to them eleven children were born, nine of whom are living, B. J., Des Moines, Iowa; Mary A., J. H., W. E., T. F., M. C., Nelly, J. V., and M., residing in Humboldt.

The subject of this sketch worked on his father's farm until 1898, when he came to Humboldt. In 1900 he bought a half interest in his brother's clothing store, and with him carries on a successful business. He married Nelly Sherman, and to them one child, Catherine, has been born. Mr. Callahan is a Catholic, and in politics a democrat. He belongs to the Forester's lodge No. 722, and owns, besides his interest in the store, two quarter sections of land in Humboldt county.

Today there are no citizens left in the city who were born in Springvale, Matt Berrier, one of our oldest citizens who was born in Humboldt missed it by only three years.

The Taft stone home now owned by the Earl Butterworths, and the former Chestie Moen home are both among the City's oldest, still occupied.

There are few landmarks of pioneer days remaining. The dam, the old water tower, the saw-mill, the grist and flour mill, the lime kiln, and nearby the narrow swinging footbridge across the river to the Baptist Assembly grounds, and most old business buildings are gone. It is said that among the oldest landmarks on "main street" are the Charles Lorbeer building, erected in 1868, next to the produce station on the west block, the Verne Hardy building moved to its present location in 1873 and then occupied by Hardy Brothers harness makers, the old Humboldt State Bank building built in 1872, then located in Dakota City south and west across from the courthouse and afterward moved to Humboldt where it now stands next to the Parson's abstract building.

Old Settlers' Association

Daniel Webster in 1820 upon the occasion of the commemoration of the first settlement at Plymouth Rock said, "there is a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart."

Many notable gatherings of the Old Settlers' Association have been held in Livermore through the years. Perhaps the greatest interest was in the late nineties, for at each meeting in those days many surviving pioneers attended and were active and were heard.

Outstanding among all published addresses of former days were those delivered in 1898 by two of the county's best known citizens, A. D. Bicknell — pioneer 1862, and G. S. Garfield — pioneer 1880. In beauty of diction, in clarity of expression, in analysis of the times, and in depth of sympathy and high regard for those of the pioneers who had departed this life, those addresses were notable and rang high in the oratorical history of the county.

The Old Settlers' Association was organized in 1885 in Livermore, and a log cabin was erected in the woods in 1890, a fitting memorial to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers of Humboldt County. Hiram Fleming was the first president.

It was announced at the 1962 gathering of the "Old Settlers" that the State Conservation Commission would in the near future build a shelter house on a site just west across the road which area is owned by the State. The shelter will be available to the organization and will become practically one park.

Charles Rummens is President, Naomi Struthers is Vice President, and Mrs. John Olson Secretary-Treasurer.

The President is descended from pioneers in this area; the Vice President is descended from the well known Struthers family, pioneers of Wacousta Township, and the Secretary-Treasurer is the granddaughter of Abial Hoag, pioneer of Wacousta township 1857, and of his wife, the first teacher in the township.

"The roads you travel so briskly
lead out of dim antiquity,
and you study the past chiefly because
of its bearing on the living present
and its promise for the future."

EXCERPTS

From—The Geo. J. Bicknell Files—
1874—Kosmos—Julius Stevens, Editor.

March 12th—

The Drug store has been sold by Dr. Averill to Mr. E. D. Nickson.

Administrator's notice—estate of John McKittrick, dated Feb. 25th, J. N. Prouty, Administrator.

The regular term of the District Court in and for Humboldt County, meets Monday, March 30th, 1874.

Jurors—D. B. Howe, Albert Harvey, Timothy Driscoll, Geo. Hart, J. W. Ford, S. H. Brewer, E. L. Wright, Wm. R. Thompson, Ole Hulgrins, S. B. Bellows, Patrick Sheridan (son—Will, living), C. C. Coyle, Thos. Owen, C. N. King and C. E. Ward.

Petit Jurors—Geo. H. Loverin, Miner Scofield, Peter Hutton, S. F. Boynton, Wm. M. Gay, Walter Thomas, H. S. Cadette, P. C. Storey, Hiram Flemming, Charles Olden, Jas. A. Hunt, C. B. Dean, Thos. Davenport, B. C. Parsons (Miss Myrtle Parson's Grandfather) and W. C. Rowley.

Board Proceedings, John Johnson, Chairman—On motion of O. F. Avery, resolved that the treasurer is hereby empowered to negotiate sale of bonds for the bridge at Rutland. All members voted aye. Mentioned were S. K. Winne, A. D. Bicknell, Charles Bergk, Ed. Snook and G. L. Cruikshank.

This edition contains a long article "President Taft's Report of his Labors in the East in behalf of the College".

Fort Dodge, Iowa, Market—

Butter—18c lb.	Eggs—18c per doz.	Corn—55c per bu.
Potatoes—75c bu.	Wheat \$1.00 per bu.	Oats—30c per bu.

July 1—

The Lott's Creek Granges have united in a general celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" at Oak Lawn on Lott's creek.

French & Dean are doing up J. B. Smith's new shop, in good style.

The last heard from the "pilgrims" to Brule, they were in Yankton . . . they are Al. Pinny, Ed. Fuller, Frank Jones, George Pinney, and Charlie Ward. A number of young folks of Humboldt made a picnic to Deer Creek.

Business Talk—

Go to Geo. Webber's and examine his ice cream.

Wilder & Taylor will pay half cash and half trade for butter.

More New Goods at Harkness'.

Lime! Lime!, the undersigned having purchased the Humboldt Lime Works (formerly Springvale) will burn and keep on hand, a large supply. Send your order to—S. B. Bellows.

New Livery—Stark & Ford, Humboldt, Iowa.

Humboldt College—Board can be had in private families at from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per week.

December 9—

Stage Routes—new arrangements—Dailey stage to Humboldt & Dakota and return. Tri-weekly stage to Algona and return. Semi-weekly stages to Moingona. A. W. Avery, Agent—Fort Dodge office is at the post-office.

Carpenter & Wagon Shop—G. G. Cook.

Meat Market—M. W. Barrier.

New Hardware—J. F. Ward.

See Joiner's holiday goods!

Dr. Welch and Dr. Van Velsor attended John Schiager, of Middle Homestead, who broke his leg when his team ran away.

Railroad—

Company formed to secure a road as speedily as possible, and from the most practicable point. At their meeting last Saturday evening the following officers were elected: B. H. Harkness, President., J. N. Prouty, Secretary, A. D. Bicknell, Treasurer. Board of Directors: Ira L. Welch, Wm. Thompson, J. N. Prouty, A. D. Bicknell, B. H. Harkness, A. W. McFarland, S. K. Winne, and John Dickey.

Church Directory—

Christian Union—Rev. J. Stevens, Pastor; Congregational—Rev. A. Parker, Pastor.

Eastern Star Lodge No. 165 meets at Mason's Hall, Dakota.

1875

February 17th—

Business—

S. H. Brewer—lumber and agricultural implements.

Boots and Shoes—Wm. Palmer.

Russell House, Humboldt, Iowa—G. Farlow, Proprietor.

Humboldt Livery Stable—Jessey Bennett, Proprietor.

July 7th—

Our stage lines have changed hands. Mr. Holden runs the Fort Dodge daily stage. Mr. Henderson, the Algona; Mr. Jacobs runs the east side line of the Emmestbery stage, while Mr. Carter retains the west side.

J. M. Youngling, the merchant of Dakota City (reader note—City added to Dakota—D.D.B.), is out in full sheet posters, announcing the arrival of new goods.

Mrs. Partridge, of Oshkosh, Wis., mother of Mrs. A. E. Wilder, of this place, is making her daughter a visit.

The following is the report of the primary department of the Public School, of Humboldt, for the month ending July 2nd, 1875:

Number enrolled during month—56

Average daily attendance—49

Nellie Briggs, Mary Parker, Edith Prouty, Mary Taft, Nettie Sheldon, Carrie Briggs, Lucy Stoddard, Libbie Berrier, Grace Berrier, Homer Hewlett, Fred Briggs, Waylie Rogers, Willie Pinney, Jay Berrier, Fred Berrier, and John Ryan.

Business—

Humboldt Flouring Mill—S. H. Taft, proprietor.

Sale of LAND—J. N. Prouty

Lime, Lime—S. B. Bellows

Ice! Ice!—Ed. Conner

Wilder & Taylor, Drygoods

Groceries—O. P. Fuller.

Farm Machinery—R. E. Jones

Humboldt Livery Stable—D. R. Miles, Proprietor.

Hardware—J. F. Ward

Humboldt Drug Store—E. D. Nickson, Proprietor.

Humboldt College—Rev. S. H. Taft, President.

Drygoods & Boots—Harkness.

October 6th—

Home Interests—

We understand that Hi. Lane is booked for a one horse trot over the independent supervisorial course in this district.

Alphonso Wilder thinks his girl baby is about as good looking as they average and she will be a year old on the 4th day of October, 1876.

B. H. Harkness is enlarging his house by building an extension. Mr. Lorbeer is doing the carpenter work.

As will be seen, this issue of the Kosmos is published by Taft & Clarke.

Auction! Public Sale by D. J. Loomis.

Success at last—The County Fair, "It was a complete success".

P. Finch, A. E. Wilder and another gentleman went out into the county the other day, and saw a new red thrashing machine.

Republican State Ticket—

For Governor—Samuel J. Kirkwood; Lieut. Gov.—Joshua G. Newbold; Judge of the Supreme Court—Austin Adams; Supt. of Public Instruction—Alonzo Abernathy.

Legislative ticket—State Senator of Wright—John L. Morse; State Senator of Worth—Lemuel Dwelle.

County Ticket—Treasurer—Ira L. Welch; Auditor—A. D. Bicknell; Sheriff;—John Ratcliff; Supt. of School—Chas. B. Dean; Surveyor—T. Elwood Collins; Coroner—W.M.D. Van Velsor.

November 3rd—

Married—On the 27th day of October, 1875, at the residence of the bride's parents in Weaver township, Iowa, by Rev. Alex. Parker, Mr. S. E. Rollins to Miss Ella P. Cadett, all of Weaver.

Lott's Creek—

Mr. and Mrs. Mike McCaffrey has twin girls, making the 11th and 12th children in the family.

The John Potters have a five day old boy, making three.

Deaths—

Died at Wm. Palmer residence in Humboldt, Miss Altha Van Alstine, aged 18 years of typhoid fever.

J. B. Simmons is putting in a livery stock in the stable lately vacated by Dan Miles.

December 1st—

Local Interests—

A. E. Clark of the Kosmos presented his credentials to Judge Lewis Monday, and was admitted to the law practice in the state of Iowa.

Mat. Berrier has had his meat wagon built over.

Mr. C. A. Lorbeer has brought into town a fine stock of furniture. His place of business is over, E. P. Fuller's hardware store.

Prof. Brown (Leonard) has resigned his position in the college, making his return home to Polk City last week.

Schools—

Dan Coyle will open school in the Coon district, Hands Grove.

Miss Laura Berkhimer commenced her school in the Flower's district.

John T. Speake opens school, East Homestead.

Ed. Harvey teaches in the Willow Glen district.

1876—

February 23rd—

Home Interests—

Mr. E. R. Hewlett has sold his residence in this town to Mr. Thomas Nickson who purchased Leedom's blacksmith shop.

G. W. Farlow has sold his hotel property in town, P. Finch and S. K. Winne being the purchasers.

Leland's team started out for a little run away one day last week. They were hitched to a pair of bob-sleds.

A glance at the streets last Saturday, was calculated to inspire one with the idea that considerable business is done in Humboldt. Every hitching post was occupied and numbers of teams tied up to wagons around town.

A. H. Reed and wife returned from their Minnesota trip last week.

The Dancing club danced in honor of Washington's birthday last evening at Russell's Hall.

The sale of the W. J. Coon estate was well attended.

Our old friend William Steer has returned from his eastern trip.

March 15th—

Home Interests—

Dr. I. A. Averill has moved into town and occupies the house across the street from Mrs. Wickes', on Lincoln Street.

L. A. Pope of Dakota, buried his three year old daughter Florence, last Wednesday.

J. W. King, while making a stop at Fort Dodge last Friday evening, had one of his horses kicked and severely crippled.

A child of Dean Russel, of Dakota, was buried Sunday.

The Dakota House has closed. This leaves Atwater, mine host of the Humboldt House, sole proprietor of the hotel business in the County. And he makes an efficient landlord.

Fred Merchant has moved into the stone house, in this town, a part of which is now occupied by Moses Adams.

S. K. Winne took a short trip to Austin, Minn., last week.

Mr. S. Davenport has moved from the Albee place, near the foot of Lincoln Street, and now occupies the house opposite Mr. J. F. Ward's. Those employing Mrs. Davenport on plain sewing and tailoring, will find her in readiness.

Thomas Nickson, who is to occupy the blacksmith shop across the road from the drug store, moved his family and household utensils into town yesterday. He will soon be ready for business.

It is Mrs. Carley Simmons who furnishes the census item this week;—an infant daughter, and all happy and prosperous.

President Faft expects to leave for the East this afternoon, in the interest of the College.

May 23rd—

Splinters—

L. E. Willey has been painting and brushing up the inside of his variety store.

The 'hoppers took a march through Prouty's garden last week, and now it looks like one of the co-operative journal war maps.

One of Mr. Irvine's children, at McKnights point, died last week of diphtheria. Two others are very low.

The family of Frank Parsons is again sadly bereaved in the loss of their little boy, two years old, who has fallen victim to the fell destroyer diphtheria.

Mr. N. R. Jones, of Glen Farm, found his wheat melting away before the 'hoppers like sugar snow before a May day sun; so he scattered some straw on the windward of the field and his men took brush and drove the 'hoppers upon it. Fire soon finished them all.

June 7th—

The Fourth—

Orator of the day—Hon. Galusha Parsons, of Des Moines; Ira L. Welch, President of the day; Vice-Presidents—A. D. Bicknell, D. L. Willey, H. S. Cadett, H. Lane, Moses Hoover, John Bartholemew, Samuel Stanley, C. C. Coyle, Charles Fleming, James Hunt, A. H. Gulaxson and Chas. Emerson. Rev. Julius Stevens, Chaplain. Reader of the Declaration of Independence, A. W. McFarland.

Railroad Meeting

At the railroad meeting held at Humboldt on June 2nd, pursuant to call, the following proceedings were had, to wit: Meeting called to order by B. H. Harkness. On motion Dr. Ira L. Welch, of Humboldt, was elected chairman,

T. W. Harrison, of Emmetsburg, secretary, and I. Van Metre, of Dakota, assistant secretary.

The object of the meeting was stated to be the consideration of the best means of securing the construction of a narrow gauge railroad from Webster City northwest through Humboldt, Pocahontas, Palo Alto, Emmet, Dickenson, and Osceola counties, of Iowa. Interesting and instructive addresses were made by Hon. W. C. Wilson, W. H. Brown, A. W. McFarland, I. Van Metre, Judge Dickey, Hiram Lane, N. R. Jones, H. G. Bicknell (uncle of A. D. Bicknell by D.D.B.) and C. C. Coyle.

On motion the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, that contracting companies be at once formed in Hamilton, Humboldt, Pocahontas, Palo Alto, Emmet, Dickenson and Osceola counties, Iowa, for the purpose of securing the construction of a railroad through these counties, and with authority to secure local subsidies and contract for the construction of a railroad at any time they can do so with responsible companies.

August 23rd—

Last Friday's northwestern wind brought the grasshoppers down upon us by the millions. They commenced to fly about 10 o'clock, and continued until nearly six, great numbers passing over, but many dropping down upon us. They probably did more damage on Friday than they have done since, apparently being very hungry when they first settled. Many corn fields are badly eaten, especially around the edges, but others are almost entirely untouched, while none are, or in all probability will be, ruined, nor even 50 per cent, destroyed. Buchwheat seems to be a favorite dish, with 'hoppers, and this grain they have in some cases utterly destroyed. We still have hopes for the best, though we know now that we must take a part at least of the grasshopper depredations. At last accounts the 'hoppers had not touched the eastern boundary of the county.

Mr. T. T. Rogers brought into the office last Friday a handful of dirt, dug from near Murry's place, northwest of Rutland, which contained hundreds of grasshopper eggs. This settles the question as to whether or not the 'hoppers are laying, and also gives us to understand what to expect next year.

How are you to know the extent of the grasshopper raid now? There's Enos Raceliff, as sober a man as walks our streets, who don't have snakes in his boots once a fortnight, and whose record for truth and veracity would beat George Washington's hatchet all out. Yet he passed a wagon, the box of which was empty to begin with, but already was rounding full of 'hoppers. It wasn't much of a spot for 'hoppers either.

August 30th—

Thank Goodness! Nine tenths of the grasshoppers which alighted on Humboldt county soil have gone to other fields. A continuous northwest wind for several days last week bore them on; and now as to what they did for the county. First and foremost they gave the people a genuine scare, resulting almost in a panic. But now that they have gone our people have

discovered that they are almost entirely unharmed. To be sure, a good deal of garden stuff has been destroyed, but that is comparatively immaterial, and as no corn fields are destroyed, and but few, if any seriously injured, our people will live through it prosperously. In many places, however, the 'hoppers laid their eggs, and from this the gravest apprehensions rise. It has been hoped that these eggs, laid so early, would hatch this fall, but this is scarcely possible—not at all probable. The thing now to be done is to protect the prairie grass this fall, and make a determined fight against the 'hoppers in the spring. Let our farmers do this, and go right on with their ordinary preparations for a harvest in 1877, gratefully thanking a kind Providence for ridding them of the pests this fall.

May 9th—

Chips—

Railroad racket rattles "round us—in talk".

John Reese drove the Fort Dodge stage last week, while Mal. took a vacation.

O. J. Smith still deals in porkers. He bought a large lot here last week.

Wilder & McMillan have been kept pretty steadily engaged with customers since their opening.

The A. D. Bicknell family have been giving the Dean property a thorough overhauling and cleaning, preparatory to taking immediate possession.

Jo. Foster is painting and cleaning the Barker residence, preparatory to taking possession of the same. He will move in shortly.

The vigilant manner in which Marshal Davenport keeps our streets clean of cattle is conducive of numerous pound fees and much profanely.

August 8th—

Local Affairs—

J. B. Smith sports the nobbiest buggy in town—a recent purchase.

D. G. Pinney & Sons will build the new bridge across the ravine near Mr. Rolf's, Grove township.

The Misses Mitchel, of Fort Dodge are visiting this week at Mr. A. D. Bicknell's.

L. H. Winslow is the name of the man who, with his family, occupies the Cole building, next to the post office.

Miss Nora Thatcher left last Wednesday for a few weeks visit among friends in the eastern part of the state.

The 'hoppers carried south by the north winds last Wednesday took the return train Friday and Saturday south winds, having done no damage.

We are authorized to announce a Sunday School convention to be held in Mr. C. N. King's grove, Willow Glen, on next Sunday, August 12. All are invited.

Church Directory—

Christian Union—Rev. J. Stevens, Pastor.

Congregational—Charles W. Wiley, Pastor.

Methodist—Dakota—Rev. R. Fancher, Pastor.

Business Cards—

Attorneys—J. N. Prouty; A. D. Bicknell, office with P. Finch, in Bank building; A. W. McFarland, Dakota, Humboldt County, Iowa. Office in Cass' new building.

Hotels—Humboldt House—H. S. Cadett, Proprietor.

Builders and Contractors—

A. J. Collson—Carpenter Joiner and Contractor.

Carriage & Wagon Shop, undersigned having rented the house formerly occupied by Mr. Ryan are prepared to do all kinds of repairing and painting.

A. C. & C. N. opens.

Harness Maker—

David Jones—Harness maker, Humboldt, Iowa.

Livery & Feed—

Have opened a Livery Stable in Humboldt, E. E. Fuller.

Humboldt College—Fall Term begins Sept. 5th—President S. H. Taft.

Announcements—

For Auditor—Nora, Iowa—I hereby announce myself as candidate for the office of County Auditor at the coming election. T. A. Rossing.

For Sheriff—I announce myself as candidate for the office of Humboldt County Sheriff. C. C. Coyle.

August 29th—

Local Affairs—

J. W. Foster and Wm. Thompson took a day at the capital city last week.

John Brehmer returned from California last Saturday, after about three year's absence. John came back satisfied that he has had enough of California to do him for a number of years.

Dropping into our office you will see a cadaverous looking individual with ink spots all over him, sleeves rolled up and eye ditto, diving here and there at his various duties, and going through them like a pickpocket through a plethoric pocketbook. Don't get scared. It is only George Shellenberger, who, in character of "ye printer's devil", proposes to learn the art preservative under our instructions.

Samuel Davenport took his own life—an old man whose gray hairs marked the passage of more than seventy years.

The Democratic party of Humboldt County quietly gathered itself together into a mass convention at Dakota last Saturday. Harmony prevailed since each one was elected to some delegation or other. To the State convention which meets today Colby and George McCauley were elected delegates, Thompson and Weist alternates. To the Representative convention of the 8th, Thompson, Harvey, Weist, and Adams.

The County convention to send delegates to the Representative convention at Emmetsburg tomorrow met at the court house last Saturday. The following delegates were chosen: A. D. Bicknell, J. N. Prouty, Parley Finch,

A. W. McFarland, N. R. Jones, E. A. Wilder, S. K. Winne, C. N. King, C. Combs, J. H. Ford, and B. H. Harkness. The convention then adjourned "sine die".

Business—

R. E. Jones—Farm Machinery

Winnie & Ward—General Hardware.

T. B. Nickson—Humboldt Plow Works.

C. A. Lorbeer—Furniture.

Wilder & McMillan—Dry Goods & Choice Groceries.

S. D. Bellows—Pure shell rock lime.

S. H. Taft & Co.—Humboldt Flouring Mill.

Some Advertisers—

24th Iowa State Fair at Cedar Rapids—September 17th to 22nd, 1877.

St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri.

Studebaker Wagon, Studebaker Bros., South Bend, Indiana.

Buggy Tops—Chas. Fockler & Bros., Dubuque, Iowa.

The Johnston Ruffler, sewing machine attachment, Johnson Ruffler Co., Ottumwa, Iowa.

The Gilpin Sulky Plow—Deere & Company, Moline, Illinois.

Free Catalog—Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Finished August 29th, 1962—

Compiled by Dorothy DeVault Bicknell, wife of Geo. J. Bicknell, who was born August 4th, 1885, at 1005 Third Avenue North, Humboldt, Iowa, where he has resided all his life, son of A. D. and Sara Ann (Mills) Bicknell. Geo. J. Bicknell, prominent Humboldt Attorney (who followed in his father's footsteps), Justice of the Peace for over thirty years, mayor, and served on the City Council several terms, probably has the largest collection of Humboldt County historical material of any one now living in Humboldt. He also has collected things of historical interest from his travels in almost every state in the union. including Mexico, and Canada.

The Kosmos for these excerpts were taken from the Geo. J. Bicknell files.

Note: The grasshopper plague, while doing some damage in Humboldt County in '76, practically wiped out crops fifty miles west extending through the Dakotas.

Carloads of food were shipped from the Mississippi river counties to the stricken areas.

STORY OF DAKOTA CITY (Humboldt Newspapers)

Town Crowns Divide

The town of Dakota lies on the high bluff crowning the divide between the two forks of the Des Moines river; it is a veritable city set on a hill. Laid out by Edward McKnight in 1855, it was not filed for record in Humboldt county until June, 1858.

William Safford surveyed the town site; then in 1858 Charlie Bergk bought it from McKnight, holding it until 1875 when the property was transferred to the county.

Bergk, McKnight, August Zohlten and Christian Hockman were the first settlers in Dakota, having settled here in 1854. All but McKnight wintered here in a cave on the east Des Moines the following winter.

The next spring William Cragg and Charles Odelsberger came to Dakota in May. Others accompanied them but did not remain; they took up claims in various parts of the county.

Those who came to Dakota in 1856 and 1857 included Walter Thomas, G. L. Hess, Henry Foster, Patrick Sheridan, Egbert Hulbert, D. F. Howell, W. Calvin Beer, S. S. Booth, William Blythe, Alexander McClean, Gilbert Forest, and a settler named Bostwick and one named McDougal.

Dies at Gettysburg

Hess was killed during the battle of Gettysburg in the war between the states, Hulbert left during the Indian scare of 1857 and Booth moved south, Blythe moved to Corinth township, Beer was orator at the first Fourth of July celebration in Dakota, while McLean was elected treasurer and recorder in the fall of 1857. Forest kept the hotel for a time.

In 1855 the first log building was built by Harlow Miner, William Miller, B. Trellener and J. and F. Johnson. It was Miller's home but was later used as a stable.

A pine building used as a schoolhouse was the first frame structure in the village; it was small and the lumber was hauled from Cedar Falls.

Washington and Jane Clarke were the parents of the first child born in Dakota; named Dakota she was born in 1857 and was the first child born in Humboldt county.

Edward McKnight built the first town hall in the summer of 1857. It was later used as a chapel by the Roman Catholic congregation.

Carries Mail

Charles Bergk was postmaster of the postoffice which was established in 1856. At first he carried the "office" in his pocket and delivered mail personally. Holding office for some 15 years, he was succeeded by J. M. Youngerling in February, 1877, W. J. Smith received his commission.

Washington and Albert Clarke ran the first hotel in Dakota in 1856. A two-story building, the main part was 16 x 20 feet with a lean-to 12 x 20 feet. It had no partitions either upstairs or down. Beds were placed in a row to accommodate weary travelers.

The Clarkes kept the hotel until May, 1857, when Alexander McLean succeeded them. Later B. Chauvet took it over and it burned down. Then M. Burgit bought the hotel, rebuilding and refitting it. He made a 22-room hotel and in addition had a dining room and office.

The northwestern hotel was partially erected in the fall of 1880 by James Haggarty and was finished by William Leedom shortly after.

One pioneer store was that erected by Edward McKnight for Burchard and Kinsman in 1857. Of native lumber, it consisted of oak, basswood and black walnut. McKnight sawed logs at his own sawmill.

Burchard and Kinsman ran their general merchandise store for only a short time when they failed as many others did that memorable year, and left the country.

John E. E. Cragg was next to engage in the mercantile trade. He ran a store from 1858-1861. Then Samuel Goodyear opened the third store in 1886 and ran it for several years.

First Store After War

The first store that opened after the war was owned by George L. Cruikshank. J. M. Youngerling and B. Chauvet followed him with Freeman and Mott shortly after. They in turn were followed by W. J. Smith; then came

In 1874 a store was begun by C. H. Brown & Sons which after a time was succeeded by Manly, a son; he operated it until January, 1884, when it passed into the hands of Thompson and Thompson.

Brown & Sons followed by G. D. Osborne.

John T. Fockler started the first drugstore in 1872 while I. G. McMillan began the first hardware. Next came Gilliland and Mintrun who began in 1881. W. J. Smith sold flour at wholesale that was made at the mills in New Richmond, Minnesota.

One of the leading industries of the county was the lime works. Smith opened it in the spring of 1879. The following year he started making bricks. Just north of Dakota City he built a large brick house in 1884 of bricks he'd manufactured.

The jewelry and watch business at Dakota was begun by A. F. Hawkins in 1879. A flour and feed business was started by A. E. Bennett. Then in 1882 G. L. Hinds opened a carpenter shop.

Saloon Opens

In 1870 Mal Newman opened a saloon which he ran for several years. Gaylord Griswold succeeded him, followed by Benjamin Frank who made a restaurant of it; later it was run by D. R. Bowers.

Dakota's first Sunday school was organized by William Sherman in May, 1858. Only two children, Rachel Reed and Henry Booth attended. The latter acted as superintendent.

During the winter of 1856-57 two preachers from Algona delivered two sermons apiece. They were Rev. McComb and Rev. Chauncey Taylor. The next religious services were held by the Rev. Mr. Dodder of Fort Dodge in August of 1857. He continued commuting here to preach until November

when cold weather and deep snow prevented him from getting through.

The Methodists held their first religious services in Dakota in 1857. The Rev. Mr. Lawton of Fort Dodge presided.

The Catholics held their first religious services in Dakota in 1864 when Father Butler and Father Delana presided.

In 1865 the German Evangelical association was organized with a number of charter members. The first services were held at the home of C. Snyder; the minister was Rev. E. H. Bauman. Later held in the schoolhouse, the organization purchased the Dakota Schoolhouse in 1881 which was enlarged and repaired.

COURT HOUSE

The location of the Court House in pioneer days was vital. In modern times, it is not an essential element in the growth of towns. When old Rolfe and Sioux Rapids and Homer lost their courthouses, Pocahontas, Storm Lake and Fort Dodge rapidly forged ahead.

The consolidation of Humboldt and Dakota City into one town was much more important to the growth of Humboldt, but every attempt failed. In 1918 the vote in Dakota City was 56 to 45 against.

Today, the location of the Courthouse makes little difference as the two towns are one except for boundaries. It would, however, boost values in each town and help attract business and industry if a united city could boast of a population of 5,000 as we are today.

Early Village

The Christian Union (now more generally known as Unitarian) began religious worship shortly after the arrival of Taft's colony in May of 1863. The town hall was the first place of worship.

The Unitarian church itself was dedicated July 1, 1880 when the Iowa association of Unitarians and other independent churches held their annual meeting in Humboldt and took part in the exercises.

The Methodist church is an outgrowth of a class organized Nov. 30, 1880, under the leadership of David Shellenberger with Rev. S. C. Bascom, its first pastor.

There was little order in the Humboldt schools to begin with and students advanced slowly or not at all. Until Miss Elinor E. Gordon became principal, progress was slow. But she selected a fine staff of teachers and divided the school into 10 grades with 35 students, most of them in the lower ones.

Humboldt academy and normal school opened in the basement of the Congregational church in September, 1882. School was conducted there for a year when a five year lease was obtained to move classes to Humboldt college in an old building which needed repair. Twenty-five students were enrolled in the academy the second year after the proprietor obtained \$400 to fix up the building.

The school ran a boarding department in which board was furnished at cost with the students furnishing their own rooms. Purpose of the academy

was to supplement the district schools and give a year's work to normal training students wishing to become teachers.

A three-year course was outlined in addition so that a student could qualify to enter SUI as a freshman. The first instructors included:

W. M. Martin, a native Ohioan and a graduate of SUI; Morrow R. Martin, assistant during winter and spring terms, and Abbey Miller of Fayette, assistant in the common branches and music instructor.

Albert Rowley Post No. 193 G.A.R. was organized May 24, 1883.

Bethel Lodge No. 206 was established at Humboldt Dec. 17, 1880, and Humboldt Lodge No. 91 I.O., G.T., was organized March 29, 1881.

In 1872, Mrs. C. F. Harkness proposed the organization of a circulating library, and the following year it was organized.

The postoffice was established in the fall of 1868. B. H. Harkness was the first postmaster.

The Springvale cemetery association was organized March 24, 1869.

The first temperance meeting was held July 4, 1866 with the address being given by S. H. Taft.

A lodge of Good Templars was organized in October of 1866 with 40 charter members.

A W.C.T.U. was organized in 1879 by Mrs. A. M. Palmer.

The first hotel was constructed at the corner of Fremont and Lincoln streets. S. H. Taft built and ran it. The hotel, called the Fremont House after the Presidential republican candidate was subsequently run by W. H. Locke and H. B. Hawkins.

Springvale house was operated by D. P. Russell for awhile before he sold it.

The Humboldt county bank was organized at Dakota Oct. 7, 1872. It was instituted under the state banking law with capital assets of \$5,000. It was the first bank in the county. When business did not prove as good as expected, it was moved to Humboldt in June, 1876.

The People's bank was incorporated in December of 1881.

A Humboldt skating rink was built in 1883 by H. McKinstry and C. E. Ward at a cost of \$2,000. The building was 42 by 70 with an office 16 by 30 feet and it had a maple floor.

The Humboldt nursery was started in 1880 by Edward Connor who came from Allamakee county.

The Nettette creamery of Humboldt was established in the spring of 1880 by L. Baker and J. H. Savage. In 1882, J. T. Baker purchased an interest, and the firm name was changed to Baker brothers & Savage.

E. A. Wilder was the first settler to open a store in Humboldt; this he did in 1865. He kept a general merchandise store for some years. Shortly afterward, B. H. Harkness started a store of the same type.

D. A. Day, a native of New York state was one of the leading businessmen in Humboldt in 1884. He had started in the mercantile business in 1882 with a Mr. Adams.

Greenlief B. White came here from Maine and opened the forerunner to the present White's department store.

Dr. D. R. Russel, the town's physician, opened a drugstore early in 1866. R. E. Jones was the first to sell farm machinery. The first jeweler was J. B. Simmons; he repaired clocks and kept a small stock of goods to delight the hearts of the fairer sex.

J. F. Ward started the first hardware store in January of 1867 in a building adjoining the old town hall. Pioneer store for the exclusive sale of boots and shoes was begun by J. M. Snyder. Matt Berrier ran the first pioneer meat market.

In 1860, O. P. Fuller started a store where he sold groceries exclusively.

The first shoemaker to locate in Humboldt was a Scandinavian; it's not certain if he were a Swede or a Dane, but his name was Rasmus Jonson and he started in business here in 1865.

C. A. Lorbeer was the first to do cabinet work in 1863. In 1869, G. A. Smith opened the first regular shop for this line of trade. Lorbeer had his work in his home.

Pioneer wagon maker of Humboldt was a firm bearing the name of Goldsworthy. J. Starbuck, a worthy son of Vulcan, was Humboldt's first blacksmith and he lighted the first fire in his forge around 1865. Joseph Berkhimer started the first harness shop in 1868, and R. E. Jones had the first implement shop.

(Miscellaneous notes from old files of Springvale True Democrat)

November 19, 1869—An Indian was dragged through the streets by a party of wild young men until both arms and legs were torn off. The Indian had been standing in front of the cigar store for some years.

Secretary E. V. Moore Esq. of the Webster county fair complains that the late fair was a failure and pleads with the farmers to support it in the future.

J. Swain, the city druggist, in a full column of 12 separate patent medicine ads states in one as follows, "They will cure you."

B. H. Harkness, general merchant, states Mrs. Harkness has just returned from the East with the finest stock of millinery and fancy goods ever brought this side of the Mississippi; that she is busy as a bee, that among the hats on display, birds of paradise are found nesting among flowers of every kind in the big display.

January 3, 1870—Editor S. H. Taft reports in this issue that the town of Springvale, its new water power derived from the canal, is in a very prosperous condition. The editor also thanks Mrs. Harmon for her present of a fine turkey for Christmas dinner and is indebted to S. B. Bellows for some fine native venison steaks which he states were very sweet.

The newspapers from 1870 to 1875 tell of the thousands of barrels of

prairie chickens shot, dressed and shipped East from Northwest Iowa to provide needed money during those panic years. Humboldt county hunters furnished their share. This marked the beginning of the final extermination of this valuable food delicacy.

EXCERPTS

From—The Geo. J. Bicknell Files—

The Springvale Republican, Friday, Sept. 20, 1872, S. H. Taft—Editor, A. M. Adams, Local Editor—

I.O.G.T.—The Springvale Lodge No. 599, Independent Order of Good Templars, meets every alternate Tuesday evening, in the School House, Springvale, Iowa.

A.F.&A.M.—Eastern Star Lodge No. 165 meets in regular communication, on Tuesday evening on or before the full moon—of each month at Mason's Dakota. Wm. Thompson, Sect.

Jno. N. Weaver—Attorney & Justice of the Peace.

Church Directory—

Christian Union—Rev. J. Stevens.

Congregational—Rev. A. Parker.

Humboldt County Directory—

A. W. McFarland—Auditor & Clerk of Courts

Chas. Bergk—Treasurer

W. H. Locke—Recorder.

A. D. Bicknell—(father of Geo. J.) Co. Superintendent.

Chas. Simmons—Sheriff.

I. A. Averill—Co. Surveyor.

Wm. Edison—Coroner.

Advertisements—

Henry Weist, Jr., Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Sumner Ave., Springvale.

Runyon C. Tunison—just opened a Tailor Shop, on Sumner Ave., in the Red Building—Opposite Harran's Drug Store—Springvale.

S. K. Winne, successor to J. F. Ward—HARDWARE.

Smith & Stewart—Springvale Stone and Marble Quarry—Springvale.

Dr. O. Harran, Dealer in Pure Drugs—Springvale.

Prouty & Williams—Improved farms in Humboldt, County, office: South side Sumner Ave., Springvale, Iowa.

R. E. Jones & Co.—Sale & Livery Stable—sells all kinds of Farm Implements.

J. M. Snyder, G. M. Snyder, A. B. Snyder—Proprietors of Humboldt Lime Co., Springvale, Iowa.

Many from Fort Dodge, Iowa.

A big advertisement for Humboldt College, which opens Wednesday the 18th day of September next. S. H. Taft, Pres. of Board of Trustees.

Several columns under—The Opening of the College, and the complete

address of the President of the Board of Trustees—S. H. Taft.

This old paper was saved no doubt for this address, and Dedication.

Personal—Rutland—

E. A. Wilder has bought the building put up by C. W. Freeman.

H. G. Bicknell (uncle of A. D. Bicknell) late of Rutland, now of Algona, called last week.

B. F. Barkley, has been attending the State Fair at Cedar Rapids.

Dakota—

The Court House walls are nearly finished to the top of the second story windows.

I. Van Metre, editor of the Independent attended the State Fair at Cedar Rapids.

We called on Harkness. Found him and Alphonso, hard at work marking and putting up, his mammoth stock of Goods.

Compiled by Dorothy DeVault (Mrs. G. J.) Bicknell

August 4th, 1869—

Supervisors—

A. N. Coffin, Coroner, Wacousta.

H. Lane, Springvale Township, Springvale.

J. Cragg, Dakota Township, Dakota.

Eber Stone, Humboldt Township, Lotts Creek.

M. Scofield, Vernon Township, Vernon.

H. G. Bicknell, Rutland Township, Rutland.

Wm. Emerson, Wacousta Township, Wacousta.

Springvale Directory—

S. H. Taft, Editor and proprietor of the **True Democrat**; office at the Fremont House.

G. M. Snyder, Notary Public; office at Fremont House.

A. Younie, Attorney and Notary Public.

John Dickey, Justice.

Drs. Vanvelser & Bro., and Dr. Ira L. Welch, Physicians.

I. A. Averill, Dentist.

Church Directory—

Springvale Church worships in Union Hall. Preaching each Sabbath at 11 A.M. Sabbath School and Bible Class exercises at 12 M. Prayer Meeting in the evening. Rev. E. M. Miles, Pastor.

The Sabbath School Teachers' meeting is held each Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. C. Wicks. Conference meeting on the P.M. of the last Saturday of each month.

Young people's prayer meeting on Tuesday evening.

General Business Directory—

Dry Goods Merchants—B. H. Harkness, E. A. Wilder, N. Day.

G. D. Coyl, Druggist.

J. Ward, Tinner and Dealer in Hardware.

E. K. Lord, Grocer.

C. A. Lorbeer, Cabinet Maker.

J. Berkhimer, Harness Maker.

E. Johnson, Shoe Maker.

J. E. Robins, Wagon Maker.

C. Dean, Machinist.

W. Starbuck, Blacksmith.

C. F. Gleason, Butcher.

Milliners—Mrs. Gleason, Mrs. Harkness.

J. Woolf, Painter.

D. P. Russell, Builder.

Fremont House; corner of Lincoln and Fremont streets; S. H. Taft, proprietor.

Mill proprietors, Messrs. Taft, Pinney and Rogers; Millers, O. M. Marsh and C. Marston; bookkeeper, J. Dickey.

Masons—G. & D. A. Martin, H. McKenstry, Wm. LeLand, L. Thompson, H. Dayton.

Carpenters—C. A. Lorbeer, C. Dean, D. P. French, M. Alger, A. Nopens, J. Albee.

Township Officers—

Springvale Township—Clerk, I. A. Averill; Assessor, J. Johnson; Justices—J. Dickey and R. S. Flowers; Trustees—C. A. Lorbeer, J. Dickey and D. Loomis; Constables—W. S. Jones and D. Fikes.

Dakota Township—Clerk, T. Driscoll; Assessor, W. Thomas; Justices—C. C. Coyle and M. D. Williams; Trustees—B. B. Bell, C. P. Snook and H. G. Ketman; Constables—J. Fairman and W. W. Barker.

Humboldt Township—Clerk, H. Miner; Assessor G. Hart; Justices—Ira Neal and L. A. Little; Trustees—Nelson Martin, W. J. McNally and Elias Cusey; Constables—J. J. Harris and Samuel Rummens.

Vernon Township—Clerk, J. E. O'Flarity; Assessor, J. Butler; Justices—W. L. Saxton and J. H. Stewart; Trustees—N. Nash, Wm. Edson and O. N. Hess; Constables—E. Grandon and L. Aldrich.

Rutland Township—Clerk, E. K. Blood; Assessor, Chas. Simmons; Justices—C. W. King and P. Sheriden; Trustees—P. Sheriden, M. Adams and O. Bowen; Constables—A. Halder and J. M. Thomas.

Wacousta Township—Clerk, A. N. Coffin; Assessor, Jas. Cole; Justices—G. S. Sharp and E. Strong; Trustees—A. Hoag, Jas. Cole and S. G. Sharp; Constables—N. Sharp and S. Boynden.

A Fire Fiend in Humboldt

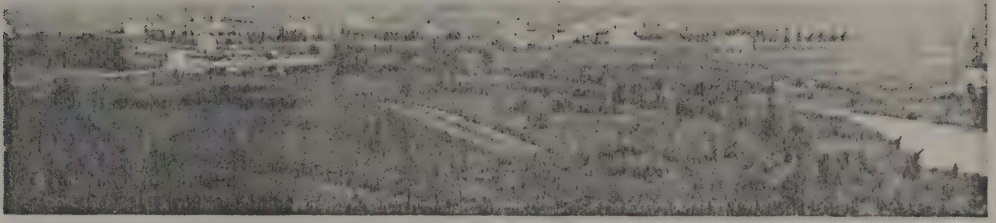
\$18,000 worth of property goes up in smoke.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 10th February, 1877 the alarm of fire was given by Dr. Welch, who, returning from a professional visit to the residence of J. W. Foster, discovered fire issuing from the front of the Russell Block. B. H. Harkness was promptly at the scene and saved some stock of the Dry Goods and Grocery stock of B. H. Harkness and Wilder & Taylor. The Kosmos office above and below Ward's Hardware were in flames. No water of any consequence was to be had, so there was nothing to do but save what was saved. The upper part of the Russell Block in front of the Hall, was occupied by Parley Finch, as a law office.

The Kosmos force was on the ground quite early, and succeeded in saving nearly all their type, file, books, etc., but lost their press, imposing stone, rack, and etc. Mr. Ward's stock of Hardware was mostly removed, and his loss consequently light. Losses as far as known at this date are—D. P. Russell, the Russell Block, about \$6,000.00, well insured; B. H. Harkness stock between \$3,000.00 and \$4,000.00, insurance \$4,000.00; Wilder & Taylor, about \$5,000.00, insurance \$1,000.00; J. F. Ward light loss and no insurance; J. B. Simmons his building, no insurance. The Kosmos lost about \$500.00, no insurance; Parley Finch lost about \$1,500.00, no insurance we believe.

The origin of the fire is an unsolved mystery. Incendiarism has been suggested. At this time we cannot see what object could have been had in view to cause the burning of our principal business block.

Compiled from the Humboldt Kosmos, dated 14 February 1877,
in the Geo. J. Bicknell files,
by Dorothy DeVault (Mrs. Geo. J.) Bicknell



Early Springvale

With the Taft's Colony came the three Lorbeer brothers and families to Humboldt County. They were born in Saxony, Germany and came to Lewis County New York in 1847. Lewis came sixty days in advance of the Colony to help prepare a settlement. He and Charles A. were cabinet makers and builders, and John became a prosperous farmer in Beaver Township owning a 220 acre fruit and stock farm known as "Eagle Retreat".

Chas. A. built in 1873 the frame building in which today is located the Nissen Cafe, and six years later he and Lewis erected the adjacent Lorbeer block from stone from the Lorbeer quarry—one of the most extensive in Northwest Iowa. Here Chas. A. operated a successful furniture business.

Chas. A. was the first Sunday School superintendent in 1863, was on the committee on rules and by laws for the newly organized Humboldt College in 1866 and especially prominent in civic affairs in early Springvale. One of his grandsons and wife now living near Pomona, California visited in Humboldt in August, 1962, and through the courtesy of Will Wendle, were driven to the Indian Mound Cemetery and other scenes familiar to the Lorbeer brothers of early days.

The family now owns an extensive citrus grove near Pomona and have their own packing plant from which several friends each received in October a box of beautiful valencia oranges.

Some of the Lorbeer families of over 100 descendants, hope to return for the Centennial celebration and were very favorably impressed with our City.

Among other prominent names in Springvale from 1863 to 1872 and nearby farms in Corinth Twp. were the T. T. Rogers, Durham Pinney, Wm. B. Leland, H. S. Wells, John Johnston, Balsen Linnastrill, Geo. L. Cruickshank, Carlos and Hiram Lane and the Robert Henderson families.

"Waylie" Rogers, son of T. T. was especially prominent in Humboldt having organized several industries, among them the Mineral Springs Bottling Company, the Sand and Gravel, later the Cement Products Co., and the Smith and Rogers poultry processing plant and the first creamery.

Wm. B. Leland came to Springvale in 1865 where he was an expert stone mason craftsman erecting several stone buildings and he laid the first stone of Humboldt College.

Two of his grandsons still live in Humboldt, Earl and Cecil Leland. Their mother, Mrs. Allie Leland, now over ninety years of age also still lives here. She was the daughter of Balsen Linnastrill and was born on the farm in Corinth township while Humboldt was yet Springvale.

Dan Wells, son of Henry S. Wells, pioneer real estate dealer, still lives here.

R. G. Henderson and his son Robert, still operate the pioneer farm in Corinth township.

Of special historical interest is the Raymond Cruikshank farm in Corinth township. This is the original site of Addison post office established in 1866 with R. S. Fowler, postmaster. Raymond lives in the original P. O. building and possesses many antiques of pioneer days. This site was a stopping off place on the Fort Dodge, N. W. stagecoach route.

Excerpts from "Glen Farm"

The first Stage Coach route, called the "Government, Fort Dodge-Minnesota route" ran across "Glen Farm" just west of the forks, forded the west branch of the Des Moines close to the present location of the new river bridge, came north across the prairie in Beaver township—thence East of the East Des Moines river, northward past the bluffs east of the present Livermore bridge, thence north to the vicinity of Algona and on up to the settlements in Southern Minnesota.

This early route ran through the farm of Eber Stone, grandfather of Mrs. E. S. Dyvig and Hubert Stone, and close to the 1852 cabin of Henry Lott.

The first graded and gravel road in the county ran from the township line to the old bridge near Glen Farm.

Humboldt County was first organized in one of the cabins on "Glen Farm".

Iowa State College, in a pamphlet issued years ago, stated that Humboldt County, though one of the smallest counties in area was one of the best. A man who went to the agricultural department to inquire about the best corn in Iowa was told, "You better look over Humboldt County before you decide." He bought a farm "over on Thor."

In 1885, N. R. Jones of Glen Farm was appointed by Gov. William Larrabee as Iowa's representative at a convention in Houston, Texas, and at the banquet in a toast to his home state said, "Iowa has more good land and less poor land than any other State in the union."

William Miller, the first owner of Glen Farm, came in late 1851 and established an Indian Trading Post. Each spring and summer he sent four horse teams to Dubuque for supplies. His trade with the Sioux was extensive and he was especially gifted in dealing with this wily tribe.

He built the first frame house in northwestern Iowa north of Fort Dodge and South of the Minnesota line in 1855.

Old Time Blizzards

Almost every winter from 1857 to about 1873, there were terrific blizzards howling across the open prairie and pounding against the isolated log cabins of northern Iowa and each county had its toll of frozen children or adults, and often livestock perished for want of proper shelter.

In our own county in the fifties occurred Solomon Hand's tragedy. Members of Taft's Colony had many narrow escapes to Fort Dodge for supplies, or on the return trip.

The winter of 1880 and 1881 was severe with deep snow on the ground from late October until April when the melting snows along the upper reaches of both branches of the Des Moines brought to Humboldt the highest water ever recorded before or since. The Rutland dam washed out and part of our dam and the water rose to the second story of a stone building in Brooklyn (west of the bridge).

Frank Berrier often told how he looked down from his bedroom window in the second floor and saw dozens of big bass and pike swimming by. Asked why he didn't leave, he stated he was the only one of the family who couldn't swim, so he was left behind.

Early January 1885 another blizzard swept through the country, piling huge drifts and stopping railroad traffic. Often the pattern of those storms followed a calm, mild morning in January or February, then fine biting snow on a strong north west wind — generally a heavy snow all night followed by the drifting blinding snow storm.

W. W. Sterns, Cashier Peoples State Bank, often told how on Jan. 12th, 1888, the worst blizzard in Northwest Iowa occurred. For three days he couldn't see across the street — country roads, town streets and railroads were blocked for days and Sumner Avenue's business paralyzed. In fact, he stated that on the third day, for the first time in his long banking career not one depositor nor borrower entered the big bank.

Another terrific winter was experienced in 1912 when on January 21st all railroads were blocked for days, coal was desperately short and Washta, Cherokee County set the state's official record now of 47 degrees below zero. In Humboldt, Webb Belcher, then the most reliable and unofficial weather observer, stated it was 42 degrees below at 6:45 A.M. at his home in west Humboldt. At this time the big oatmeal mill burned in Fort Dodge.

The winter of 1936 was one of the most severe in modern times — deep snow began the previous November and a half dozen blizzards followed in January and February. On Saturday, January 26th, 1936 — all country roads were blocked and only Paul Altman was able to deliver milk to the Creamery early in the morning and he barely made it home. Most stores closed at noon. In our store the boys made coffee and ate "Winder" cakes and rolls in the back room until three P.M. — when the cost of food and drink for six husky school boys was greater than cash receipts. The boss too was forced to close, walking home in the center of the street in deep drifts. Tom Van Horn and Billy Witte had fashioned a couple holes in a gunny sack

for vision and bundled in a heavy overcoat he arrived home safely. That was one Saturday night the merchants failed to ring the till.

On Armistice day Nov. 11th, 1940 occurred another terrific storm for so early in the year. Much livestock was lost and fruit trees throughout the State were badly damaged.

Our recent winter of 1961-62 was another severe one with snow piled up on curbs so high many automobile drivers turned on lights as they approached the intersections. Humboldt County recorded more than seventy inches of snow during the season, but to the northwest greater amounts fell. However, there were no old time blizzards and throughout the winter, the primary roads were rapidly cleared, though many farm lanes were blocked for several days. In Humboldt, Sumner Avenue, first to be cleaned, was always opened for traffic three hours after any storm, and the residential district streets rapidly cleared; only long driveways had to wait the services of the half dozen privately owned tractors and plows. Visitors and traveling salesmen for years have stated that Humboldt's speedy snow removal from all streets and parking areas is unequaled in Northwest Iowa. Hugh Westfall with his men and machinery are on the job from midnight on when necessary. Hugh, with his thirty two years' experience, knows how and when to do the job. Sumner Avenue and adjacent streets are flushed each morning at day break in summer, and the big sweeper cleans the gutters on the residential streets whenever necessary. Our street departments' motto is "Humboldt has for years the reputation of being one of the cleanest, most beautiful little cities in Northwest Iowa and we are going to maintain it".



S. H. Taft, the founder of the city of Humboldt, was a tireless worker; a man of strong physique, keen mind and commanding personality—he possessed leadership, ambition, perseverance and initiative. He was designer and builder of mills, dams, houses, churches, schools. He was a preacher, editor, founder and president of Humboldt College which he started building in 1870; completed it in 1872; he was a writer, traveler, lecturer and tiller of the soil.

Taft was perhaps visionary; he was an ardent prohibitionist, and a devout Christian, but not a fundamentalist, and of those who knew him best and were closely associated with him, no one ever questioned his good faith in business, his prodigious energy, his sincerity, or his integrity, and while in his mighty zeal for the upbuilding of Humboldt, its industrial development and cultural uplift, evidenced by his ceaseless labor for Humboldt College, he naturally made some errors—they were errors of the mind and not of the heart.

As we look back upon early Humboldt and Northern Iowa, our criticism must not be too severe of Taft, in his enthusiasm, he envisioned a second Harvard in Humboldt, where from a humble beginning, a great university might grow through the years. Have not other colleges grown from humble beginnings?

However, Harvard was founded on the door-step of European immigration, close to the mighty Atlantic, across whose waters came the people who settled and built America—accessible to land and water transportation in its earliest days, and then, as now, near a center of population.

Humboldt College was founded virtually in the wilderness only 7 years after the town was first settled. A few hundred people lived here and 2,500 in the whole county with no water, transportation nor rail; all its people poor; all struggling to wrest from the good earth an existence—the land covered with sloughs and marshes, inadequate machinery and horse power to wrestle the virgin prairie, and above all, an agriculture without adequate markets. The entire northwest of which Humboldt County was a part was entirely un-

developed and sparsely settled. What handicaps were in store for his dream of a higher education!

How then, was Humboldt college to succeed? Taft fought a tremendous fight in his efforts as its first president to make it successful. Several times he went East to obtain funds, once spending 18 months in Boston and New York. He personally suffered many privations on these trips; his clothes were shabby; often his pockets were empty, and more than once he depended on friends for a mere sustenance, but he persevered with a fanatical determination, and at the end of his great effort, on one occasion, he had collected \$6,000.00. A 240 acre tract of land contracted by him for the site of the college was about to be foreclosed in the courts of Humboldt County. On this day his joy was unbounded; he wired part of this money to his friend Williams of a Fort Dodge bank, instructing him to hasten to the courthouse, and at the moment when the attorney stood before the judge waiting for his signature to a decree of forfeiture already written, a messenger hurried to the clerk and handed him several packages of currency — the day was saved — Taft afterward thanked a kind Providence, and Humboldt college struggled on. Each year 150 to 200 ambitious youth profited by its teachings, many of its students later rising high in the business and professions of their communities, but even Taft in 1879, after exhaustion and mental strain, gave up in discouragement and the college lingered, then closed. Professor Peterson undertook its revival in 1895 and continued its operation as a commercial college until 1916 when it was abandoned forever. Humboldt College has an important place in the history of our county. In 1926 the late Fred Bradburn bought the site and acreage, dismantled the frame dormitories and the cut stone main building. The citizens of Humboldt did not act to save the property. Perhaps the rapidly decaying stone structure would not be a fitting monument to be left on the hill. Possibly as the years went by, with a great expenditure of labor and money, some fitting use could have been made of the main building but today we can only reminisce.

The vivid memory of Humboldt College and of S. H. Taft has been perpetuated by the erection, in Taft Park, of a beautiful granite memorial, erected and dedicated in 1939 by the Taft Unitarian Memorial Foundation. The memorial consists of three parts — the left wing is dedicated to the Unitarian Church founded and built by S. H. Taft in 1879, with a replica of the church carved thereon. The central monument or die, has on it the likeness of S. H. Taft and below the following inscription "A pioneer of boundless hope and energy, high ideals and public spirit, purchased, platted and developed the town of Humboldt (originally Springvale,) built first water power, grist and saw mill, amid countless obstacles when nearest railroad was 120 miles away." On the right wing is a reproduction of the main central college building which Mr. Taft founded, helped to build and of which he was the first president. The likeness depicts the building as it appeared in 1872 when first built, a three story stone structure with high tower and spacious porch.

The descendants of the founders of Humboldt and of the college, and

many of us of later years, easily recall in memory its dormitories, its stately old stone institution of learning, and the beauty of the site, with a background of beautiful trees planted in straight rows. In the immediate foreground lay abroad level expanse of an athletic field, and beyond, a picturesque view of the Valley below, and from the upper part of the building, one could view the majestic panorama of the wooded and winding branches of the Des Moines river, and in summer, stretching as far as the eye could see, the green and yellow checkerboard of rich prairie. This author, as a boy, played baseball and football on its velvety green and many reminiscences of his early life, there enacted, shall linger long and fondly in his memory.

HUMBOLDT COLLEGE

HUMBOLDT, IOWA

1873

Officers of the Association

President.
STEPHEN H. TAFT.
Treasurer.
JOHN DICKEY.

Vice-President.
IRA L. WELCH.
Secretary.
J. N. PROUTY.

Board of Trustees.

C. C. Cole,	J. M. Snyder,	Ira L. Welch,
B. F. Gue,	J. F. Duncomb,	William Emerson,
John Scott,	John Dickey,	William Ingham,
Mary N. Adams,	Cynthia Wickes,	Jane S. Lathrop,
Robert L. Collier,	N. S. Ames,	Frederick Douglass,
Charles H. Brigham,	J. N. Prouty,	D. L. Willie,
Austin Adams,	J. C. Bills,	N. Seaver.

The following extract from the Articles of Incorporation states the Character of the Institution:

We, whose names are hereto subscribed, recognizing the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, associate ourselves for the purpose of encouraging liberal Education by the establishment and maintenance at Humboldt, Iowa, of an Institution for the education of youth in Literature, Science, and enlightened Christian Morality, without regard to sex, race or religious sect.

LOCATION.

The College is a beautiful edifice, built of marble, at a cost of about forty thousand dollars, and is located in one of the most healthful and pleasant towns in the state. Humboldt is situated on the Des Moines river, nearly mid-

way between Fort Dodge and Algona, and has a daily stage and daily mail.

Lager Bier saloons are prohibited by town ordinance.

There are two religious societies, viz: The Free or Union Church, and Congregational Church, in connection with each of which are flourishing Sunday Schools.

There is a Methodist Church at Dakota (distant only a mile from the College), which has also a Sunday School in connection with it.

Parents wishing to send their children away to school may be assured that the moral influences surrounding them at Humboldt College will be good.

INDORSEMENTS.

Of this Institution the Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Boston, who by appointment visited Iowa in 1871 to investigate and report upon its character and claims, says:

"The conclusions to which I have come in regard to Humboldt College are these:

"The people who have the enterprise in hand are honest, competent, and thoroughly in earnest, and will carry it on wisely and economically if the necessary funds are provided.

"The location which they have chosen is peculiarly favorable to such an enterprise. An unsectarian college established there, and liberally endowed, will, for centuries, have a great and important influence through that whole region of almost boundless fertility."

"I feel a deep interest in Humboldt College, believing that it sustains an important relation to the political, moral and religious welfare of a large section of our common country."—Wendell Phillips.

"I thoroughly indorse the educational enterprise represented by my friend, the Rev. S. H. Taft."—Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

From the files of the Springvale Republican of October 4th, 1872

The College—Taft's article on the Change of Name to Humboldt.

This change consummated late in 1872.

President Elect of Humboldt College

Below will be found a correspondence which will be read with interest by our community as it gives renewed assurance of the continued success of our College. And it will be no less greatful to our eastern friends who have contributed so generously in aid of our institution as it will be recognized by them not only as a pledge of the success of the College financially, but also, of its remaining in good faith, what its founder has so earnestly sought to make it, a "liberal christian institution."

We regard with unqualified favor the election of Mr. Taft to the Presidency of Humboldt College.

L. Ed.

Springvale, Iowa, Sept. 29, 1872.

Rev. S. H. Taft,

Dear Sir:—

I take pleasure in notifying you that at the meeting of the Board of Trustees of Humboldt Collegiate Association held on the 28th inst you were unanimously elected President of Humboldt College.

Expressing the hope that you will be pleased to accept the position to which you have been called, I am:

Respectfully Your's

J. N. Prouty,

Secretary of Board of Trustees of Humboldt Collegiate Association.

J. N. Prouty, Esq. Secretary of Humboldt Collegiate Association—

Dear Sir:—Your favor of Sept. 29th informing me of my election to the Presidency of Humboldt College is received.

In acknowledging the distinguished honor thus conferred upon me, I feel constrained to say that I accept the position deeply conscious of the responsibility which it involves, and conscious also, that I am in no full measure qualified for the high place in but one respect, viz: the undying interest which I feel in the broad and truly christian principles to promote which Humboldt College had its birth.

While accepting with grateful pleasure this additional and highest expression of confidence which my election involves, I desire to say that it will be with no less pleasure that I shall resign the Presidency when there shall be found one willing to accept it, who with like interests with myself in the prosperity of the Institution, shall add thereto the other important qualifications of commanding ability and ripe scholarship.

Very Truly Your's

S. H. TAFT.

Springvale, Oct. 3d, 1872.

CHANGE OF NAME

November 11th

Our citizens are aware that the question of changing the name of our town from Springvale to Humboldt has been much discussed for a few days and that a petition asking the Board of Supervisors to make such change, has been circulated and numerously signed. A step of such significance properly calls for an explanation from those who favor it especially as the name we now have is most beautiful and appropriate, besides being very widely known abroad. As the proprietor of the town I have consented to the change with a reluctance and regret which my pen fails to express and feel called upon both in respect to my own feelings, as also, to those who disapprove of it to state briefly the principle reasons which have impelled me to give my sanc-

tion to the change contemplated (or I might say made, since more than three-fourths of the voters of the town have approved it, by signing the petition).

1st. The desirableness of having but a single town between the two rivers (which are less than two miles apart,) taken in connection with the very natural reluctance of an old and rival town, to alone give up its name and accept ours, has had much weight with me, since by changing the name to one acceptable to all, we remove so far as we are concerned the last obstacle to union.

2d. The history of all successful Colleges shows that a noble institution of learning in the course of a few years becomes more important in name, than the town where located, instance, Michigan University is more widely known than Ann Arbor; Antioch than Yellow Springs; Harvard than Cambridge.—With these facts before me, I consent to the retiring of the beautiful name of Springvale at the time when its praises are in the lips of all, to give place to a name made noble by the glory shed upon it by the great man who bore it, and to be made still more glorious in each succeeding age by the influence for good which the College now bearing it shall exert.

Lastly, I frankly admit that in remembrance of the course pursued touching the court house question, by a large number of the citizens of the place, last spring, I hardly dared to trust the name of our town to the keeping of those who know little or nothing of the sacred associations which gather around it in the memory of those by whom it was given in the midst of the exhausting toil, harrassing want, and painful watching, which waits upon the life of pioneers, lest that while far away gathering new laurels with which to crown it, I should come home to find it had been rudely thrust aside. So with a lover's tenderness I say to the beautiful name, first spoken by my cherished wife, sleep sweetly in memory, while Humboldt College shall be your imperishable monument.

J. P. PETERSON

In 1915 Humboldt College was known as one of the leading business colleges in the State north of Des Moines. Over four hundred students from all parts of the country came for instruction and many of its graduates rose to business and banking prominence. After the turn of the century there were two prices of board for the students, one \$1.66 per week—the other \$2.10 per week. The main difference in the two scales was chiefly in the amount of cream served for breakfast coffee and cereal and the size of prunes served and at all meals the amount of twelve cent butter served.

For the cheaper table 80x90 size prunes were served, while at the more expensive table, fifty-sixty size,—the former at four and one half cents per pound in twenty five pound boxes, the latter five and one half cents per pound. The writer well remembers delivering ten boxes of each size to the College commissary, for Prof. Peterson was afflicted with leg trouble and demanded delivery of all heavy or large orders. J. P. was a sharp quantity buyer of food stuffs, but always was honorable in all his business dealings.

He was a cultured man—very capable and possessed of a pleasant personality. He and his wife were assets to any community.

In 1895 when J. P. opened the college there was signed a written agreement with the town of Humboldt that even though the College was to be operated for individual profit, the town would exempt the college from taxation, providing the Professor would build 2 frame dormitories adjacent to the main stone building and landscape the campus.

For twenty years this arrangement as to taxation held. Each party to the agreement fulfilled its part.

Then the thunderbolt struck,—The Board of Supervisors in 1915 notified the professor that the college property was now assessed at \$40,000 appraised value and that taxes on such value must be paid.

The town of course, could not bind the County to withhold county taxes, but the town could have paid the few hundred dollars per year as the millage rate those days was not great—the town would have been out on only the county tax load. Perhaps Humboldt erred in not rising to the crisis. We lost a valuable and widely known college—its faculty and its 400 students. Only a couple years previous, the town had subscribed a large guarantee fund for the combined semi-centennial celebration and the final fair exhibition on the old fair grounds. We of today are astounded at the apathy of our people forty eight years ago.

Again in 1926, no effort was made to raise \$1,000 to save the stone building and the dormitories including some two or three acres of the Campus. Perhaps with the death or removal of so many of our leading men, and at a time of slowly creeping depression with the oldest bank in the county and another, the largest bank, closing their doors that year, discouragement prevailed. The son of the famous Mayer Bros.—Johnnie Mayer stated that the stone building with some repairs would have stood two hundred years, the foundations, walls and stone work were the work of expert mechanics.

in California for some months, but had she been here, she would happily have paid the thousand dollars and twice that sum, if necessary, to preserve this historical landmark.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest are these, it might have been.

The Coming of the Railroads

The development in the field of transportation during the lives of the older men of this county is truly astounding. In its field it matches in achievement the telephone, the electric light, radio, and radar; perhaps of all marvels of the age, second only to the discovery of atomic energy.

Today the automobile and semi-trailer trucks, driven by powerful motors, cross our county on paved roads in a matter of minutes, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf, traverse paved highways in summer and in winter, 26,000,000 of them in 1940. Deluxe passenger trains speed

† The first line of the last paragraph in the above article headed "J. P. Peterson" was omitted. The line is "Mrs. Mida F. Doan, of this city, recently stated that in 1926 she was absent"

across the continent in record breaking time, and palatial liners three blocks long plow through the sea from New York to Liverpool in a half dozen days. Luxurious passenger ships of the air rise from a mid-west airport at 6:10 A.M., and arrive on the Pacific coast at 3 P.M. the same day, including five ten minute landings, enroute. Pilots fly non-stop across the nation in little more than seven hours, about the time required in the early days of our county for the lumbering of ox team and wagon to travel from Humboldt to Fort Dodge. What of the future? Histories, however, treat only of the past.

Humboldt County from its first settlements for many years had no railroads, although the county by 1875 had grown to 6,000 people, nearly one half of our present population. The frantic and unsuccessful efforts of the people to obtain them is a story of bickerings and jealousies among the settlements, of frustrated hopes, of disappointment, of anger, and ceaseless striving for the coming of the "iron horse."

Newspapers printed pages of arguments for and against this proposal and that one, taxes were levied, and in the background, as a bargain driver, the county owned and was free to give nearly 20,000 acres of the richest soil on the face of the earth, in exchange for a coveted railroad. Yet the years drifted by and no roads were built, and for twenty years the settlers with teams of oxen or horses and wagons journeyed in all seasons to Fort Dodge, hauling produce and returning with needed supplies. Through fair weather and foul, through dust and rain, through poor and rutted roads, hub deep in mud in places, they plodded on, and sometimes in the dead of winter, the driver on foot, urged on his weary yoke, seeking the friendly shelter of the "Half Way House" from storm and cold.

The long and dreary bitter struggle for the building of railroads through the county, offers a dramatic chapter in the history of this county.

In 1850, the U.S. Government granted to the State of Iowa, certain lands known as swamp lands which the State distributed among the counties, and upon the organization of Humboldt County, seven years later, the county received between 15,000 and 20,000 acres as its share. They were to be used by the county as subsidies for drainage, railroads, or other public improvements.

In 1862, the value of this vast acreage was considered so small that the Board of Supervisors contracted with the American Emigrant Company to transfer to said company all the lands for the equivalent of \$1,000 or approximately five cents an acre, lands which today are among the county's finest farms. Luckily, however, the people had more vision than the supervisors and at the election called to approve the contract, the voters rejected it, seventeen, for, and forty-one against. Had that contract been ratified the county would have lost its greatest inducement for the building of railroads; since without these lands as a subsidy, the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad, in 1879, would have been built directly from Britt to Fort Dodge, midway between the Boone and Des Moines rivers, and, in 1881, the Northwestern, in building its road through Humboldt County, might have run their line three

or four miles north except for the importance attached to Humboldt and Dakota City, when the M. & St. L. built their line between the two towns.

In 1869, a proposition was submitted to the people for the conveyance of one half the swamp lands to Humboldt College, provided \$10,000 would be raised from other sources, the other half to be conveyed to the common school fund of the county. This was defeated after a hot battle, 186 for 252 against.

In 1870, the Board of Supervisors entered into a contract with the Des Moines Valley Railroad for the conveyance of two-thirds of the swamp lands to that company when a road should be built to a depot between Humboldt and Dakota City, and one-third of the lands when built to a depot in the village of Rutland. At a special election, the voters approved, 356 for, 68 against.

The road was not built, and two years later the supervisors entered into a contract with three other railroad companies, none of which had sufficient capital nor prestige to build. This time, one-fourth of the lands were to be conveyed when the road should be built to a depot between the two towns. This agreement was also approved at a special election, September 14, 1872, by a vote of 250 for and 23 against.

The following year, the Iowa and Dakota Road promised to build a line within six months, if the towns would transfer to it, a 5 percent in tax in addition to the swamp lands. At this time, S. H. Taft, president of the Ft. Dodge, Humboldt and Southern Minnesota Railroad, was in the East negotiating for funds to build his road upon the same terms.

Again, no railroads were built, though the inducements offered were of great potential value. During this period all the railroads offering to build were largely paper railroads, lacking capital. Eastern financiers, knowing little of the West, had no faith in Iowa swamp lands as security, hence the slowness of railroad building in Northwest Iowa.

A home company, known as the Des Moines, Humboldt and Minnesota Co., was organized in Humboldt in 1875 with B. H. Harkness of Humboldt as President, and on June 5 of that year, swamp lands were voted to this company with authority to use them in securing a railroad either from Webster City or Fort Dodge. The vote was 280 for and 125 against the contract. The home company failed to build as others had previously failed.

In 1876, negotiations were begun with the Des Moines and Minnesota Narrow Gauge Company with the swamp lands again the inducement. In May, 1877, the supervisors again contracted, pledging the whole of the swamp lands if the company built from Ames to Humboldt, thence to Rutland. By this time the business men of Fort Dodge were thoroughly alarmed, for they feared the loss of this county's important trade should the new proposal succeed. Consequently, Fort Dodge's leading men promptly organized a company, a tax was voted by the city and a line was surveyed from Fort Dodge to the southern border of Humboldt County and preparations completed, before the date set for the vote on the contract with Narrow Gauge Company. Another special election was held, the battle was hot, but the vote was overwhelming for the narrow gauge road, 578 to 48. The Fort Dodge company,

however, was not to be defeated—it commenced building operations at once and the following summer the road was ironed up to Humboldt County and daily trains ran over it. The object of the new road was accomplished—the Narrow Gauge failed to sell sufficient bonds and no road was built as proposed and approved by the voters. Sentiment then swung for the Fort Dodge company. A committee was appointed to confer with the company and reach an agreement as to terms. A lengthy petition was presented to the Board of Supervisors calling for a vote of the people. The board rejected the petition. Another petition with the names of 250 voters was again submitted, but the rival interests represented by the members of the board, led to another refusal to submit the contract for approval. The supervisors were severely criticized throughout the county; the people were perturbed they had a railroad extending to the border of the county, so near, yet so far. As an example of newspaper interest, the Humboldt Kosmos stated, "If all the railroad articles that have appeared in the True Democrat, Republican and Kosmos could be cut out and pasted together they would reach clear across the country to the present terminus of that unused thirteen miles of the Dubuque and Dakota Road."

Soon thereafter, the Fort Dodge company, withdrew its train and locked up the engine, and the voters of Humboldt County stormed and stewed and threatened the supervisors with bodily violence. The board, finally, at its September meeting, agreed to submit to the people in the October election, a proposition to give one-half the swamp lands to the company, provided they built the line to the depot between the two towns and also provided the line was built through section 17 on the East side of the East Des Moines River. The voters again approved, but the company rejected the proposition.

A public meeting with the board was then called and a new contract with the company was drawn and a special election to be held February 14, 1879, was called. By this contract, one-half the swamp lands were to be conveyed to the company when the line was built to a depot between Dakota City and Humboldt, as so often before provided, and the other half when it extended its line six miles North. The vote carried 555 to 139. The next morning the engine which had been locked up for months, made the run from Fort Dodge to the end of the line some six miles south of Humboldt, and gave a loud and long salute.

In March, work was resumed on the road and grading was completed nearly to the Forks, when it was announced that the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad would build immediately from Forest City to the coal fields of Webster County. Again, the people of Humboldt County were plagued with a new anxiety, for if the road should run straight from Britt to Fort Dodge as it first proposed, this would pass several miles East of the water powers, mills, and stone quarries of Humboldt and Dakota City, and destroy all prospect of there being an important business center in the county, while it would prove ruinous to the success of the Fort Dodge company.

This later company, forthwith, good business judgment, sold their few miles of road to the then well-financed M. & St. L. upon favorable terms, but

a definite location through Humboldt County was not then decided upon. To build the line through the central part of the county would increase its mileage and the cost of grading. Finally, a locating committee, of which C. C. Washburne, Governor of Iowa, was a member—passed over the proposed line to Fort Dodge. Here, a Humboldt delegation met with the committee and urged a union of the two roads. As the other members of the committee were equally divided on location, Governor Washburne decided the issue in these words, "I believe the additional business which the towns, water powers, and stone quarries will give us, warrant the additional expense involved in building on this line." The work of building was rapidly carried forward, and early in September 1879, the line reached the town of Humboldt amid a great celebration, and in December, reached Livermore.

In most of the votes taken on the swamp land grants, a five per cent tax to be levied upon the taxable property of the county, was also attached as an additional subsidy. Thus, the M. & St. L. came to Humboldt County and received, in addition to the taxes, all the swamp lands of the county, a subsidy, figuring present values, without improvements and drainage of some two million dollars. No other railroad entering the county received a subsidy. Our railroads were built in 1879 through 1882.

A new era had dawned for Humboldt County—grain and livestock could now be shipped direct to Chicago by rail, and coal and lumber delivered faster and cheaper. Villages on the prairie sprang up—markets were established close to the farms—settlers from states farther East poured in, and many industrious and intelligent immigrants from Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, the British Isles, and Canada built homes in towns and on the prairie of our county. With the coming of the railroads came prosperity and in the period 1880 to 1890 Humboldt County rapidly developed; farms were improved and in towns, grain elevators, implement companies, and creameries were established. In Humboldt, several large business buildings were erected of native stone, such as the Doan block and the People's State Bank building and the new business section moved eastward along Sumner Avenue.

In 1880 the Chicago and Northwestern railroad had surveyed their contemplated route of the Tama to Hawarden branch through the south part of Humboldt for a round house and the building of a large combined depot and hotel. However, our city officials and other important men, under the impression that the railroad company would be forced to come through Humboldt because of its stone quarries and timber, and because it was the most important town on the proposed route, miscalculated in their greed for gain. Negotiations for right of way and the sale of necessary land to the company ended with the officials of the railroad leaving in anger. Thus instead of Humboldt getting this coveted prize — they built their round house and huge combined depot and hotel on an uninhabited swamp in what is now Eagle Grove, and that embryo settlement became a railroad terminal, and soon had twice the population of our town. Ringling Bros. Circus, some sixty years ago, exhibited there because of its importance and it is only in the last twenty years since the decline of the railroads that Humboldt is overtaking that fine little City.

SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TOWN OF HUMBOLDT

By Mrs. Mida F. Doan

My first consciousness of the town of Humboldt, or of any town in fact, was when I came, as a small child of about four years, with my Father who brought his "Grist" to the Dakota City mill to have it ground into flour, our year's supply of flour for the family use. I thought the man at the mill a very untidy person because of the fine white dust over everything. It covered my clothes much to my concern. When once outside I tried to brush it off with my handkerchief, especially from my shoes, little black cloth gaiters buttoning up the side, of which I was very proud. I thought they must be something special as I was only allowed to wear them to Sunday School, and when I happened to be invited to some birthday party. After leaving the mill we drove across a bridge, which I told my Mother when we got home "was all made of sugarcane." Both my parents laughed much to my chagrin. My Father said the bridge was painted yellow.

We had just been having the neighborhood sorghum mill at our place, which ground the sugar cane Father had raised into sorgum, our chief supply of sweet for the next year, as sugar was a very costly article, and had to be used sparingly at our house. The sugar we used was purchased, as most of our groceries were, at Algona where the family trading was done, Algona being some ten miles nearer our farm home than Humboldt.

After leaving the mill and the bridge we drove up a hill and down a hill and presently we came to a place with buildings on both sides of the road, the embryo town of Humboldt. However, I was conscious of only **one** building which seemed to me, accustomed as I was to our little prairie "shanties", like a house upon a house. My father took me into this place. There were many hats there. A lame lady came down some steps and put several hats upon my head. My father selected one, a grey felt turban with rabbits' hair woven into it. A brim-edged with red braid rolled back from my face, and a small red feather with a bow of ribbon fastened it on top. This was my first hat and I was proud indeed to possess it. I treasured this feather for years long after the hat was thrown into the discard. Before this I had had only home made hoods for the winter and cute little sunbonnets made of pretty calicoes for the summer, also made by mother. I suppose there may have been other buildings lining the street where we did some shopping, but for me there was only the one place, where father bought my hat. In later years I learned the lame lady was Mrs. Belle Simmons and I bought many hats from her.

The next time I saw Humboldt was in December of 1880. My Father having been elected Clerk of Courts in the fall election, we moved to be all settled — and my Father to be inducted into Office January 1st, 1881. My Father found a place for us to live temporarily in a house in the northwest part of town on the corner just southeast, adjacent to the Bicknell property. Here we had only two rooms, one on the ground floor which was used as kitchen, dining room — living room — all in one. The room above for a bedroom, which accommodated, without too much crowding, two double beds, one

for my parents, the other for my Sister Ella and myself. Directly after we moved in, my Mother sent me "to town to the corner drug store" to get a quart of kerosene oil, for we must have a lamp ready for lighting when the early evening closed in. Now I had only seen the town as we drove through that afternoon with our household furnishings, to this home my Father had found for us. I felt timid about finding my way. I had an intuition that it lay in a southeasterly direction, so I set forth, container in hand, watching very carefully as I went that I might find my way home. I turned to the left at the first corner I came to, then to the right at the next, then to the left, then right and proceeded in this manner making many turns, and then suddenly there it was, the little street with the "Drug Store built of stone", just as my Mother said it would be. I entered and a very kindly man, the proprietor, Chris Korsland, waited upon me. This early stone building is still standing, having served many purposes through the years. Recently it was refaced and is now occupied by the Dittrich Produce and Humboldt Extension Department of Agriculture under the Ag. Dept. at I.S.U. In the basement of the building was a Meat Market which was operated by Matt Berrier and his son, Matt, who now is retired and one of our respected citizens. My Mother had also told me to buy a ribbon for my hair which I wore in long curls down my back. Mother caught it back with a ribbon about my head and a perky bow on top. I had noted as I went into the Drug Store some Merchandise displayed in a window next door. I went in and asked to see ribbons. The man took down a square white pasteboard box containing a few rolls of ribbon of various width and colors. Child that I was — I had become twelve in October — I thought this a very meagre supply from which to choose.

This may have been a General Store operated by E. A. and A. E. Wilder, Father and Son, who were here for a short time only. Soon, like so many pioneers, lured by the hope of "Greener Pastures farther on" they departed. The sign reading the name Wilder was readable on the west side of the building a few years ago when it was resurfaced.

Next east on this block was the wholesale grocery store of Baker and Savage. This building was known as the "Soldier Block" owned by an absentee landlord by that name.

Sometime in the early eighties an Implement Co., supplying the farming community with its plows and drags, its reapers and wagons, with which to cultivate their farms located on the corner west of the long time so called "Corner Drug Store". This Company was owned by C. E. Smith and Son, Sumner. The second floor had space used as both offices and living quarters. It was here that Dr. Doan first located upon arriving in Humboldt in August of 1884. Doctor Doan having graduated from Medicine from the University of Michigan in June of that year. He rented two rooms, the front one for an office, the other for sleeping quarters and a back office when the occasion arose for extra office space. Here Dr. Frank Spayde, a Dentist had an office and as he was married began his first housekeeping days. There was much good fun and comradeship between the two Doctors.

Another double front building, which was made of stone stood next east of this Soldier Building. This was used as a combined furniture store and funeral home, a common combination in the early days, and was operated by Charles Lorbier. The Lorbiers were one of the pioneer families of the town. This was a large family, they lived in a commodious residence on the corner south of the furniture store which has recently been known as the "Chesty Moen Boarding and Nursing Home". Mr. Lorbier not only sold but also made the merchandise for the funeral home. These "Coffins" as they were called, were not at all the sumptuous metal, padded and silk lined "Caskets" in use today. They were made of wood and shaped to conform to the body when prone, and were covered with brack crepe drawn tightly over the box, the simple metal handles being the only relief to the somber black.

The last building in this block was a wooden one in which P. H. Pope had a General Merchandise store. The Popes stayed only a short time and moved on, then this business became the property of the Dan DeGroote family.

The block on the north side of the street housed on the northwest corner the one Hotel of the community. This was a pleasant rambling two story white building, operated by a family by the name of Wright. They, after a time departed, selling the Hotel to a Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Clark where it was run for many years in a capable and satisfactory manner. South of the Hotel and a bit farther east, there stood stables for the care of horses which brought guests to the Hotel. These stables also housed the city hearse driven by Chas. Haines for which he always had a span of perfectly matched grey horses with which he transferred the friends who had passed on from the place where their services were held to Union Cemetery about two miles northwest of town. These stables later became livery stables, and were owned jointly by Chas. Haines and Robert Oestrich and served this purpose until the coming of the automobile displaced the horse as the means of transportation.

Just east of these stables stood a neat row of brick buildings built by a so called "Doc" Russell. The buildings supplied space for small shops and a retail grocery store owned by a Mr. Lincoln. Above these shops resided the Lincoln and Russell families. The Russell family consisted of two boys and a girl; Herman, Murrey and Luella. The Lincoln family shortly moved to Fort Dodge and "Doc" Russell also sought his fortunes elsewhere, but the Russell children remained. Murrey and Luella married and moved away thus only Herman or "Hermie" as he was familiarly called remained to operate this building, which he converted into a Hotel when the "Clark House" burned to the ground. Here he and his gracious wife Nettie Lane Russell operated with marked success for many years. He utilized the two west fronts for an Opera House, which attracted considerable fine talent for many years. He made the seats removable, and when not used for dramatic purposes, the fine floor proved excellent for dancing. Some of the men organized a Club for this purpose which was called the E.T.O. Club and met monthly. An orchestra was hired from Marshalltown to furnish the music. Some of the men appeared in the formal dress of tails — and — ties. There were a few bare shoulders

among the women, but most of us just donned our "Sunday Best" and had a good time along with the others. Humboldt Society in the 1880's!

Hermie also introduced the moving picture into the town which became a lasting form of entertainment. These two blocks — one on the south side and the one on the north side of the street was the business center of the little town for many years. As time moved on, changes came! Chris Korsland of the corner Drug Store sold to a couple of young pharmacists coming in from Kansas, Kirkland and Hubbard. The Kirklands became homesick for their Kansas home and friends so decided to sell their interest in the drug store. Dr. Doan bought it—thus the firm became known as Doan and Hubbard, with the arrangement Mr. Hubbard would attend to the merchandise and prescription part and Dr. Doan do the clerical work. Later Dr. Doan took the Iowa State Pharmaceutical examinations and became a registered pharmacist also. The Hubbards lived for a short time above the drug store — they planned to move to a house and did so. As Dr. Doan and I were planning to be married, we thought to make this apartment our first home. However, a sizeable building just at this time was being moved from Dakota City onto the west corner of the block just east of the Pope store. This building being more commodious than the corner Drug Store, it was decided to move the Drug Store here, and our plan also moved with the store. Dr. Doan would have two rooms on the second floor for office work and we would arrange the rest of the space for our housekeeping purposes. With stairs leading to both the front and rear entrances, this proved very satisfactory.

Dr. Doan found his growing practice gave him less and less time to devote to the drug store. Accordingly he sent back to his Alma Mater to recommend a pharmacist to come to relieve him, and assist Mr. Hubbard in the store. A. E. Ruse, who was to be a June graduate was so recommended. Mr. Ruse accepted the position and came and worked in the drug store for about a year, when he and a young nephew of P. H. Pope by the name of Taylor formed a partnership and opened a store of their own on the block west near the P. H. Pope general store.

We found our next door neighbor to be A. A. Pinney (father of Miss Nellie Pinney, our very efficient librarian) who had a little office and an extensive lumber yard covering all the lots back of the Drug Store and back of his office clear through to the next street south.

Next to his Office, the town Cobbler, Henry Weist mended our shoes as they were in need of repair. A succession of small offices east were: a flour and feed store owned by T. T. Rogers and his son Wayland; a barber shop operated by Walt Thomas; and a grocery store run by Frank Avery. A meat market was owned by Nordstrum and Smith, and a Jewelry store where N. H. Knowles not only repaired our time pieces but sold us pretty rings for our fingers and fine brooches to fasten our blouses, and sold other pretty trifles to delight the women.

Passing still east came the G. B. White & Sons Men's Clothing Store. There were several sons, but only C. J. (Chas.) was in the store all the time,

A. B. (Bert) and T. G. (Ted) still being in school, and helping in the store week-ends and at vacation time. This White family were a family of remarkable business ability. They knew merchandising, and knew the needs of the time and the region, and met the conditions as they arose. They were eminently successful and became the leading merchants for not only the town, but dominated all of the northwest Iowa district for years.

East of the White Store came the Hardware store of Ward and Winnie where we bought our bolts and screws; nails and hammers, and pots and pans. Our stoves were both the wrought iron ranges for the kitchen, and the base-burners to warm our other rooms. The fire-boxes of these base-burners were circled with isinglass doors through which the glowing burning coals could be seen, making the stove a very pleasant place around which the family circle would cluster in the evenings after the cares of the day were laid aside.

The last building on the block eastward was a fine stone structure "The Peoples Bank" which was organized and operated by G. L. Tremain who acted as President, with his son-in-law, W. W. Sterns, as Cashier.

Passing to the block on the north side of the street was a very substantial stone building built and owned by B. H. Harkness, the first postmaster of the town. Here we ran to get our mail on the days the Stage Coach brought it to Humboldt from Fort Dodge. Mr. Harkness also had a stock of general merchandise. The space above this store was known as Harkness Hall and was used for all of the first community gatherings. This building, being older than the Russell House, provided a place for the Itinerant Traveling Medicine Shows. Also Home Talent Shows, and an occasional dancing party. In a house just north of this store, the Harknesses lived and here Mrs. Harkness had a Millinery Shop.

Passing eastward from this Harkness Building, stood another building, also of stone, which served as the office of Prouty and Coyle, lawyers of the town. The building was owned by Mr. Prouty. The space above served as offices and an apartment for the Dr.'s G. Hardy and Margaret Vaupel Clark who were of the Homoeopathic School of Medicine, while the other Dr.'s of the town were of the Allopathic or Regular School. Then next was found a Men's Clothing Store owned and operated by Dan Krouskup. The oldest Dentist of the town, owner of the next building, was Dr. Nickson. He also operated a Drug Store called the "Old Reliable Drug Store". His dentist quarters were in the front above while he and Mrs. Nickson lived in an Apartment in the rear. The Nickson's were late English immigrants, and we young people liked to frequent the Drug Store, or do an errand which let us to call upon Mrs. Nickson just to hear the very English accent which both used.

A stone building stood next which housed Humboldt's first bank. This building still stands in its original form. It is owned by Mrs. Amelia Christensen in the lower floor of which is the office of the Hawkeye Loan Co., Inc., the upper is known as the Mrs. Christensen Tea Room over which Mrs. Christensen presides and is the social center for group gatherings of the town. The Bank held its Charter under the name of Humboldt State Bank, of which a

Judge Dickey and his nephew P. M. Dickey held the controlling interest. The younger Dickey (P. M.) became the first President. The bookkeeper was a Mr. Brewer who brought as his assistant his daughter-in-law, Mary Stobard. Mary became very capable and advanced rapidly from one position to another until in later years she and Robert Johnston, whom she married in 1887, acquired the controlling interest, and became, he the cashier, and she the assistant cashier. The bank became a potent factor in the town's development. The Johnstons retired in 1919, two younger men taking their places — with T. G. White as President.

The Parley Finch frame building stood next. Mr. Finch was one of the early settlers of the town. He was an attorney and had the lawyer's ability of foreseeing business trends, so having faith in the small town's future expansion, he acquired considerable property along the street and invested in adjacent farming lands. The frame building housed, on the ground floor, the Dry Goods and Shoe Store of D. A. Ray and Frank Adams. The Adamses stayed only a few years, then lured by the tales of the west, went to California. Mr. Ray became the sole owner of the stock. Mr. Finch had an office in the front on the second floor, the Ray's finding commodious living quarters in the balance of the space. Mr. Finch had one daughter, Mina. Upon Mrs. Finch's death, Mr. Finch sent his daughter to relatives in the East. Here she attended a Girls' School and became an accomplished musician. She also met her fate in a young Attorney, W. L. Housel, whom she wed. They presently came to Iowa where Mr. Finch found in Mr. Housel not only a very acceptable son-in-law, but business partner as well, the firm being called Finch and Housel. Both Mr. Finch and Mr. Housel became at different times Representatives to the State Assembly from Humboldt County.

Several small shops east housed the Barber Shop of Will Strong, father of Harry Strong, the present Cashier of the Humboldt Trust and Savings Bank. A. B. White from the Clothing firm of G. B. White and Sons, operated an exclusive Dry Goods Store. There were some vacant lots owned by H. S. McKinstry upon which he built a building especially for a roller skating rink, as roller skating was quite the rage at that time, and how he did love skimming round and round on his skates. On the east corner of this block, stood a small building which was used as an insurance office by Henry Wells.

In the fall of 1889, Dr. Doan purchased two corner lots from H. S. McKinstry. Humboldt is especially well located in that it has an understrata of good limestone which can be used for building purposes. In the fall of 1889, Dr. Doan bought two lots on the southeast corner. In the spring he made a contract with Fred Mayer, an excellent stone-mason for excavating the stone from these two lots, and preparing them for building purposes. In 1890 the contract was let to Fred Mayer for dressing the stone and erecting the building; and to an excellent carpenter by the name of Lane for the carpenter work and completing the interior of the building, all to be built according to blueprints made by a young architect from Sioux City by the name of Drake. All went as planned, and in October of 1891 we moved in. The drug store of

Doan & Hubbard taking the corner room, while J. H. Rine and Son opened a grocery and china store in the west room. It is worthy of note that this building was the first in town to have steam heat and to have plumbing. Thus we had a commodious bath-room, the bath tub being made of rolled copper and my kitchen could boast a sink.

While Dr. Doan had space on the second floor for a new Office and we occupied all of the balance for spacious living quarters, these rooms being made accessible with a wide hall running through the center. Upon occasions when entertaining a large number of friends, dining tables were spread through the center and the feast served thereon. The piano was set in the hall and the Congregational Choir practice was always held there on Saturday evenings. The Chautauqua Circle always met here, making use of the hall upon special occasions, meeting in the large front rooms weekly.

Just between the Doan building and the McKinstry Skating Rink was room for a very small building to be squeezed in, and here Mr. Hackley, a son of Mrs. C. P. Clark and his very capable wife, Maggie, operated a small Cafe, after the Clark Hotel burned to the ground.

The same year that the Doan Building was erected, the G. L. Tremain family came to town from Strawberry Point. Mr. Tremain built the Peoples Bank across south from the Doan Building, and Mr. Tremain became its first and long time President with Will Sterns, his son-in-law, as Cashier. Also, A. B. White erected his fine building just across the street east of the Bank. Thus this corner became a very busy expanding center for the town with these three buildings being erected and occupied all during the same year.

There was a vacant space east of the A. B. White building where the Stewart Building now stands, then a Furniture and Undertaking business operated by Carlos Combs, in a frame building. Alex Duncan became, first a helper, then a partner of Mr. Combs, and a sole owner after Mr. Combs died. Later Mr. Duncan built a fine stone building which is now the Newton Furniture Store. In a small stone building which was elevated considerably from the street level and made accessible by a double pair of steps leading from each side. Al Adams published the weekly "Independent" one of the two newspapers of the town. Mr. Adams operated first in Dakota City but later moved the office to this building. The last building east in this block was Mrs. Belle Simmons Millinery Shop. Mrs. Simmons lived above the Shop, (the Mrs. Simmons where my father bought my first hat). This building has only recently been demolished by the Trust and Savings Bank who are about to erect a fine modern Bank where it stood.

Across East from the Doan building was a small grocery store, and a stone building built by A. D. Bicknell, a Lawyer, who had his office upstairs. There was a Bakery below operated by Frank Carley which we fear was not very thriving, as every housewife preferred to provide for her own family, and enjoyed exchanging receipts with her neighbors. Farther on in the block, was a double front building known as the "Saul Block". On the street level was the mercantile business of Bradley & Kinseth.

Another brick building was owned by Viola Glenn, who gave Humboldt its first notion and variety store. Viola operated it successfully for many years, till like so many Humboldt citizens, she retired and went to California.

Upstairs in the Saul Building, Mr. Saul had his first Studio and opposite him Dr. Frank Spayde, opened his dental practice having moved from the "Soldier Block" wishing to follow the trend to "move eastward".

Next east was a small frame two room one story building in which Dr. Welch and Dr. Kinney had their offices. These two Doctors and Dr. Doan cared for the many ills which beset the town and community for many miles, going through the contagious period of whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever and even smallpox, which beset the children of the community, bringing the newly born into the world, driving the unpaved and ungraveled country roads both day and night to render their services.

Next in this block was the Implement building owned and operated by the Bellows Bros., Frank and Bart. Another important building, the last of the block eastward was built of stone and in which a newspaper known as the Kosmos was published weekly, the Editor of which was Fred Taft. The space above afforded pleasant living quarters and Fred Taft and his pleasant wife, Frankie Welch Taft lived 'till they followed their Father, H. S. Taft to California.

Passing again eastward, on the south side of the street, was a well stocked lumber yard owned and operated by O. F. Avery, who had two children, Eugene, who was a farmer in the northern part of the County, and a daughter Minnie, who was a contemporary of mine. The Avery home, was the two story square house on the block east of our house, and Minnie and I usually ran to school together. It is worthy of note that in 1891, the year in which the Doan, White and People's Bank Buildings were erected, that Mr. Avery and Mr. Prouty also erected very fine residences, both of which are still standing. The Avery Home is now the Lindhart Funeral Parlors, while the beautiful Prouty home has been broken up into apartment units. (Neither Mrs. Avery or Mrs. Prouty lived to become the mistresses of these homes. Mr. Avery's was thus presided over by his daughter, Minnie; the Prouty home by his three daughters, Edith, Florence and Helen.

This then is the picture of the little town nestling in its encircling ring of hills with the river and the wooded background to the west, as it came to my memory during the decade of 1881-1891.

RELIGIOUS ADVANTAGES

When we first came to Humboldt there were only two churches. The Unity, of which "The Rev. Mr. Taft was pastor and the Congregational. As my mother was a Tyler of the "Tyler Congregational Tylers from Massachusetts", and my father and mother were married in the little Congregational Church in Lake Mills, Wisconsin, naturally we went to the Congregational Church. Here I became a member of a girl's class in Sunday School. I was very fond of the girls I met there and I formed many lasting friendships with

some of them, especially two—Carrie Lorbier, who later married Harry Tremain and went with him to California, and Morda Stevens, whose home was on the hill one mile north of town. Her father, the Rev. Mr. Stevens, came west with Mr. H. S. Taft and was the Chaplain for the College which Rev. Taft founded. Morda married Dr. Van Patten of Fort Dodge and our friendship continued until her recent death in August, 1959. I was a devoted admirer of my Sunday School teachers, the first of which was a dainty little lady, the wife of Chas. Wright who first operated a Hotel in Humboldt. Then came a Mrs. Phelps, the bride of Charlie Phelps who became a partner of Mr. Lorbers in the Furniture business. I recall the pretty grey dress she wore and her white kid gloves, which we girls all admired. It was all very well for us to go to the Congregational Church while living in the north part of town, but the next spring my father bought a commodious house in the south east part, real estate being cheap in those days, father bought the land clear through the block to the main street on the north, and being an ardent Baptist, he contributed land and was also a generous subscriber to the building of a small Baptist Church. Hereafter, we were all reared in that faith. I returning to the Congregational Church only after my marriage to Dr. Doan, who was a member of the Choir in that church. I recall the Baptist Church was the third church building in Humboldt. There was a Methodist Episcopal organization which met weekly in Harkness Hall. Thus was the religious instruction of the youth of our town and their moral character shaped under the guidance of these four denominations; the Unity, Congregational, Methodist and Baptist.

HUMBOLDT EARLY SOCIAL LIFE

The grand ladies of Humboldt were the Mesdames P. H. Pope, wife of the Pope owning the general store; Baker of the Baker, Savage Wholesale Grocery; a Mrs. Pike; Mrs. C. E. Smith, wife of C. E. Smith and Son farming Implement Co.; Mrs. G. L. Tremain; Mrs. G. B. White and many others. Most of them had pheatons and rode about town in style calling on their friends.

Evening receptions were quite the vogue, so, when the occasion arose for entertaining one's friends, small printed invitations were sent through the mail reading Mr. and Mrs. ——— so and so ——— request the honor of your presence — with the date and place and with an R.S.V.P. in the corner. I recall my mother buying a pair of white kid gloves to complete her costume for these occasions. With the coming of the telephone later such formality was dispensed with, one would just take down the receiver, call a number and verbally invite the friends. Church suppers and socials provided the group gatherings for the younger set.

SCHOOL DAYS

My first day of school came when the school opened after a short Christmas holiday. A neighbor girl, Mattie Sheldon, later to become Mrs. Brig Stong, called for me. There had been a slight neighborliness between the two families as they, the Sheldons, upon coming first to Iowa, settled on the banks of Boone River, while my father selected a home for us on the banks

of the little Prairie Creek which emptied into the river a few miles farther on. However, the Sheldons moved to Humboldt many years before we did. I was very glad to have Mattie befriend me upon my first experience of going to a graded school. She took me to the principal, Miss Gordon, and introduced me, thus I became a member of the most advanced grade of this small school. The school building was a stone one of four rooms, two upper, two ground floor, with a jutting addition on the south side for halls which lead to the various rooms. I recall the black walnut banister which guarded the stairway, this was a special temptation to the boys who thought banisters were for sliding. Miss Gordon had to stand strict guard at the head as school was dismissed. School was held in only three of these four rooms. A Miss Alice Tibbets holding forth in the room next to Miss Gordon's while the smaller grades were presided over by Miss Sarah Segar on the ground floor. Our grade being the most advanced, pioneered our way through till the completion of the eighth grade and we were ready for High School — with no High School to attend.

By this time as the town grew in population all of the rooms were filled, so a small frame building adjacent to the north was built and Miss Segar and her group occupied that. There being no High School, Miss Gordon instituted a graduation exercise anyway in order to keep the people of the town informed as the status of their school. There were nine in our class, three boys, A. B. White, Ned Jones and John Rhine, and six girls; Lottie Munson, Fretta Winegartner, Cora Van Velsor, Charlena Welch, Flora Young and myself. We all had some part in the program. The girls, at Miss Gordon's stipulation, wore calico dresses—white background with some small black figure in it. We were not given Diplomas.

However, as we were the upper grade of school we all returned the following fall. Miss Gordon introduced a higher course of study for us. We were taught physics and chemistry in the sciences; higher mathematics, geometry, algebra and even a little trigonometry, and a very comprehensive English course which introduced us to our early American writers — Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes for our poetry—The Tales of James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving for our fiction, Ralph Waldo Emerson as a superb essayist and Thoreau as a nature interpreter. How Miss Gordon could crowd so much into the short school day seems almost incredible, but there were none of the extra curricular subjects—music, art, athletics, orchestra or a marching band provided for in those early days. One by one the nine of our grammar schooldays dropped out of school for various reasons — the boys as clerks in stores or to work at some job about town. The girls became teachers or got married till by the time we reached the fourth year there were only two of us left—Charlena Welch and myself. Charlena transferred to the Fort Dodge High School, staying with her sister, Frankie, Mrs. Fred Taft, where she graduated in June of that year. I taught one term of country school and the following September was married to Dr. Doan.

by Mrs. Mida F. Doan

Footnote to Mrs. Doan's Article

The foregoing article written by Mida F. Doan vividly describes the early town of Humboldt, evidencing a remarkable memory. Mrs. Doan is one of the oldest living pioneers of this county, coming to Vernon Township in her mother's arms at an age of less than two months in December, 1868. She has been a resident of Humboldt for 83 years. Throughout those years she has been active in church, social life and business. She was a charter member of the Baptist Church, transferring her membership to the Congregational Church after her marriage to Dr. H. C. Doan.

She was also a charter member of the P.E.O., a member of the Woman's Federated Club and former president, a member of the D.A.R. and Business and Professional Club, along with several social clubs.

Mida Doan was always public spirited and generous in her support for the betterment of Humboldt.

She has always been a lover of the best literature. In her own right she has been a poet and a writer. Her greatest accomplishment in the literary field was the writing and publication of her book of the Genealogy of the French family, which book is now indexed in the Congressional Library in Washington, D.C. as follows:

By request of the Library of Congress a copy was placed there, the index card reading as follows:

Doan, Mrs. Mida (French) 1868—Genealogy of the French family beginning with Samuel French and Naomi Abbott of Hollis, New Hampshire, who were married January 18, 1810, through the Abbott Tutill lineage, and the name of French in France, England and America, compiled by Mida F. Doan, printed by Messenger Printing Company, Fort Dodge, Iowa, 1940.

240 p. front., plates, ports, map, facsims, coats of arms (part col.), fold, geneal, tab. 24.

Pages 167-172, blanks for "Births", "Marriages", "Deaths". Includes also the Tuttle family.

1 French family 2 Tuttle family

Full name: Mrs. Phebe Almira (French) Doan

41-6094

Library of Congress—CS71. F876 — 1940a

(2)

There is also a copy in Newberry Library of Chicago, where much of the research work for this volume was done.

One copy in each state public library of Wisconsin and Iowa, where many of the experiences here recounted took place. There were many requests from other state libraries for copies, which we regretted could not be granted due to the limited number published (100).—Mida F. Doan.

This writer has read this very interesting and historical book, exquisite in its photography and in its descriptive reminiscences of pioneer days in Humboldt county, beautifully written, and marks Mida F. Doan as the foremost writer and author of Humboldt county. After fourteen years of travel

and research the book was finally completed in 1940. Mrs. Doan and her sister, Franklyn (Mrs. B. H. Wilder of Fort Dodge) drove nearly 2,000 miles to deliver in person a copy to every family member now living.

Not the least part of the joy of the recipients was the personal visits during which Mrs. Doan explained the different parts of the story. She made a pilgrimage to the old farm homestead in Chautauqua county, New York, visited old cemeteries, historical societies and relatives.

Quotation from Mida Doan's Book

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Mida F. Doan I have been allowed to quote the following excerpts: "To speak of one member of a pioneer family who pioneered in Humboldt County is to speak of all. All shared in the development of the wild prairie community. Most all were of rugged stock so necessary to build their cabins, turn the tough sod and finally to convert the land into life sustaining farms. The blood of their forebears ran strong in their veins, and with steady hands and strong minds they accepted their task, their hardships and often their very poverty.

"Centuries of tangled deep roots lay beneath the velvety green carpet of grass and wild flowers in summer, and moistened in spring by melting snows, they grew ever tougher.

"Most of the labor was direct manpower. There were few or none of the mechanical devices we have today — no sulky plows and rakes — no binders and hay balers. Theirs to build the country school and churches, to span the streams with bridges, and to lay and build roads through swamps and marshes, to levy and collect taxes, to build shelter for the stock, and with high ideals and ceaseless labor to do all they could for the comfort of the family.

"As to reading matter most families brought a few books from the East — then there was the 'Weekly Inter Ocean' for news — 'The Standard' for the religious and cultural side of life. The 'Youth's Companion' for the children, and though mail delivery was uncertain, every bit was eagerly awaited. Later when a few quarters could be spared, came the 'Rural New Yorker' and 'Peterson's Magazine' for the women.

"Spring freshets swelled the creeks in an hour's time. Sometimes on a day that might portend rain, a dry creek in an hour's time might necessitate the strapping of the box to the body of the wagon and perhaps swim the horses upon a return trip from a neighbor. Often shallow, flat bottomed home made boats were used to convey the children to school. Many of the creeks had an old swimming hole and in winter provided skating and generally provided water for the stock.

"One thing the early settlers were provided for and that was food. Ducks, geese, brant and prairie chickens often ate with the domestic hen, and the rivers and often the larger creeks provided fish. Then the wild fruits of summer and the nuts of October together with sorghum, corn, wheat and oats furnished an ample larder.

"The books often read were 'Barriers Burned Away' by E. P. Rowe,

'Bricks Without Straw' by Tangier and poems by Longfellow and Whittier.

"Church was often held in the homes or in a tiny schoolroom.

"Often on a trip to the grist-mill or on the return wolves in packs followed the load. The father, F. F. French, in one day killed fourteen rattlesnakes. Their horny interlocking joints at the end of the tail when strung on a piece of twine would make the same warning sound of a rattler and served as a toy for the children."

F. F. FRENCH

Franklin F. French was born in Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin, October 27, 1845. The subject of this sketch was reared in Wisconsin, receiving his education in the common schools. He enlisted in the 29th Wisconsin Infantry, company I, and participated in many engagements. He was mustered out at Mobile, Alabama in October, 1865. In December of 1868, with his wife and baby daughter, he came overland across the Mississippi on ice, and after a dangerous trip, he arrived in Vernon Township in a winter blizzard. In November of 1879 he was elected clerk of the court of Humboldt County and the family moved to Humboldt. He held many public offices, was on the school board, the mayor of the town, and helped organize the Baptist Church. He was also instrumental in the organization of the Albert Rowley Post of the G.A.R. He died on April 26, 1917. Their home for many years was on Royal Hill, named after his son, and is now known as the Rainbow Drive Addition.

In the author's address delivered to the old soldiers in the Russell Opera House on May 30, 1917, just thirty-four days after the death of Mr. French, he said in part—"The Albert Rowley Post has recently lost one of its most active and influential members and its first commander. Not only the veterans of 1861-1865 mourn his passing but also all of our citizens of the town and county. His war record was a notable one as you well know. His manuscript written after the war entitled 'The Lost Battalion', a narrative of perilous adventure on southern fields, has been published in pamphlet form and is now preserved in the archives of the Wisconsin Historical Society of Madison, Wisconsin. He was a poet and writer. As a public officer he was always worthy of his trust. Integrity and honor were his heritage. In the home his love of the family was abiding and no sacrifice was too great to insure the education of his children, and to assist his beloved church and the progress of our schools."

In his last wakeful dreams, he heard again as he had forty eight years before—the weird "melody of faint bugles blowing reveille and of far drums beating the long roll."

This writer has long remembered the patriotic Memorial Day parades of the 90's and early 1900's. Joe Sheldon, the marshall, on horseback led the parade. The fife and drum corps followed; then came the marching veterans and at their head marched Frank F. French, dressed in the costume of Uncle Sam, poised and stalwart, holding aloft so proudly the flag of his coun-

try — the flag he loved so well.

Following them came the Humboldt Band, the Fire Department, two or three hundred school children carrying flags and the Women's Relief Corps also carrying flags. In the earliest days the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic often marched to the cemetery followed by a hundred teams and wagons. Often preceding the march to the cemetery patriotic services were held at the bridge, followed by the oration of the day, the music and the Gettysburg Address. On occasion the entire patriotic program was held at the cemetery.

The crowds on the sidewalks of Sumner Avenue saluted the passing flags for the Civil War was still fresh in the minds of the people. Throughout the residential district and on Sumner Avenue flags were displayed in profusion.

HISTORY OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY FAIR

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Humboldt County Agricultural Society 1858 to 1958

(A brief history of the Humboldt County Agricultural Society, written in commemoration of its one hundredth anniversary, by O. H. DeGroote, secretary from 1913 to 1917.)



PRESENT HUMBOLDT COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS

March 6, 1858, in the village of Dakota, Humboldt county, Iowa, 20 settlers of the county held a meeting for the purpose of organizing the Humboldt County Agricultural Society. A committee of five was named by the president pro-tem, William Tucker, to draft a constitution.

On this committee were S. M. Sherman, John L. Lewis, William Tucker, George W. Hand and D. Williams. Within one hour a constitution consisting of 19 articles was presented and adopted, which original constitution with some amendments is today the law of the Society.

April 3 the following citizens were elected the first officers: D. Williams, president; John L. Lewis, vice president; J. C. Cusey, treasurer; and M. D. Collins, secretary. George Hand, Mr. Hutchinson, George Hart, Thomas

Reed, Alex McLean, S. B. Bellows and D. Williams were elected Board of Managers.

Then on Oct. 5, 1858, Humboldt county's first fair was held in Dakota, five years before the town of Humboldt was founded. The population of the county was then some 300.

The crowd was small at this first fair, as population was sparse, transportation slow and difficult through swamps and over pioneer trails which served as roads, but reports of the day were that the fair was a success; that the celebration brought together the settlers to an informative, educational and worthwhile project.

The best livestock and agricultural products of the county were exhibited; thus the tradition of agricultural fairs in the populous East from whence these settlers came, was continued in this wild, unbroken new land; for upon agriculture the very lives of these pioneers depended.

Premiums were small, ranging from 10 to 50 cents, but pride and the old competitive spirit of America promised well for the future agricultural prosperity of Humboldt county.

Some of the prizes of our first fair are here listed: J. C. Cusey, best corn, W. F. Hand, second; G. W. Hand, third; G. W. Hand, best bull, J. C. Cusey, second, W. L. Cusey, best two-year old heifer; Thomas Reed, best sow and pigs; G. W. Hand, best brood mare and two year old colt.

S. B. Bellows, first, beets; Thomas Reed, first, potatoes; S. B. Bellows, cabbage and radishes; John L. Lewis, onions, sweet corn, rutabagas and beans; A. McClean, carrots and wheat.

In domestic economy Mrs. Thomas Reed won first on butter and cheese; Laura Bellows, sorghum syrup, Mrs. A. McClean, catsup; and S. B. Bellows, sorghum. Seven years later Seth Sharp won first prize for best grove, planted eight years before.

Interest Grows

The second fair was held in October, 1859, and was much better than the first. Many more entries were made for premiums and the occasion was a general jubilee.

The third fair was held October 3, 1860, with still greater interest as the settlers in this year came in fast from Eastern states.

The fourth annual fair was held in "Hand's Grove" near the present Foster bridge October 1, 1861. Though the war between the States was now being fought, the fair continued each year through the conflict and was returned to Dakota in 1862. Then from 1861 to 1865, Humboldt county sent 20 men into service.

Relocate Fairgrounds

In 1866 the town of Springvale, then a growing village three years old and already larger than Dakota, attempted to re-locate the growing annual fair. Great excitement prevailed; each village had their partisans join the Society for the purpose of voting in their behalf, until the membership swelled to nearly 300.

Just when Springvale seemed to be favored, Charles Bergk, one of three original settlers in Dakota, and at that time a prominent citizen, made the Society a tempting offer. He would donate 15 acres of land to the Society if the fair was held in Dakota and further, he would furnish lumber enough to fence the entire tract. This generous offer soon won the day for Dakota, and the annual fair remained in Dakota, located in part of what is today the E. R. Pollock acreage.

The fairground, however, was never fenced, and it was later discovered after Mr. Bergk had left the county rather suddenly, that the Society had never received title to the property.

So now the growing town of Humboldt, formerly Springvale, exerted itself and in or about the spring of 1873, offered the Society free, a tract of land in southwest Humboldt along the west branch of the Des Moines river. This offer was promptly accepted and a few exhibit buildings were erected, and a half-mile race track built.

Each year thereafter, improvements were made; a small grandstand was built with its back to the river bank and a floral hall and livestock barns were erected.

From 1870 to 1885 the county made its greatest gain in population—settlers coming not only from the Eastern states, but from Europe as well. The Germans, Danes, Dutch, and Norwegians, the Irish and the English came in great numbers and settled on the cheap prairie land and today many of their descendents are prosperous farmers and business men in the county.

With the coming of the railroads in 1879 to 1881, land advanced, prices rose and the fair expanded. In the Gay Nineties, the Humboldt county fair had the reputation of being one of the best county fairs in northern Iowa.

Famed Purebred Livestock

The county was famous for its purebred livestock exhibited widely, not only at home but at state fairs and even at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Among the most noted exhibitors of these years were N. R. Jones and Son of Glen farm, J. J. Smart of Boni Brae farm, John Johnston and Sons, Stark and Sons, S. H. Taft and Sons, E. Converse and many others. "Black Wilkes", famous sire of the Taft pens, placed second in the swine show at the Chicago World's fair in 1893.

Many of the fastest race horses in this part of the state were owned by Humboldt county men and Sept. 17, 1893, at the old fairgrounds track many of the best horses in these parts raced for a \$400 purse for four-year-olds, the highest purse ever offered in the state by a county fair up to that time for one race.

Some of the fast local harness horses were "Rapid Transit", owned by Smart & Shellenberger; "Bowman" by John Burgett; "Electric" by Sargent of Gilmore; "Vizant" by Will Rossing of Bode; "Scoreline" by Mike Myles, and "Abelle Star" by Ott Oestrich. In the late nineties, E. A. Wilder's "Alpha Panic" and A. B. White's "Humboldt Kid" attained their greatest success.

Reminiscences

Those were the days when the two great outdoor events of the year were the Fourth of July and the county fair. Down at the fair grounds "hot dogs" fried in ancient grease, and taffy, pulled by hands often soiled, were great treats for the kids.

Sanitation laws hadn't yet been enacted and flies and gnats were free to partake of candy and lemonade. A 10-20-gallon crock was nearly filled with ice water, then a gallon of 35-cent citric acid was poured in with a few pounds of sugar, and a couple of lemons were peeled and floated on the top for decoration. A great big glass, ice cold, took one of our few nickels but, boy it tasted good.

We watched in awe the big gas balloon inflate, then rise high and a man in tights clung to the trapeze attached to the parachute; later in the afternoon, a courageous fellow dived from a 60 foot wooden tower into a tank of water.

Bradgate crossed bats with Rutland or Humboldt for the championship and the fair was over about 4 p.m. The farmers, with their teams and wagons often loaded with a big family, stopped at the stores up-town and many from the borders of the county arrived home at midnight, tired but happy.

Many patrons of the fair from town and nearby country concluded the day by attending "East Lynn", "Ole Olson" or "My Maryland" staged by a noted stock company which played the old "Russell Opera House" for a week's engagement during the fair. To us of an older generation, fond memories still linger of those thrilling shows with their laughter and tears, their villians and heroines.

Forty-five years have passed since the last fair on the old historic grounds down by the river; today only the contour of the race track can be seen amid growing grain; the tiny floral hall, now 85 years old, still stands upon the former Fred Pinn acreage now owned by Mr. Melvin.

The Society's exhibitions on the grounds in Dakota and near the river in Humboldt, each had served well its purpose, that of stimulating the progress of agriculture in a great and productive agricultural county.

In the early years of the fair, seeds of new cereals and plants were purchased by the Society for free distribution to its members for experimental culture. Later, our congressmen distributed free seeds at Government expense to their constituents and often in appreciation, the voters re-elected time and again a congressman for his liberal donation of seeds.

Famous Herds Disappear

Soon after the great livestock exhibitions of the nineties, the county's famous purebred herds were dissolved or gradually dispersed. Many of the owners were getting old or had departed from the county, and we slowly became known as a grain county; only in a few spots in western Iowa and in eastern Iowa do purebred livestock predominate.

Thus from 1900 to 1912 the fair deteriorated in quality and crowds, but the Society struggled on, often with financial aid of the people of the county.

No longer was the sandy race track safe for good horses, the grandstand seating only 300 people was rarely filled, and the buildings were old and sadly in need of repairs.

The pioneers who had founded the Society were gone—the newer generations were prosperous and scorned the advice of the corn and oats specialists who traveled by car on the railroad trying to sell the farmers on new varieties.

The writer remembers the exhibition seed corn special of Professor Holden in 1910. Many successful farmers stated then, “no college professor can tell us how to farm. We are experienced and practical. Holden’s stuff is all theory. We tried to raise ‘Reed’s Yellow Dent’ up here in the north and our fields were frozen out by Sept. 15—all right for Fremont county—no good for our county.”

The roads were getting better now, the new invention was coming, the auto; many diversions were taking the place of the fair and in the spring of 1913, it looked like the fair must die for lack of support and appeal. Such was the state of affairs in early June, 1913.

1912 Fair Discouraging

At this date nothing had been done to stage a fair that year. Officers were especially discouraged because the 1912 fair had been a flop, through no fault of the management. In August of 1912, the highways were posted with advertisements of a great airplane exhibition for the fair—the first of an airplane in this part of Iowa.

The fair dates arrived in September, the crowds came, and the airplane was here and all day, entry day, mechanics worked so that a perfect flight might result next day. For three afternoons of the fair, the owner and two mechanics did their best, but the ship refused to take off. The crowds were naturally disappointed; they had paid their quarter for the feature act, and many harsh words were said of the fair and its managers, W. B. West and Waylie Rogers.

But wait—a group of Humboldt’s leading citizens determined that the fair, so long (55 years) a part of the very existence of the county, must not die midst a growing and prosperous county. During its life, hadn’t the county grown and prospered? Shall we have only a memory of the great livestock shows and farm exhibitions of older days and of those great days of horse racing?

Our land was now tilled and new farms and homes had been built on the farms and the railroads were hauling trainloads of cattle and hogs and corn to the markets. Land had risen from \$25 an acre in 1895 to \$100 and \$150 per acre by 1913, and in 1914 a new high was established when W. Edwards paid T. W. Rogers \$200 an acre for an improved farm north of town.

Decide Fate of the Fair

On or about June 10, 1913, a meeting was called in the McNamara Drug store to decide the fate of the fair. There could be only one answer when one

looked over this group. The big successful men of the town were there. Frank Gotch, the bankers, A. B. White, T. G. White, C. J. White and A. H. Duncan, T. W. Rogers, W. B. West, Al Adams, Frank Jaqua, Mike Myles, and a dozen other substantial men.

The decision was reached in 30 minutes—the fair shall live and a big meeting was held next day to perfect plans. At this enthusiastic meeting it was decided that in conjunction with the last fair to be held on the old grounds, that Humboldt would stage a huge celebration of its 50th anniversary, and that the following year a new and up-to-date fairgrounds plant would be built, somewhere in northeast Humboldt.

These plans were ambitious and would take a lot of effort and money—but look over those names I have mentioned, only a few of many of the best businessmen who ever adorned the main street of this little city. Then too, Humboldt county had raised its greatest corn crop in 1912, and the state had surpassed Illinois for the first time.

Guarantee \$7,500 Fund

A resolution was offered by Frank Gotch and seconded by A. B. White that a guarantee fund of \$7,500 be pledged by the business houses of Humboldt to finance the last big fair on the old grounds, and to stage the celebration up town. Two teams of three men each were appointed to solicit funds and the next morning at 11 o'clock \$7,800 had been subscribed.

Officers and committees perfected plans, a big premium book was printed by the Humboldt Republican with many advertisements. Sept. 10, 1913, the first day of the fair, the semi-centennial parade, a half-mile long, was viewed by a big and enthusiastic crowd.

Joe Sheldon, as Grand Marshall, rode at the head of the parade; there were five city bands from northern Iowa, 40 Indians from the Tama reservation, 50 floats, a dozen clowns, Frank Gotch driving a yoke of oxen hitched to an old oxcart, with a calliope bringing up the rear.

Then in the afternoon the crowd went to the fair and this time the airplane circled the Peterson woods, flew gracefully back over the town, and five miles north, landing in a pasture near the grounds. The small grandstand overflowed for the races and attractions.

The following morning, S. H. Taft, then 88 years old, who had made the trip from California, addressed a large homecoming crowd in Bicknell park and reviewed the town's 50 years of history. This speech is still preserved in pamphlet form. The combined fair and celebration proved to be a success, and in spite of great expense, the subscribers were called on for only 33 per cent of their guarantee.

Sell Shares of Stock

Again there was good-will throughout the county and during the winter of 1913 and 1914 several thousand dollars of shares of stock were sold throughout the county for the new contemplated fairground plant. During the winter the Society purchased from Dennis Hession sufficient land for the site

of the fair and with Floyd Goodrich, an engineer, as supervisor, a gang of men worked from April to the middle of August, erecting the grandstand, exhibit buildings and preparing the race track.

Local boosters went into the woods for saplings and planted them on the grounds and donated many days of their time. At last, on Aug. 8, 1914, a brand new fair opened to a great children's day crowd; an excursion came up for the evening program from Fort Dodge, and the crowd saw the first electric lighted fair north of Marshalltown.

Auto polo was the feature attraction and Theral-Duffield Co. of Chicago fired a magnificent display of fireworks. In the afternoon during a drizzle, five of the best pacers in the middle west came down the stretch neck and neck in the 2.09 pace in the fastest time ever stepped in the county up to that date — 2:09 and 3/4. Gotch, Mike Myles and others had scoured the neighborhood circuits for horses and there were one hundred eight on the grounds and scattered over the town.

On July 4, 1915, Gotch wrestled Henry Ordeman in an exhibition at the fairgrounds, donating his services for the purpose of raising money to build additional buildings and especially for a new training race barn. The crowds came and just as the match was concluded, a veritable cloud-burst came down and hundreds of autos were stalled along the mud roads of the county.

Bad Weather Affects Fairs

The fairs of 1915 and 1916 were good but crowds were kept down by cool wet weather. Those years were known as the "soft corn years". On Aug. 18, 1915, the first fair day, many farmers were cutting a huge crop of oats, thus for the first 10 years of the new fair, continual rains beset the fair, but when there was an occasional sunny day, huge crowds attended.

One year about 1922 with September dates of nine to 12, no fees were collected during the entire three days of the fair; hard rains falling each day. Friday night the officers held a meeting and with better weather predicted for Saturday, decided to hold over. Throughout the county circuit phones announced a big children's day and the band toured the entire county with announcement of the big day. The crowds came and the one day fair paid all expenses for the entire week.

One year we moved the fair up from the usual date to Sept. 1, 2 and 3. That year we ran into a heat wave with the grandstand a bake-oven each afternoon. The reason for the persistent mid-September dates was the insistence by the farm directors that threshing would be over and the farmers could come to the fair.

For the last 20 years or more the days have usually been the third week in August — just before the State fair, and while occasionally an afternoon or evening performance was called off, in general the fair has met with very good weather.

Most of our people, except the young, are familiar with the history of the fair during these later years. Through these years the racing has been

good with adequate entries; the mid-way bright and exciting; the floral hall always excellent features by women's handicraft and domestic art and, of course, the time-honored school exhibits.

The fine livestock shows of older years has been replaced largely by the excellent exhibits of the 4-H clubs which today is a feature of the State fair and most county fairs.

Thus the Humboldt County Agricultural Society completes 100 years of education, service, information and entertainment for our people, dating from the days when most of the county was virgin prairie, up to the present time—a rich, prosperous, and progressive farm people and several thriving towns. Thus, mark Humboldt county as one of the best in the state of Iowa.

Tribute To Many Supporters

In conclusion, the writer wishes to pay tribute to the many farmers, merchants, bankers, and newspaper men, and to the officers and directors of the Society through its hundred years of splendid achievement, whose efforts and time and support, more than once saved its very existence.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to name some of those through the years who were especially prominent in the affairs of the Society: S. B. Bellows, Geo. McCauley, H. A. Knowles, Eber Stone, John Johnston, Hiram Fleming, A. Coffin, S. H. Taft, Edward Sherman, Chas. Lorbeer.

A. R. West, N. S. Ames, Hiram Lane, C. D. Dean, Daniel Harvey, Geo. L. Cruikshank, Ed Snook, Dr. Ira Welch, A. D. Bicknell, N. R. Jones, Levi Bair, S. G. Sharp, O. E. French, B. H. Harkness, John H. Ford, J. W. Foster, D. L. Willey, G. B. Stark, S. H. Brewer, J. W. King, J. J. Smart.

A. M. Adams, M. Schleicher, O. F. Avery, A. Gullixson, Ole Halgrims, John Means, Geo. James, C. H. Brown, R. J. Johnston, Wm. Rowley, S. Boyden, Matt Reid, G. H. Shellenberger, Fred Pinn, W. J. Brown, John Miller Olesen, E. A. Wilder, W. B. West, T. W. Rogers, M. J. Myles, O. H. DeGroot.

A. B. White, T. G. White, C. J. White, F. A. Gotch, Willard Edwards, Fred Ayers, E. O. Nervig, Frank Jaqua, Ulus Wilson, Abel Anderson, B. H. Wilder, Cassie Skow, A. B. Myles, Walter Crissey, Otis Nelson, Jean Kleve, J. V. Lyle, Levi Olson, Elmer Ulrich, T. J. Lieuwen and Art Hof.

The 1958 dates for the fair are Aug. 18 to 21.

Officers of the 1958 Humboldt County Agricultural Society are: Otis Nelson, president; W. H. Volberding, vice president; Jean M. Kleve, secretary, and Art Hof, treasurer.

Directors of the fair are: Leonard Anderson, Thor; Edward Oppedahl, Renwick; Albert Klein, Gilmore; Talmi Hegggen, Bode; Leslie Stockdale, Goldfield; Harold Fredericks and J. F. Murphy, Livermore, and W. H. Volberding, Fred Kirchof, Otis Nelson, Dennis Skow, M. N. Odgaard, E. C. Edge, Perry Morse and Levi Olson, all of Humboldt.

Five more fairs have now come and gone, each one successful; the 1962 fair rated as among the best of recent years and favored with excellent weather. May the exhibitions of the next hundred years continue to merit the support of our people.

THE LAST EXHIBITION ON THE OLD FAIR-GROUNDS

September — 1913

As a fitting tribute to the last exhibition on the historic old fair-grounds, the committee went all out to provide a grand show. There were County races, Shetland pony races and three County running races. Professional harness races had to be eliminated because of the deep sand on the north turn coming into the stretch.

The feature however, was the airplane flight — the County's first. Ralph McMillen was at the controls, flying gracefully south over Peterson's woods—thence north over the town, six miles farther, and returning to land in a nearby pasture.

For entertainment on the free act platform and track, the headline act cost \$400.00. Alfred the Great, the educated Chimp, rode three different types of bicycles. In recompense for his marvelous exhibition of talent and daring he was served lunch. He took his seat at the table and poured himself a glass of pure Humboldt milk — leaned back in his chair in contentment — and like his supposedly superior male cousins, stuffed his pipe with the filthy weed called tobacco, scratched a match on a pad on the seat of his pants, applied the flame to the bowl, and enjoyed an after-dinner smoke. The crowd roared, the children were thrilled, and a few elderly ladies whispered, "Just like my lazy old man."

Charlie Sharp drove the county's finest team, his matched roans, hitched to a hayrack upon which Zeke and Mandy, a comedy team, performed. This was a new act, high class and was a crowd pleaser.

The Flying Vermeltos, high trapeze artists, and the Lucerne Troup performed feats of daring. Bronco Brown's Wild West Show with thirty horses, steers and calves and twenty cowboys all thrilled good crowds three afternoons. Dan Coyle's kid band and the Iowa Military Band furnished the music. The Mesquakie Indian Camp in the infield was viewed by hundreds each day. Sixty years before the forebears of these Indians had roamed the prairies in quest of the buffalo and elk.

The livestock exhibits featured A. W. Hawley's noted Percheron draft horses and the equally noted Aberdeen Angus herd of Hefty of Renwick. In the floral hall Fred Pinn as usual carried off the blue ribbon on best ten ears of corn, Reid's yellow dent.

The baseball schedule was as follows:

Wed.—Bode vs. Gilmore City

Thurs.—Webster City vs. Fort Dodge

Fri.—Bode vs. Badger

At 4:30 each day the fair was over — the most costly free entertainment program in the fairs' 55 years history had brought from the crowds universal satisfaction. Uptown a big carnival company with rides, shows, games and other concessions did a thriving business until near midnight. Mattie McVicar's troupe each evening played the Russell Opera House for the full week.

The way was now prepared for county-wide approval of the building of the new fairground plant to be erected in 1914.

THE FAIR
AUGUST 6-7-8-9, 1962

OFFICERS

President	Levi Olson
Vice President	Axel Kjar
Secretary	Jean M. Kleve
Treasurer	Art Hof

Township Directors

Wacousta	Ralph Jacobson
Delana	T. Heggen
Vernon	Ed Oppedahl
Avery	Gordon Hoffman
Rutland	John Bastian
Grove	Fred Jensen
Lake	Les Stockdale
Weaver	Jack Altman
Corinth	Ernest Edge
Beaver	Leonard Kirchoff
Norway	Andy Anderson
Humboldt	Loyd Larson

Directors at Large

Levi Olson	Clint Tinken	Perry Morse
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SUPERINTENDENTS OF DEPARTMENTS

General Supt. of Floral Hall	Mrs. Keith Haynes
Entry Clerk	Mrs. Ed Koppe
Farm Products	Sidney Parsons
Plants and Flowers	Mrs. Albert Thorson
Pantry and Canned Goods	Mrs. Art Gates and Mrs. James Lenning
Textiles and Clothing	Mrs. Frank Baessler and Mrs. Maurice Brand
Arts and Crafts	Mrs. Cliff Landers
Educational	Miss Frances Messer
Swine	Milan Petras
Girl's Club Department	Miss Myrtle B. Hewitt
Boy's Club Department	Marvin Julius
Ground	Gerald Haynes

EARLY SCHOOL MEMORIES

Written by Elizabeth Jacobsen Vought and Anna Jacobsen Carlson

On a hillside plot of native prairie stood the little white schoolhouse known as Valley Number 1, Avery Township. There in the early 1900 we began our first school days. It was an event to which we had looked forward and the following short years spent there hold many memories.

Wearing new print dresses and sunbonnets, carrying a shiny tin pail which held our sandwiches, cookies and apples (in season) we trudged the mile and a half of dirt road to begin our new adventures. Following heavy rains and snows the walking was often difficult, however, Mother Nature provided many gifts for us to enjoy in the roadsides and fence rows. The little prairie animals and ground birds built their homes there, however, an occasional huge snake would startle us and send us scurrying on our way. How wonderful it was when the Mother prairie chicken hatched the eggs we had checked on so carefully and the wild flowers, including the exquisite paque flower, bloomed so abundantly. In the winter we cut across the fields as the sloughs were then frozen. At times we risked walking there when the ice was too thin or had rotted with dire results to the heavy clothing we of necessity wore during the colder months.

The building was typical of all rural schools of that era, a hall where the outdoor clothing was hung and overshoes placed in rows along the wall and the schoolroom proper where classes were held. A shelf in the hall provided a place for the lunch pails, the "cold lunch" program of the time. In freezing weather we were permitted to place our lunches in the main room so the contents would be edible by noon. The teachers desk was on a raised platform at one end of the room and the children sat by twos in double desks. As classes were called the children rose and marched to a long bench called the recitation bench. Our teacher asked questions about the lesson we had prepared. If one knew the answer he raised his hand for permission to recite; at other times the teacher called upon us at random.

The walls as well as the windows permitted the free passage of drafts, dust and snow. A few pictures of presidents and authors decorated the room. The stove placed near the center was of a non-circulating type. If you faced it you'd be burning in front while your back froze and vice-versa. The fuel: cobs, wood and coal, was stored in a building we called the "coal-house." Two other buildings on the grounds provided the rest room facilities.

On a bench in the schoolroom stood an open bucket of water, carried from one of the farm wells by two pupils selected by the teacher. Other mysterious items found their way into the bucket on its journey as it had no lid. Our drinking cup or dipper from which we all drank without knowledge or fear of germs was made of tin and sported a long handle. If a child whom we thought not quite clean drank ahead of us we would try to find a different place on the rim from which to drink. There was a small mirror on the wall

with a comb box below. The comb was tied to the box with a long string to avoid losing or dropping it. It was the fashion for boys to have center hair partings and one little laddie stated he didn't want his hair parted in the center, he wanted his parted in the middle. The tin wash basin with only cold water for washing and the roller towel changed once a week for laundering were no great inducement for cleanliness.

Three windows on each side of the building comprised the lighting system. If a severe storm approached two of the older boys were sent outside to close the shutters against the onslaught of wind, hail and flying debris. If an evening event was scheduled kerosene lamps and lanterns were supplied by the patrons.

Our library consisted of only a few books and re-read many times over. A few volumes of Dickens, a copy of Grimms' Fairy Tales, the works of Hans Christian Andersen and an Unabridged Webster's Dictionary were the best of the lot. There were no reference books of any kind and when an encyclopedia salesman came with his wonderful books he and our teacher would sit on the recitation bench while we children grouped about looking at the marvelous pictures he showed and the stories he told—how the ant had ears on its hind legs, the toad and frog drinking water only through their skin—hoping with all our hearts that these books would be available to us.

The lessons were on the subjects of spelling, penmanship (the copy book type), reading, arithmetic, physiology, geography, history and language. At the end of each four weeks report cards were sent home to our parents for consideration and signature. Our grades were given in numbers and proud we were if our marks were in the coveted 90s. Our parents gave us strict instructions to respect the school property as well as the teacher and to abide by whatever rules she set forth. Our room was never noisy, except for the occasional rasping squeak of the slate pencil as we did our sums.

Scraps of paper were quickly snatched from the floor and our heads were bent in diligent study when our dear superintendent Mr. Messer came to call. He usually conducted one of our classes in his kindly way and we were secretly pleased if he commended us on our preparation. He was a gay figure from a Currier and Ives print as he made his winter rounds well muffled against the cold and driving his team with spirit and dash. One child not quite understanding the dignity of the office of County Superintendent referred to him as "the Messer."

Entertainment during these early school years, was educational as well as fun. We had spelling bees, cipher downs, singing, box socials, and always the Christmas program, and the picnic at the close of the school year. The picnic was held at the school grounds not at a park some distance away. Transportation was the problem in those days. Bountiful baskets of delicious home prepared food brought by the parents, delighted the hungry children's eye. Quite often homemade ice cream was served.

Children provided their own games, as commerical playground equip-

ment was unheard of in the early '90s. In winter we played Fox and Goose, built huge snow forts and some skating on ponds and creeks, baseball, ante-over, dare base and etc. were our summer games. Oh! such fun, and all at the cost of our own energy. Memories! We shall never forget them. Our teachers were more than just class room teachers—they were responsible for settling all discipline problems, kept records, acted as school nurse and musical director, as well as the janitor, all on the meager wage of \$25 or \$30 a month. Among those who served so faithfully at No. 1 Valley as our teachers were: Ida Wallace (Dicky), Genora Loverien, Jessie Carter (Loverien) and the year of 1907 Lucinda Hopkins (Knolls) had the following pupils enrolled:

Mamie Marchant (Chapel)	Leslie Sheeley
Stella Bengé (Sigfert)	Nellie Bowen (Turley)
Roy Adams	Mabel Hoffman
Golda Nichols (Maupin)	Anna Jacobsen (Carlson)
Albert Cran	Mary Plymnesser
Leola Adams (Wallace)	Edward Arveson
Elizabeth Jacobsen (Vought)	Fernie Anderson
Floyd Sheeley	Arthur Jensen (Dr.)
Milford Nichols	Frankie Marchant—deceased

L. W. Anderson, Pres.

John Cran, Secy.

These are treasured memories of times long gone for in 1907 we moved to the North Maple Grove community reluctant to part from pleasant associations and childhood friendships.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jacobsen Vought

Mrs. Anna J. Carlson

August 1962

THE SCHOOLS OF THE AIRLINE COMMUNITY

This article was written in 1946 by Mrs. Elmer E. Olmsted
(formerly Bertha Thompson) for a school project.

The first schools in the Airline Community were taught in private homes. An average of 90% in the 8th grade entitled one to a first grade certificate, an average of 80% to 85%, to a second grade, and an average of 70%, third grade. Wages were from twenty to thirty dollars a month.

Our main teacher was Mrs. P. S. Blanchard. She was a well trained, experienced teacher from New Hampshire. She had come west with a semi-invalid husband hoping life in the new country would benefit him.

One winter she taught the school in a new granary on the old D. L. Willey farm about two miles west of her home on the Airline. She boarded at home and received twenty-five dollars per month. In the spring of 1874 the school was held in a small building on what was then known as the Roger's farm, and I think it still stands.

There were no other buildings near it and the surrounding field was planted to corn, which furnished excellent hiding places for the game of "Hide and Seek" until the owner raised objections. There was no provision for water, so our drink as well as our lunches had to be carried from home.

Mrs. Blanchard was the teacher. Her walk to the school was about a mile. Most of the children walked two miles to school. My father plowed furrows to the Airline so his children wouldn't get lost. (The Thompson family lived on the present Reginald Bastian farm. Mrs. Olmsted was the former Bertha Thompson.) The pupils were

Evan Jones	Arthur Tellier	Esther Russell
Harry Jones	Jimmy Battles	Jessie Russell
Frank Arnold	Dexter Russell	Minnie Battles
Charles Thompson	Belle Blanchard	Julia Tellier
Bertha Thompson	Lydia Thompson	

The winter term was taught by Mrs. Blanchard in the west room of her own home. There were ten pupils. The next summer we had school in an upstairs room in Mrs. Blanchard's house. The next winter in her west room again, and in spring of 1876, the new school house was built. (This would be the old building moved to the present Jonathan Bastian home.) It should have been built directly on the airline road, but there was a slough there, so the present site was chosen. Wm. Thompson and R. E. Jones comprised the school board. They were the only patrons save Mrs. Blanchard and her step daughter.

Miss Josie Adams was the first teacher there. Other settlers came in and the sub-districts of North Airline and South Airline were organized.

Eugene Tellier was director in South Airline, but most of the patrons of South Airline were transferred to the Humboldt School and South Airline was soon abandoned, the building sold to Eli Tellier and moved to his farm which is now known as the Eli Ericson place.

Contributed by Mrs. H. F. Hoganson

In recalling my early days, I think of Humboldt's founder, the Reverend S. H. Taft and his family. We were neighbors when my family came here from Bergen, Norway in 1883. In that year, Mary Taft, the daughter, brought Christmas gifts to the children of our family. Needless to say, I shall never forget the beautiful American dolls given to my sister Ilese and myself.

My earliest recollections of school in 1886 were of my teacher, Miss Segar and the little white elementary school building located on the site of the present high school building. In the third and fourth grade room, our teacher was Miss Ida Shellenberger and because of crowded conditions we met in the basement of the old Congregational Church, (founded in 1871 and rebuilt in 1903.)

Miss Charlena Welch, our 5th and 6th grade teacher had a wonderful bicycle, the kind with the high wheel in the front.

In Miss Mamie Thomas' 7th and 8th grade room, we had double seats. I remember two of my seat mates, Jennie French and Bessie Albee. The water pail and dipper were passed up and down the aisles, so the children could drink. (We didn't worry about germs). At recess time, we waited until the recess bell rang to get a drink. Then we all rushed for the outdoor pump "My turn next" "You know me" "I'm your friend" etc. until we had all drank water from the same cup.

In winter, we used the Johnson hill for coasting. Children wore high leggins over their shoes and overshoes, which were removed when they were inside.

Professor Clarence Messer and Mrs. Simmons were in charge of the high school and we had Friday afternoon programs. George Mastin sat in the front seat and succeeded quite well in making noises like a ventriloquist in order to detract the performers. Those in authority were not able to tell where the voice came from.

I remember one graduation when there was an empty chair on the stage in memory of Emma Eggedahl who had died before graduation day.

"May the wings of friendship never lose a feather." My schoolmate wrote the above Feb. 25, 1890 in my autograph album.

Our first telephone operator Julia Marsh wrote:

"Over the hills and not far off

A woodchuck died with the whooping cough".

The entries in this autograph album were all made during the year 1890. Other contributors were: Ida Thorn, Mary Grow, Katie Peck, Pearl Myers, Lida Nowlin, Ilese Risvold (my sister), Lottie Parsons, Daisy Burke, Nora Bohan, Nellie Echelberger, Mary Sharp, Gertrude Crandall, Ora Crabtree, Mildred Smith, Loie Kellum, Alva Plantz, Oluf Risvold (my brother), Ida Skinner and Dove Fleming.

In closing, this is from Bernie Foster:

"As years roll on

Roll on as they will

Remember the boy

Who wrote up hill."

The time of the 1890's was a golden age everywhere and it was an exciting time in Humboldt as well. Humboldt was a busy, flourishing, industrial town and was the cultural center of the county. Main street was the scene of great activity. Horses were tied to hitching racks on both sides of the street, while people met on the board walks and talked or traded in the stores.

At that time there were three newspapers: Frank Jaqua's "Republican"; Al Adams' "Humboldt Independent", and John Hopkins', "The Democrat". During the years from 1895 to 1905, I worked at different times for the Republican and the Independent. My work was to set type and keep books.

Physicians in Humboldt were Doctors Doan, Kinney and Welch. Dentists were Doctors Nickson, Ferreby and Devereaux.

Ladies' hats were trimmed at millinery stores or made to order. Some ladies brought their own trimmings,—ostrich feathers, flowers and ribbons—and the millinery shop would trim the hat for them.

Telephones in homes cost \$1.00 to \$1.25 per month. Julia Marsh and Gertrude Crandall were operators.

In May, 1900, men's exclusive clothiers were White brothers and Dan Krouskup, and Tom Callahan besides clothing departments in the General Stores of A. B. White, D. A. Ray and Dan DeGroote.

"Queen Esther" a cantata was presented by the Congregational Guild at the Russell opera house. The Guild also gave a play "Breezy Point" at one of the lodge halls on Main Street.

A ladies' quartette composed of Miss Charlena Welch, Mrs. Dan Coyle, Miss Lester and Mrs. Will Strong were top-notch singers of the day.

Instead of watching films and T.V., we were a part of the cultural events of the town. We went to Mr. Dan Coyle's singing school, took elocution lessons at Humboldt College, and took part in home talent plays.

When visiting each other in our homes, we gathered around the organ and sang. Etta Wells and I were fond of a duet we sang called "O Tell Us Merry Birds of Spring". "Sweet Clover" was another old favorite.

The Humboldt Chautauqua Association gave entertainment of a high quality in the summer.

When I look back upon the cultural opportunities we had, the fun of picnics, canoeing on Lake Nokomis, and the enjoyment of friends, I consider myself very lucky to have been a young person in Humboldt at the turn of the century.

Footnote by author—

In the 90's the Ole Risvold family were near neighbors southeast of John Brown's Park and Alfred taught the boys many Norwegian expressions. The father, Ole, was rated the best painter and wood grainer in Northwest Iowa. Alfred, in 1902, was Grocery Manager of my father's general store. Later he owned a general store in Church's Ferry, N. D. where he was very successful. Gus, the youngest of the family, in partnership with Verne Hardy established probably the first dry cleaning plant in Humboldt upstairs over the present Nissen tavern. Later he migrated to Canada where he became a substantial land owner.

In the late nineties the writer well remembers Gertrude Crandall, Nellie Echelberger, Mae Hardy and Olga Risvold often, arm in arm, coming up our brick sidewalk from the south on their way up town to work in the stores.

Mrs. Gertrude Frances Yard Smart was born at Columbus, Wisc., July 1, 1859 where her father, Lewis Yard, was a prominent early settler, having come to the U.S. from Cologne, Germany in 1848. Her mother, Mine Niemeyer, was also one of the early settlers of Columbia County, Wisc., and her family was prominent in its organization.

When eleven years of age, Mrs. Smart moved to Mitchell County, Iowa with her parents and was educated at St. Ansgar and Osage Seminary; she later attended the State Normal at Cedar Falls, Iowa, and graduated from the Wisconsin State Normal at Oshkosh. She taught for four years in the Ballard Normal at Macon, Georgia, spending vacations in travel and in Iowa, where she met Col. J. J. Smart and they were married October 1, 1887. They then came to the Col.'s farm, Bonie-Brae, located on the present No. 3 highway adjacent to and East of Humboldt and Dakota City.

Here for eighteen years she loved nature in its finest glory and was loved by all who knew her.

In those dark years of the nineties, at Christmas time, she delivered personally each year to the needy homes in Humboldt and Dakota City, more than twenty baskets of jams, canned fruits and vegetables and dressed poultry, products of the farm she loved so well.

Author's note—As a poet and as a public speaker Mrs. Smart's reputation was state wide, and many of those poems and addresses have been preserved in book form. "The Meadow Lark", "Apple Blossom Time" and the "Farmers' Institute" are among many. She spoke before the North Western Horticultural Society and her lectures were published in 1893 and later. She addressed the Humboldt County Agricultural Society in 1891 and later. Noteworthy was her address delivered before the Farmers' Institute at Humboldt on January 19, 1905. The writer remembers her especially for several addresses to the high school students 1900 to 1903. She was one of five ladies who had traveled widely in our own country as well as abroad. Professor Ralph E. Towle invited in February, 1900, Mrs. Gertrude Smart, Mrs. D. A. Ray, Miss Florence Prouty, Mrs. W. J. Taft and Mrs. Margaret V. Clark to deliver a series of lectures to the high school classes. Their addresses were informative and developed the subjects of Greek and Roman art, history, and the great cities of America and Europe, accompanied by photographs. In June of 1903 Mrs. Smart entertained the senior class at a strawberry festival at her beloved and beautiful Bonie-Brae farm.

Her writings best tell the secrets of her soul, a soul so sensitive, as always to shrink from publicity during its sojourn in this world. Her husband, J. J. Smart, one of the leading farmers and livestock men of the country, later wrote of her tribute to her financial intuition and perhaps of women in general. "Her intuitions on business matters were always correct, and in relation to two separate enterprises, she urged with earnest warmth against them;

but her entreaties were of no avail for the culprit went ahead and today regrets a loss of not less than thirty-thousand dollars, which reminds him forcibly of Burns' regrets in "Tam O'Shanter,"

"Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!"

Mrs. Gertrude F. Smart, wife of Col. J. J. Smart, died in Minneapolis, Minnesota on November 15, 1910. The Smarts left Bonie-Brae farm, their country home for many years, in 1905. The following excerpts are quoted from the book published in her memory by her husband.

MRS. GERTRUDE SMART

On Sunday, November 27, 1910, in Unity Church, a beautiful and appropriate service was held in memory of Mrs. Gertrude Smart. The choir, composed of old time friends, sang a beautiful anthem and two of her favorite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Asleep in Jesus." After the scripture reading by Mr. Burch, Mrs. Taft read loving and tender tributes from some of her intimate friends. Mrs. Russell read a little poem by Edwin Markham and "A Little While" by Ella Bentlery. Mr. Burch delivered a remarkable sermon full of appreciation of Mrs. Smart and hopefulness and comfort for all.

After the sermon Mrs. Passig read a little poem by Mrs. Burch, "I am that I am," Jean Ingelow's "A thread of Gold," Riley's "Away," and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

TRIBUTES

By Mrs. Mary Garfield

We have come together again here in this church home, hallowed by many sacred memories, to do honor to a worthy, beautiful life.

The old terror of death has gone for us, and we are coming to speak rational, hopeful words at such times at this. The old thought of this change called death was to weigh the life as regards its chances for future happiness.

The new thought looks to the service which the departed one has given to the world.

The writer knew this woman for more than twenty years. She said to me once, "It is indeed a thing to be thankful for to be born of honest, truth-loving parents." Such were Mrs. Smart's parents.

She was conscientious and loyal to her highest ideals. She was true to the stern demands of duty. She was eager for the best things of life, and made the most of her opportunities. Her love of birds led her to a close study of them, and she passed on her enthusiasm to many a friend. Mrs. Smart loved all animal life, and all outdoors. She used to come in from the farm and talk to our Sunday School about the birds, inspiring old and young alike to know more of these feathered friends. She was in close sympathy with all so-called

dumb life. Her management of a high-spirited horse was most intelligent, sympathetic and successful.

I am thankful for her friendship, for the integrity of her character, for the sweet, pure influence of her gentle life,—for her appreciation of this beautiful, wonderful world,—for all the inspirations I have caught from her.

By Mrs. Alice Taft

Were I to mention one thing only in the character of Mrs. Smart, it would be her genuine love of children, and her deep interest in all that pertained to their welfare. Her affection was of that larger, deeper kind that included all childhood. She not only loved all the healthy, happy, attractive children, but also the sick and suffering poor. She delighted in doing things to make them happy, although often at the cost of much time and labor of her own. She had that beautiful trait of "taking into her heart the children of others."

By Mrs. Lucy Jones

As a personal friend of Mrs. Smart's, one who knew her long and intimately, I can think of no words upon this occasion more fitting or more expressive of our appreciation of her life and character than we find in the Beatitudes — words which are so clearly intended by the author for kind, beloved and loving friends — words strong and clear "full of purity of feeling — of hallowed sympathy and true love."

By Mrs. Faith West

It is as a lover of nature that I shall always remember Mrs. Smart. Her appreciation of and love for the beautiful shone forth in her life of gentle charity and many loving kindnesses.

By Mrs. Sally Coyle

Mrs. Smart is inseparably connected with Boniebrae, for it was as its gentle hostess that I first knew her, and as such that she will always be remembered by me. When strawberries were ripe she thought of her friends; when grapes hung purple and luscious, when flowers were in full bloom, trees in finest dress, and birds sang sweetest, it was her delight to divide them with others.

By Mrs. Olive White

With no more honest words could I ever express my ideas of a good woman than when I say, "The dear woman whose memory we now revere (in my estimation) possessed all the desirable characteristics of a true, noble woman, and I always felt that a heart to heart talk with Mrs. Smart was a great privilege, which made me hold her among the best.

By Mrs. Myra Clark

The first thought in my recollection of Mrs. Smart is of her spirit of helpfulness. The purpose of her life, "To do for others"—was so reflected in her face, that all could see it. No word of criticism ever passed her lips,—the purity, the sweetness and modesty in her own life sought for and found those traits in the lives of others. Everyone had to be at his best when with

her. Her intellectuality and ability were only equalled by her sincerity and trustfulness. That good will in the end prevail was her absolute belief. Such a person is a blessing to the world. We shall always cherish her memory.

By Mrs. Florence Prouty

Mrs. Smart was one of the most conscientious and sweet-spirited women I have ever known. She always saw the best in every one, and therefore brought out the best side of every one she associated with.

She took a quiet delight in entertaining her friends and in doing little things for their comfort and pleasure and I am glad of this opportunity to express my appreciation, and my gratitude for many hours spent with her as her guest.

By G. L. Tremain

Loyalty and love were the key notes in the life of her whose memory we revere — loyalty to her country, her home and family, her friends and neighbors. Her love for all was all embracing. The birds might with propriety join us in a tribute to her memory.

Mr. A. D. Bicknell

I have known Mrs. Smart all the years of her life in this locality.

In every department of life she has demonstrated the very highest type of what is best in womanhood; and her serene and dutiful life has left its permanent influence with us. So that though she seems to have gone from us, she will ever live amongst us, making our lives brighter, better and more hopeful.

Though we grieve because of her going, yet, still, we rejoice and are glad that her wise and pure life has left its benediction upon us and made us forever her debtor. Such a life as hers is without end for good, even here on earth.

By Mrs. Nettie Russell

Nothing gives me more joy than the companionship of an earnest true friend like Mrs. Smart. Cicero says, "We have received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful than a true friend."

Today we gather again in this familiar place to pay our homage to a dear friend who has finished her journey here, but we have a sublime hope that elsewhere, in the regions of the universal power, her soul is acting, enduring and daring, and can love us and we can love her, and her presence shall be preserved with us in the "amber of memory."

By Mrs. Emma Shellenberger

The following letter is a portion of a private letter written by Mrs. Shellenberger to Mr. Smart and Miss Yard.

It is for you that my heart goes out. I believe, I know, that she has entered upon a more splendid life than this, even when lived in the high way in which she always lived. Though in bodily presence she has left the world for good, the real Mrs. Smart, the pure, good, gentle spirit, yet abides. I have felt her nearness, nor can the world be otherwise than better, sweeter, more beautiful than it could have been had she never lived.

How she hungered after the best things of life, grace of character, the good in books, the beautiful in nature!

Death doesn't mean to me what it used to. I used to doubt and question I am now most confident that it is only a change, only the opening of a door to another room of Life—with greater opportunities for growth and service there than here.

I thank God for friends, and that among them was and is, Mrs. Smart, one of the noblest women I ever knew. The thought of her will help us all to live a little better, will help pull us upward.

Remarks by Rev. Henry H. Burch

Let me assure you that the work of her hands stands well established. Kindness is eternal, goodness never dies. David Starr Jordan says, "In God's economy no good life is ever wasted," and so she lives on, and the coming of the bright winged birds in spring time will be her memorial to you. The laughter of childhood at play will ever spell her name in living letters. And if you travel to the southland the scarlet wing of the southern red bird and the voice of the mocking bird at midnight will tell of her, and if you travel to the east the thrush will make inquiry for his friend, and if to the west, the white gulls that hover in quiet watchfulness over the troubled waves of the sea will be white memorials to her, and everywhere in all the world of life will you be reminded that she has so identified herself with life that there can be no death. Indeed in this great world of expediency there can be no death to the good and true, all is life, life, life.

From the Waterloo Reporter

Mrs. Smart, who had visited in Waterloo several times, a guest of the Reporter families, was a woman of many fine qualities. She had been for some years a teacher in the south, where her missionary spirit led her as an instructor among the colored people. After her marriage to Mr. Smart, some twenty years ago, she lived on a large farm (Boniebrae) near Humboldt, Iowa, one of the largest in Iowa. This farm she helped make almost an Eden in its transformation from raw prairie into orchards, lawns, gardens and fields. In the town she soon made a large circle of close friends who valued her many attractive traits of heart and mind.

ONE SPRING-TIME MUSING

By Mrs. J. J. Smart

We who are witnessing the coming and going of this glorious springtime have special reasons for thanksgiving, for are not the trees more beautiful than ever before? What masses of foilage—how marvelous the wealth of color! Did the grass ever grow more luxuriantly? Were the early spring flowers ever so dainty? What a privilege to pick great handfuls from a sheltered bank under the protecting branches of great forest trees? How the discords of life vanish as we listen to the music of the rippling streamlet, the soothing harmony of the swaying branches, the whisperings of the wild thing from the shadows! How our hearts are thrilled by the glad, happy notes of the wild birds; the Robin's cheery call, the Wood Pewee's pathetic note from the depths of the old forest, the Downy Woodpecker's tapping over our heads, the kingfisher's rattle in his hurried flight upon some distant errand! A flash of brightest scarlet, emphasized by notes of deepest black, and there before our very eyes is the Scarlet Tanager in all his beauty! Not a sound does he utter, how he fills us with wonder! Where did he come from? Where is he going? What a mystery, wrapped up in that bright bit of color! As we watch him out of sight, from the distance comes the rich mellow note of the Grosbeak,—and we at once recall the beautiful rose upon his breast, and the delicate pink lining of his tiny wings.

How our eyes are gladdened by that flash of tropical splendor—the Golden Oriole—as he flits from branch to branch in the tallest of trees; to see his beautiful nest swinging gently from the end of one of its tallest branches is, indeed, a rare privilege.

From a tangle of low growing bushes near by, we hear the “wigie, wigie” of the Maryland Yellow Throat, and soon we catch a glimpse of this dainty warbler, as he flits from bramble to bramble in his search for food.

For days together we are greeted in our very dooryards by the sweetest of bird-melody from the Brown Thrasher, as he mounts to the topmost branch of a tree. Slowly and serenely he sings his wonderful song, undisturbed by the sounds around him.

Unable to wait longer, the Cat-bird bursts into a very ecstasy of melodious strains, so rollicking and joyous, so rapid in movement, it is almost impossible to understand him.

As the shadows begin to lengthen and the hush of twilight comes upon the woods, we hear the divine voice of the Wood-Thrush. Such soft liquid notes, so full of love and tenderness, so expressive of all that is good and beautiful!

And there are other voices we hear, each one having a special place in our affections. As we think of them and all the marvelous beauty of this one springtime, we feel that we have come into a precious possession, a something that can never be taken away from us.

GLEN FARM

1904

I know a loved, a favored spot,
 A pretty, sheltered glen,
Where oak trees grow and streamlets flow,
 Where birds return again.

The river is so very near,
 Its murmur sweet and low,
Its bank a glimpse of fairy-land,
 Its waters, limpid, flow.

And hidden by a wilderness
 Of banks and tangled green,
A streamlet ripples merrily,
 Like sunshine in between.

In other days, glad echoes rang
 Through all the happy glen,
For in its midst a home was reared
 And children played there then.

They followed the old Indian Trail,
 And waded in the stream,
The glen could have no secrets then,
 No longer time to dream.

Those were the days when all wild things
 Found shelter in the glen,
The old oak trees were all alive
 With song and chatter then.

The children are no longer there
 And lonely is the glen;
Yet glad and happy are the days
 When they go back again.

Remembered are their childhood days
 Out in the world of men,
Their lives reflecting clear and true
 The beauty of the glen.

TO MY HUSBAND

1901

You're almost seventy-four years old—
My husband, kind and dear;
And I'm not even forty-three,
But age we need not fear.

When deeds are wrought through love alone,
And good you always see,
Such things as these have naught to do
With time, to you and me.

The years, they number scare fourteen
Since you and I were wed,
'Twas then you brought me to this home,
"Our home, not mine," you said.

A bonnie Boniebrae it is,
And has been all these years,
To us the dearest spot on earth,
My eyes, they fill with tears,
When I think how full of blessings
These years have been to me.
O, would your loving tender care,
Could mine forever be.

1909

I am going to say just a word about the home we left four years ago when we came to Minneapolis. Twenty-five years ago it was bare prairie and, of course, the home of but few birds. The first thing Mr. Smart did was to set out a shelter belt of 6,000 evergreens and 20,000 deciduous trees, 1,000 of which were wild cherry.

Then he set out a ten-acre apple orchard, which has for many years been the home of birds, both in summer and winter, but in apple-blossom time it is actually alive with them, and is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen. These, with the great variety of other fruit trees, berries and shrubs, and with its abundant supply of water, made it the home of nearly every kind of bird in that part of the state.

Note: Boniebrae farm is now owned by Arthur Kunert one of our most successful farmers.

Writers in the East delight to refer to the period of the nation's history from 1890 to 1900 as the "Gay Nineties." Perhaps in the brown stone mansions of their great cities, beneath gorgeous chandeliers of brilliant lights, revelry, feast and fashion did have their fling. New York's Central Park was gay with its spectacle of pomp and power. It presented an array of beautiful and fast stepping horses with gold or silver like tugs hitched to luxurious phaetons. The grooms wore tailored uniforms, the blouse adorned with large brass buttons. They drove from a high front seat, and in the lower rear of the carriage, seated on two plush seats facing each other, rode ladies in rich attire, and gentlemen in high silk hats, toying with gold headed canes.

Broadway sparkled with the names and presence of famous stars, Maxine Elliot, Nat Goodwin, Ethel Barrymore, Henrietta Crossman, Southern and Marlowe, Bernhardt and Patti.

Wall street had become the world's foremost financial center and mag-nates of railroad, steel and oil, the Vanderbilts, J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller, and their associates, exercised an influence at times scarcely inferior to the Government itself.

Skyscrapers of steel and mortar towered above the city and in New York and suburbs lived twice as many people as there were in the whole state of Iowa. There on that November night in 1896, a half million people crowded "Times' Square" and at eleven o'clock the New York Times proclaimed the election of William McKinley to the Presidency, and, far away to the West, on the prairies, and in the towns of Iowa, people rejoiced. "Now maybe the hard times would soon be over", they said. The people were right; "Big Business" of America had that night resolved to flash to the country the signal "Go Ahead".

In Humboldt County in 1890, there were only a dozen or two wealthy men by the standards of the times, but every one was working and fighting to get ahead; the county and town of Humboldt were slowly advancing. In 1889 with A. D. Bicknell, Mayor, the town council hired engineers to plan a city water works plant. Water from different springs was tested and in July, 1890, P. Finch moved that the proposal be submitted to the voters. On August 18, 1890, the voters approved 138 to 28. The contract was let for \$6500 and by the following spring work was completed; the town had built the biggest and most important project in its history and this plant was the forerunner of our modern water plant built in 1933 with Geo. McCollough as mayor.

In the very last year of the decade the people voted franchises to the Humboldt Light and Power Co., and to the Iowa Telephone Co., and Humboldt enjoyed electric lights and telephones in 1899.

Humboldt had passed the thousand population mark and at times put on big town airs.

On December 29, 1890, D. A. Ray moved and S. K. Winne seconded that

Joseph Sheldon be hired at \$10.00 per month as engineer of the new water works plant. The following year an added duty was assigned to Joe, that of night watch at \$15 per month.

On February 6, 1891, the first fire and hook and ladder company was organized with ten men and Brig Stong was nozzelman.

At this same council meeting, P. Finch moved that the city druggist be ordered to remove dirt from the sidewalk in front of his place of business and that all persons be required to remove any sleighs, wagons, wood piles or other obstruction placed by them on the streets or sidewalks. Each spring the "City Dads" ordered the street commissioner to clean out the two horse watering troughs on main street.

Each year water mains were extended and the business men built a sanitary sewer along Sumner Ave.; labor was thus provided for many workmen on these projects. Common labor was paid 12½c per hour, skilled labor, 30c.

During these years, dozens of plank sidewalks were ordered in; Main streets remained unimproved but it was sprinkled during the dry season, the businessmen paying this fee. There were many hot elections, the most noteworthy, the one of March 28, 1898, when D. A. Ray was elected Mayor over J. N. Prouty by a vote of 186 to 183.

In all these years the affairs of the city was administered by representative citizens, careful and conservative, but with the people they slowly moved forward as the town grew and prospered. It was not until 1899 that sidewalk notices provided for plank, cement or brick.

Also worthy of note is the part of three pioneer families of Humboldt in the administrative affairs of the community.

Parley Finch was mayor 1885-86-90-91 and his grandson, William P. Housel, was mayor from 1940 to 1944.

A. D. Bicknell was mayor at least once 1889-90. His son, G. J. Bicknell, was mayor from 1922 to 1926.

R. J. Johnston was mayor from 1912 to 1918. His widow, Mary H. S. Johnston, was mayor from 1926 to 1932.

In 1892 and 1893, many long board corn cribs were built along the railroad right of way in villages and were filled with golden corn worth only eight or nine cents per bushel. Then followed the short crop of '94 and the country had its first demonstration of the theory of the "ever normal grainary". During this period, eggs dropped as low as a nickel, butter was seven cents, fat hog, five dollars, and a good cow, ten to fifteen dollars; a serge suit sold for ten dollars and a broadcloth suit with swallow tail coat, worn on special occasions by some of the older men, for eighteen dollars. Charley Kurth sold a porter house steak for a nickel, a fat dressed hen for a quarter, and threw in a chunk of beef or calve's liver for good measure, and in the winter a quart of Baltimore selects went for thirty cents. In those days the economic fact of plentiful goods and scarce money was effectively illustrated, but the reverse situation is with us today, August, 1946.

This period was known as the "Cleveland Panic" and "Coxey's Army" marched on Washington. Of course Cleveland did not bring on the panic any more than Hoover brought on the depression of the early Thirties; both presidents, however, were blamed. It might be said that neither of the men in the emergencies exercised their full powers to soften its severity.

In the midst of the depression of 1893, the Chicago World's Fair and Exposition attracted great crowds and demonstrated to the world that the United States was foremost in agriculture, science, invention, and manufacturing. Large numbers of people from Humboldt county attended.

"Sells-Floto", "Yankee Robison," and "Paunee Bill" came to town and the kids, and perhaps a few of the oldsters were thrilled when the circus parade went by on main street. Can't you older readers see in the mind's eye the colored band, in red coats high in the red and gold band wagon drawn by four white Arabian horses, the Russian Cossacks, mounted cavalry in splendor, riding by, the Arabian tumblers, Chinese jugglers, and Hindu swordsmen passing in review; the brightly painted and decorated animal wagons with tigers, bears, lions, and leopards pacing to and fro, the camels, a giraffe and a zebra, old jumbo elephants and young, a dozen clowns in varied make up, and at the last the steam calliope? Surely circus day was an exciting and happy one, and we of today who are beginning to age, pause a moment in reverie, and remember those joyous days of the gay nineties when we were kids.

The "Woodmen" held big picnics in the late nineties and Frank Gotch won the fat man's race. The town often celebrated the fourth with speeches, fire crackers and the parade of floats four or five blocks long. The day opened with the firing of the sunrise salute, teams and wagons were scattered all over town and every kid had a few nickels to spend. Youth always plays hard and is enthusiastic.

The fats and leans played ball on the old fairgrounds diamond, and Bert White and Pete Saul of the fats and Clarence McFarland and Ted White of the leans could throw the ball hard and bat 'em far. The north and south side teams in bitter sectional rivalry elicited howls of derision and gleeful shouts from the crowd. Humboldt College played football with Ellsworth College on December 20, 1895 in below zero temperature and the game ended in a snow storm. The high school baseball team of the late nineties was a good one, and the football team was just getting started.

Clayton Foster could jump farther and run faster than any other youngster in this section and black "Jack" of Rutland wasn't far behind. Sam Hopkins was state champion bicycle and tandem rider for a half mile and Ben Wood and Art Connor were district champions.

Frank Gotch in 1899 had won his first public wrestling match in the Russell opera house with one Green, a local heavy weight.

Joe Sheldon's tug-o-war team had a state reputation. "Big Chris", 250 pounds of bone and brawn, was lead off man, and giant Al Beguin, whose 330 pounds boasted the strength of an ox, anchored the team. The firemen's hook

and ladder team with Will Pinney, Joe Fleming, Art Parker, and others attended the "State Tournaments" and there won laurels for the town.

The Humboldt cigar makers fielded a fast ball team and the "Boston Bloomers" often came to town. Rutland and Bradgate each had fast ball teams and each fall at the fair the county championship was decided. Lee Malcolm and Ivan Godden, survivors of the famous Bradgate team are still residents of Avery township.

Bill Sigsbee's "Trixie" was famous throughout the state and she could add, subtract, and multiply, all without the aid of machines. Even today a few men and women survive who can add, subtract and multiply.

The high school alumni banquet was the social event of June and in winter the firemen's "Ball" in the Russell House was a gay event; the young gentlemen attired in fashionable dress suits or tuxedos and white gloves, the charming ladies in "Marshall Field" formals, all tripping the light fantastic to the dreamy waltz melodies of an orchestra from Dubuque or Des Moines.

Fishermen guided their boats above the "Old Mill" on an autumn evening, and with the aid of torches and spears, in an hour's time, were rewarded with a catch of game fish which filled wash tubs. In the fall hundreds of mallards and "Canadian Honkers" were shot over Thompson's slough or Bass Lake.

Kids on foot or bicycle after school or on Saturdays in October, rushed to the Peterson woods south by the old water tank, and gathered baskets of hazel nuts, hickory, walnut, or butternuts, later in the long, cold winter nights to be enjoyed by the family circle gathered around the cheery hard-coal stove.

Trotters, pacers, gallopers, saddle horses and sturdy draft teams were the county's pride. Each evening in summer a parade of lively steppers hitched to carts and buggies exercised on the third mile smooth, well kept oval in Taft's Park and in the twilight of the evening N. H. Knowles' bicycle club speeded round the track. Taft's Park was the scene of Fourth of July exercises, speeches, drills and other gatherings.

Hanes and Oestrich livery barn was the biggest and best north of Colby's at Fort Dodge, and the many traveling men of those days could depend on this firm for a good team, accustomed to mud or snow, to make their calls to other towns; the romantic youth of the day were assured of a gentle "Queen or Bess" and a fancy buggy for their moonlight drive, down the old river road.

On winter nights there were bobsled parties and young voices in song co-mingled with the pleasant jingle of sleigh bells, as the high school boys and girls crowded into hay filled sleds and wrapped themselves snugly in great buffalo robes. Faithful old "Jack" and "Pete", coated with frost, responded to the urge of the driver; the still air crackled and from "College Hill" to "Sheeretown" and from river bridge to river bridge, the bells and song and laughter rang out upon the sleepy little towns. Youth of the nineties had no use for huge motor driven snow plows nor for paving.

Ponds and rivers were swept clean of snow with brooms and home-made scrapers, and upon the smooth ice often hundreds of old and young played games, cut figure eights on runners of sharpened steel. Hockey or shinney teams wielded their heavy clubs of hickory as they guided the puck towards the goal; there were speedy dash races for prizes, and fancy skaters from home and abroad exhibited their skill and grace. Some of the daring jumped across the 15 feet of open spring near the bayou. Boys on skates pounded the ice with axes driving the game fish toward open holes where men waited with long sharp spears.

Twenty feet long, home made bob sleds with round runners and equipped with gongs and lights and carrying a dozen kids coasted down the old "Johnston Hill", and with speed rounded the turn and came up to the bridge; maybe on, sometimes across; then followed the long walk back up the slippery, icy hill. Kids dragged the sleds, just for the fun of riding down again. Those were days of strenuous but gay winter sports and no Iowa kid of the nineties would trade his snow and ice for the warm winter sunshine of Florida.

L. E. Willey used fifty men to cut ice from Lake Nokomis and stored huge cakes until the ice houses were jammed with five thousand tons. Rogers and Smith down at the "Chicken Ranch" employed 100 pickers during the holiday season.

In summer, older kids went swimming above the dam and slyly utilized Dunn's boat houses for diving boards when "Old Pete" had gone downtown. Into the fairgrounds deep hole, Clarke Lane and Dick Monson led old gentle "Chuck" so the smaller boys could climb upon his broad back and dive. Sometimes to the chagrin of the little fellows their shirts or pants were tied in tight knots.

Croquet, baseball and tennis were popular, but some tedious days under a hot sun were spent in the big truck gardens down in "Sheeretown" where twelve year old boys earned as much as sixty cents in a single long day, weeding onions and beets at five cents a long row.

The big new stone school building, pride of the county, was completed in 1893, and there the kids were afraid of the stern whiskered principal. Professor Messer, but the leather strap in his desk was more of a threat than an instrument of punishment. Miss Sinclair, still living in Humboldt and active in mind, taught the fourth grade and through the years inspired in hundreds of her pupils a great love and knowledge of their county and state; and once in a while some unruly chap with coat off was made to feel the sting of the rod. Charlena Welch taught the fifth grade and each day for fifteen minutes read aloud pages from Alger's "Rufus and Rose" and Castleman's "Frank the Young Naturalist", or "Frank on the Gunboat" tales of adventure, heroism, and honor. Luella Thomas in the sixth grade with rare patience and a smile helped us through the intricacies of mental arithmetic and taught us to read before the class with proper emphasis and enunciation, chapters from Swinton's fourth reader.

Able teachers of the nineties, laboriously drilled into our heads, the fundamentals of education, the three "R's", geography and history; and if the author were permitted to comment on a delicate subject, it would be his firm conviction, that while grade school education was perhaps not so broad and varied as of today, the method of teaching fundamentals encouraged greater pupil interest and was far more thorough.

In the '90's dozens of prairie schooners passed through the streets of Humboldt. A cow was tied to the rear and occasionally a horse. On the sides hung ^{var.} pails, lanterns and tools, and inside the driver and the wife and children. Pieces of furniture were crowded into the large storage space and blankets and quilts were piled on the floor, providing sleeping quarters. On the side of the wagon occasionally a crude home-made sign was fastened, reading "Kansas or Bust". Two or three years later this same outfit might again pass through the street—maybe the cow was thinner and the family's appearance a little more shabby, and the sign now read "Kansas and busted". In those days Kansas suffered from drouth in contrast with modern times when western Kansas, since the Dust Bowl days of the '30's, has had sufficient moisture to insure a fair to good winter wheat crop each year.

When I was young, my friends and I thought Rutland, Humboldt County, was the "Biggest" little town. Four passenger trains stopped at the station each day, except Sunday when there were two.

There were two churches, several business houses — but only a "one room" school for all grades when this incident happened.

It was in the fall of 1896—when members of the school board arranged for the fifteen minute stop-over of the west bound afternoon passenger.

All the pupils of the school were there—happy and excited when the train pulled in. As it came to a stop, The Honorable William Jennings Bryan, who was traveling across the state, speaking at various towns—came down the steps to the platform. With a pleasant smile, he shook hands and chatted with each pupil. It was a happy occasion, and we were a proud group as we marched back to school.

Soon after that, both Bryan Buttons and McKinley Buttons appeared at school—for though some of us were quite young, we formed our political groups.

I wonder how many are left who recall that time.

Mrs. Robert Kuehnast
(formerly Blanche Jensen)
2611 West 70th Street
Los Angeles 43, Calif.

THE INDIAN TRAIL

The historical Indian Trail which we knew as boys began at the Forks, and included the old camping grounds of Sioux Indians at Glen Farm. It then followed the west bank of the West Des Moines River for several miles.

The trail that we knew best began at the high bluff which is adjacent to what is now Water Works Park, and continued along the bluff for some distance. It was especially picturesque in spring with budding trees and wild flowers, and in the autumn the woods were dressed in a myriad array of colors.

The boys played Indian with home made bows and arrows and often behind a tree, the older boys cried "Indian" and pointed to the cliff high above the Indian cave. Here was the spot, where long ago, a Sioux had fallen to his death. As the shadows lengthened and we were far up the trail hurrying towards home, the darkening woods held an air of mystery and caused a feeling of fear among the younger boys.

Here in high school days our botany teacher often led the classes in springtime on a search of wild flowers and the examination of many kinds of native trees and shrubs to teach us to identify each specie.

"And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days that were,

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,

The groves are repeating it still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

HUMBOLDT DIRECTORY

June 1, 1892

- Banks**—Peoples' Bank. Humboldt County Bank.
Barbers—W. C. Strong. J. Brodsack. Will Coffin.
Blacksmiths—Smith & Growe. J. C. Owells. W. H. Spear. Robt. Hawkins.
Boot & Shoe Dealers—G. J. Pinney.
Bus Line—R. F. Ostrich.
Coal Dealers—R. W. Lyle. E. L. Chase.
Contractors—Richard Lane. John Barrett. David French. Wm. Quick.
Clothing—D. W. Krouskup. G. B. White & Sons.
Creamery—W. H. Woodcock, Manager.
Dressmakers—Mrs. M. J. Brehmer. Miss Halvorson.
Druggists—A. E. Ruse. Doan & Hubbard. E. D. Nickson.
Draymen—O. A. Olsen. L. Barber. H. Watkins. H. S. Echelberger.
Dentists—Dr. F. M. Spayde. Dr. E. D. Nickson.
Dry Goods—F. A. Peck.
Furniture—E. Booth. Combs & Duncan.
Farm Implements—Smith & Smith. T. B. Nickson. A. W. Nichols
B. H. Harkness.
Flour & Feed Dealers—T. W. Rogers. T. A. Rickard.
General Merchandise—G. B. White & Sons. D. A. Ray. D. A. DeGroote.
P. H. Pope.
Groceries—J. H. Rine. F. F. Avery.
Grain Buyers—J. T. Cauley. Brown & McMullen.
Hardware—C. E. Ward & Co. P. M. Wilson.
Harness Makers—Weiss & Becher. Hardy Bros. Ole Knutson.
Hotels—Russell House. Connor House.
House Mover—Horace Harvey.
Ice—L. E. Willey.
Insurance—H. S. Wells. H. S. Cadett. I. P. Strong. I. L. Carr.
Jewelers—N. T. Woodward. N. H. Knowles.
Lawyers—A. D. Bicknell. G. S. Garfield. G. H. Shellenberger.
Prouty, Coyle & Prouty. W. J. Taft. P. Finch.
Land Agents—Prouty, Coyle & Prouty. H. S. Wells. Taft & Co.
Shellenberger Bros.
Livery—O. C. Ostrich. Haines & Robinson.
Lumber—D. G. Pinney & Son. O. F. Avery.
Meat Markets—Smith & Nordstrum. S. W. Bull.
Millinery—Mrs. E. H. Simmons. Miss L. J. Quivey. Mrs. J. M. Spayde.
Musical Instruments—J. M. Spayde. Myers & Early (S. A. Taft, Mgr.)
Masons—M. A. Peckham & Sons. E. A. Belcher & Son. Fred Mayer.
Mayer Bros. W. B. Leland & Sons.
Notion Stores—Geo. Harrison & Co. B. Hollar.
Newspapers—Blade. Independent.

Land price: 160-acre farm for sale one and one-half miles from Humboldt, \$25 an acre, \$1500 down, \$2500 in ten years at seven per cent payable annually.—Henry S. Wells, agent. (**Author's note:** Wish we could identify this farm today.)

Corporation notice in part: . . . that the name of the corporation shall be Mineral Springs Bottling Co. and the place of business Humboldt, Iowa. Capital stock \$5000 in shares of \$10 each; T. W. Rogers of Humboldt, manager.

Incorporators were J. F. Clark, P. F. Saul, George Y. Spear, J. Smith, W. H. Knowles, T. W. Rogers, George W. Marsh, Dr. G. Hardy Clark, G. L. Tremain, J. W. Foster, W. H. Spear, W. W. Stearns, Andrew Nordstrum, W. A. Sigsby, George J. Pinney, S. K. Winne.

(**Author's Note:** In the latter part of the year the factory was built and equipped and from the first was successful through the years, from Rogers & Co., Benton and West, Bime Bellows, Ralph Bellows and today is housed in one of the most modern plants in the state.)

Local markets: hogs \$3 to \$3.25 cwt.; corn 35c-37c bu.; wheat 75c-80c bu.; hay \$3.50-\$4 ton; oats 25c-30c bu.; flax seed \$1.20 bu.; fat cows \$1.50-\$2.25 cwt.; fat steers \$3-\$3.75 cwt.; stock steers \$2.50-\$3 cwt.; rye 20c-25c bu.; barley 30c-35c bu.

New businesses: Hollars, groceries and dry goods (vinegar 15c gal.), also gloves and mittens at cost; Ruse and Taylor, drugs, just opened a handsome store. They have the slickest prescription case in the county, where a competent pharmacist mixes drugs. Ed Booth built it.

Mrs. M. J. Brehmer, has full line of cloaks, dresses, aprons, waists etc.

Notes from Beaver: Charles Flemming hauled to Humboldt with team of 1000-pound horses, 7700 pounds of corn; L. Flemming hauled 6600 pounds. G. H. Koppe and Chas. Ropte hauled hogs for Fred Ropte last week. Nine of them weighed 5450 pounds Who can beat that? Koop Schroder hauled 97 bushels of oats on a wagon last Saturday and his team wasn't very big either.—Feb. 28, '91, Dev. Letzentick.

City election: In the city election last week for mayor, P. Finch; J. W. Foster, C. S. Smith and P. F. Saul, trustees; W. W. Sterns, treasurer; H. S. Wells, recorder.

Proceedings of town council, Dakota City, Iowa, March 2, 1891: Board met at school house, present on roll call were the mayor, Hawkins, Horner and Smith. Moved by W. J. Smith that C. C. Cooper act as clerk pro-tem, carried; moved by Horner and seconded by Smith to adjourn till March 9, 1891, carried.—C. C. Cooper, clerk pro tem.

Notices: Wanted 500 bushels of corn on subscriptions at this office. We want some right away.

W. C. Strong, barber and hair dresser, ladies' hair a specialty. First door east of Prouty & Coyle's office.

Smith and Nordstrum, city meat market, offer highest prices for hides

and furs.

R. W. Lyle sells Angus coal at \$2.40 and \$3.20 on track.

Dr. H. C. Doan advertises as Humboldt's leading druggist—books, musical instruments and fancy goods.

Lake township: The Norweigan settlers of this locality will erect a new church 40x60 feet in the near future. Over \$1300 has been subscribed and they expect \$1500 to complete the job. The church will be built near the northwest corner of the north half of the southeast quarter of Sec. 30.

Bradgate: Bradgate is booming, a society every day of the week and two on Saturday. E. R. Stinson has sold his store to Mr. Clay. Ed takes care of the baby now. (Author's note: The baby is the present Miss Emma Stinson of Humboldt.)

Livermore: The town pump is no more. Its usefulness is gone, and as an ornament it satisfies no one, but if the low-lived, good-for-nothing unprincipled whelp of a miscreant that sawed it off last Friday night could be caught and educated up to a higher level in regard to the rights of others and the common decencies of civilized life it would be a good thing for him and the community at large.

Hallowe'en and Camping

On Hallowe'en nights of long ago, mischievious tricks and often dangerous pranks were committed all just for fun and excitement. Few are left who remember "Windy" Nowlin's road cart, perched high on top of the Peavey elevator, where it remained for two weeks. How Bert White, Thurlow Pope, Bill Pinney and Bud Peckham ever managed to get it up there, long remained a secret, and only after the enraged "Windy" threatened suit against the town and against one of the boys he suspected was the cart lowered from its lofty perch and restored intact to its owner.

"Windy's" concern was due to the fact that he owned a fairly-fast race horse (Lady B) and hitched to the high steel-tired road cart she was jogged over the streets of town each morning and evening for exercise. With jockey cap, checkered coat and whip held proudly aloft, he was a striking figure to admiring onlookers.

The cart was taken down on a cloudy, chilly November night and the know-how of the rescue remained a secret until years later when A. B. (Bert) White revealed the mechanical techniques employed. Bud masterminded the daring enterprise.

On another Hallowe'en night a live goat was pulled up onto the heights of the new high school building, where he was securely roped. As the day wore on the janitor and other workmen refused to undertake the rescue of the lonely and bleating pet.

In the small hours of the following morning the goat was taken down and returned to its owner, Allie Leland, unharmed. Again Bud, strong of limb and agile as a steeplejack, was suspected as he always was when dangerous stunts were involved.

It was a common sight early the following morning to see three or four of Lucien Willey's canvas-covered ice wagons scattered along Sumner Avenue along with buggies and wagons; barrels and farm machinery strewed the street and once a well drill was thrown in for good measure.

Those were pranks often perpetrated by boys past their teens, but rarely was there any damage done to the objects of their deviltry. Vandalism—that is the deliberate destruction of property as we know it today—was never indulged in.

The one exception was the tipping over of outhouses located in the rear of stores and residences. Those buildings were always the targets of boys large and small and no chains, nor iron stakes nor braces nor cement foundations ever thwarted the boys of 70 years in their fiendish determination.

Even the sight of an outraged homeowner standing in the doorway with a rifle never deterred the gang—in those days no one shot to harm.

On occasion a dirty trick was played on one of the boys. The gang made a run from a distance toward the outhouse and stopped short while the uninformed one kept going and found, much to his sorrow, the outhouse had previously been moved ahead a few feet.

Tick-tacking, rubbing wax on a long cord attached to an upper window, was just another trick played by the boys those days. This stunt brought a roar of glee when the lamp was lighted and a shadowy figure, clad in white nightgown, rose from his sleep and proceeded to investigate, from whence that awful, squeaky weird noise came. Once when an irate victim fired a shot over the heads of the boys hid in nearby bushes, Oscar Todman cried out, "My God, boys, I am shot!" and fell to the ground groaning and moaning.

Oscar today is living in California, a retired mining engineer, and has assured his many old friends in Humboldt that if he lives until June, 1963, he will return for the centennial.

Dozens of episodes could be recited, among them the ice hockey games with Badger, the town club skating down the river in zero weather making portages around two or three rapids, arriving at the playing area for the match, and after the game returning home the same way. All in a day's play for the rugged youth of those days.

Those were the days when each summer dozens of the older boys camped out for a week or 10 days during their vacation from their various jobs up-town. Every boy then had to at least earn his clothing and spending money.

The Okoboji and Minnesota camps of today would have had no allure for the youths of the nineties. The river teemed with catfish, bass and pike and these species fried in pure country five-cent lard in three heavy iron spiders together with the trimmings was a feast fit for a king. The trimmings were in part, in August, potatoes and sweet corn from nearby farms, provided by a couple of foragers, and once or twice during the period two or three fat hens trespassed onto the campgrounds—so the bummers reported.

Prices were low, 12 to 18 cents each for an unplucked bird.

Fried chicken was a welcome change from our fish diet, although the Risvold boys, who were Norwegian, preferred fish for every meal. Then, too, harvest apples, muskmelons and watermelons were just ripening. Each camp built a homemade outside fireside and the boys slept on old, narrow canvas cots in tents.

Fishing, boating, croquet and baseball were the sports and generally at least one night was given over to holding down the tent flaps and drying clothes during or following one of those frequent August storms. Occasionally a boy who preferred a 10-cent novel to more strenuous sports was called a sissy.

The favorite area for the dozen different camping outfits were either in the Bicknell woods on the south side above the dam or at the forks south of town. Transportation to the forks was by boat or horse and light wagon and a late-comer had to walk unless he was lucky in catching a ride down to the railroad wagon crossing.

Those were the days of simple sports, rough and tough, and youth played the game hard. Vacations were always spent along the river close to home and were inexpensive, for dimes and quarters were in short supply.

In the fall the older boys built crude shelters along Bass Lake or Thompson's slough and often camped out two or three days. Shotguns at sunrise were fired with deadly aim and brought down ample bags of mallards and Canadian geese for the larders of friends and neighbors.

The chill of Autumn or a rain or an early snow never deterred them from the sport of nimrods.

Old-fashioned general merchandise stores of the 90's

In winter the pot-bellied soft coal stove stood in the middle of the main display room. Nearby were two or three scuttles filled with chunks of eastern Kentucky blue coal, which, when half-emptied, served as spittoons for the fur coat clad gentlemen loafers or customers.

The cast-iron stove was red with heat and soon the men drew farther back and 20 feet away their fronts were still warm but their backs were chilly. Often on a bitter day the saleslady in the drygoods department, located in the northeast part of the building, stood on the soapstone warmer.

The shelves and counters on the west side bulged with shoes and rubber footwear and on the floor in big boxes the felt boots were displayed. The clothing and fur coats were hung on open steel racks.

The grocery department was always to the rear where a side or back door provided access for the loading and unloading of heavy merchandise. Back of the usual partition was the store room, where barrels of sugar and vinegar, crockery, lanterns and lamps in crates were kept. A separate building to the rear of the lot contained the big tanks of coal oil and separated from them some 50 barrels of salt were piled in high neat rows on huge planks. The coal shed nearby was equipped with a heavy steel door and was always padlocked.

Ladies' black heavy wool cloaks and high button shoes were the fashion

—calico and gingham were staples and often sold by the bolt, calico four and one-half to five cents a yard, gingham higher, seven to nine cents and twilling for 15 to 18 cents a yard by the bolt.

Many evenings the tireless mother at home, with patterns and shears, thread and needle and the treadle "Home" sewing machine would complete three or four children's dresses or two or three pairs of twill pants for the boys or the husband before midnight.

Women's cloaks sold from \$4 to \$7 and men's dogskin fur coats from \$8 to \$10. The Australian wombat sold from \$14 to \$16 and the ultimate in style and value, the famous coonskin coat, sold from \$45 to \$65.

This writer well remembers how proudly Howard Perry, father of Joe Perry of Humboldt, left the store wearing a beautiful and high-priced coonskin. Needless to say, any store those days would be fortunate to sell a half dozen of these coats in a season.

Every store carried an assortment of buffalo robes especially for the cutter or bobsled trade. These sold for from \$7 to \$12 each. All wool double heavy blankets sold from \$3 to \$5 dollars and double-width cotton blankets from \$1 to \$2 each.

The grocery department on Saturdays was a busy place. The first chore at 7:30 in the morning for the schoolboy helpers was the filling of 30 or more empty gallon jugs with sorghum. The big oak barrels were kept in the basement and even when the iron crank was laboriously turned the dark cane juice ran as "slow as molasses in January". Later the filled jugs were exchanged for the customers' empty jugs—sale price 25c a gallon.

On the main floor wooden bins were filled with dried fruits, black raspberries, apples, peaches, pears, apricots and prunes; these were big winter sellers. Oatmeal and sugar came in wooden barrels and dill pickles in kegs.

Jellies of all flavors were sold in five-pound flattop wooden buckets for 35c each and the sale of 50 or more on a Saturday was not uncommon. Large square soda crackers came in big wooden boxes and sold by the box of some 15 pounds each at 5c a pound. Oatmeal cookies, sweet crackers and ginger-snaps sold well from open wooden boxes, and in the latter part of the 90's came the first packaged prepared breakfast food. The name was Egg-o-See.

The origin of the name came from a Norwegian baggageman's reply when asked by a traveler where his trunk was. He said "E go see". The packages weighed eight ounces each and sold for 10c and, although well-advertised as something new, economical and nutritious, especially for children, and, although in five case lots 200 sample packages were distributed, they were hard to sell and before spring came it took a price of three for a quarter to clean out 120 packages. The ingredients were a combination of oats, corn and wheat.

In those days the farmer was an expert on figures, and used either his head or a pencil to figure costs. He found that at the rate of 10c for eight ounces, he would be paying \$10 to \$15 a bushel for the products which he raised and sold for from 20c to 50c a bushel.

Another original packaged breakfast food, to be cooked, was cream-of-wheat with the picture of a colored cook in chef's hat holding a big spoon. The colorful package was attractive to the children and they often begged Pa to purchase it for them. This cereal, too, was slow at first but finally became a good seller, even though the farmer said it was still very high-priced wheat. The price then was 15c a package. A wide distribution of samples had a large part in its introduction.

McLaughlin's Four X coffee, roasted and in whole beans, packed in one-pound highly-decorated lined paper sacks, sold for 10c, and as a special ringer, three pounds for a quarter. Chicory, in one-pound packages, was in common use and sold for 4c or 5c and was used to flavor coffee. Oatmeal was five cents a pound and as an extra special cane sugar was 20 pounds for a dollar.

A 49-pound sack of flour manufactured by the Humboldt Roller Mills, "Gold Crown", sold for as low as 85c and the famous "Cream" flour from the LeMars-Plymouth mills sold for \$1.10 in quantities from the railroad car in October. Often large farm families bought in 10 to 20 sack lots and W. J. Reynolds once loaded into his wagon 30 sacks.

Bill had recently arrived from the Kearney, Nebraska, area where he had experienced four successive years of drouth and he said, "It seems good to farm in the land of milk and honey; my corn will go 50 bushels to the acre".

Canned vegetables and fruits were good sellers, though most farm wives home-canned them. In June a salesman for Letts-Fletcher, wholesale grocers from Marshalltown, took orders in town and the nearby country for October delivery.

Koepe's Speckled Trout cigars, made in Humboldt, sold two for a nickel and Plow Boy smoking tobacco for 18c a pound in cotton sacks. J. T., Climax and Spearhead chewing tobacco sold for 10c a big cut and in those days the tobacco cutter, with a black line for accuracy, was in frequent use.

Then in October on Saturdays a barrel of New York Baldwin apples was opened, the big glass bowl was filled with Plow Boy, the cracker box was opened and an open keg of dill pickles, all free, awaited the coming of the teams and wagons bringing big families to trade their butter and eggs for merchandise. Just before Christmas dressed poultry was traded for dry goods, shoes and groceries, and would you believe that three hundred hands were dipped into the pickle brine and cleaned?

This writer remembers well when E. O. Bradley was a clerk for D. A. Ray, and came to our store every Saturday morning in company with Ole Olson and his team of mules hitched to a light dray. They loaded up two and sometimes three barrels of those wonderful Michigan Spie and snow apples or New York Baldwins or russets to be given away to their customers.

In those days free food was expected by many customers after a weary wagon ride, some of them coming from 10 or 12 miles away. In the fall sales of \$150 were frequent for shoes, boots, underwear, drygoods, clothing and

groceries for a big family Winter was on the way.

Our store with a cold frost-proof basement often stored two carloads of apples at a time and sold both at retail and wholesale, priced at \$1.65 to \$2.25 for a two and a half bushel barrel.

D. A. Ray at that time had a heavy Norwegian trade, especially from Corinth township and often this young clerk in our store wistfully glanced across the way at the two-story stone store on the corner and saw the Barney Olsons, the Ira Sampsons, Eli Hansons, H. C. Hansons, Kunt Olsons, the John Klevoses, the Tom Bjellands and a dozen other families unloading from their wagons tubs of eggs and big crocks of dairy butter. He asked his father why Ray had such a big trade—the answer was, “The big trade at that store isn’t Ray’s, it is Ed Bradley’s.” Perhaps this young schoolboy clerk dreamed of the future.

Those of recent generations can little envision those galvanized tubs of eggs packed in oats, nor the great quantities of dairy butter which the stores handled. Two or three boys counted eggs all afternoon and the older clerks weighed and sorted the butter.

In the panic years of 1893-1896 eggs were as low as five or six cents a dozen and butter five to eight cents a pound. Two gallon crocks of butter were weighed and similar empty clean jars were exchanged with the weight of the jar marked in blue pencil on the bottom.

Elmer Thorn tested each jar with a patent tester which sank deep into the product and tasted it. The good went on the top shelf of a big oak ice refrigerator, the fair on the second shelf and the poor, smelly butter was tossed into the rotten barrel, as it was called, and hauled down to the produce house, where the store was lucky to realize five cents a pound.

This poor butter, with other barrels collected, was sent to Swifts, where it was processed and renovated into so-called premium butter for city trade.

The coal oil and the butter trade were the two big headaches of the general store. The oil can, often with a potato thrust into the spout, was a dangerous receptacle among groceries, and the butter was a touchy thing. The wise merchant could rarely make a distinction in the price paid, for often the customers were near neighbors and if one was paid a cent more than another, pride was hurt as well as the pocketbook. So the merchant who held his trade took his loss cheerfully and depended on a big volume of sales of general merchandise. Gradually some of the finest buttermakers, in order to get a premium, solicited private town customers.

In those years Mrs. Henderson, a pioneer and mother of R. G. Henderson of Humboldt, who was born on her farm, and today owns it, was one of the best buttermakers, as was her daughter, Em Shaw, as were Mrs. Mike Lindeman, Mrs. Clint Wood, Mrs. Ed Thompson and several others, and no store could supply the demand for quality butter.

Many amusing things occurred those days. Joe Sheldon one time, not finding his favorite butter in supply, was asked to sample other jars. After

tasting one he turned to the clerk and said, in effect, "I don't like this butter. Who made it?" The name of the maker was on the tag and Joe was so informed. "I don't want it anyway," he said. Then a man standing nearby said, "I want you to know that lady is my daughter and she makes good butter!"

Retail prices of general merchandise in the nineties in Humboldt were the lowest ever known in the 10 decades of our history. The price of farm produce, grain and livestock were equally depressed and continued until shortly after 1900. In this chapter the quoted prices of clothing in White Bros. advertisement of May 10, 1900, speak for themselves.

There were a few failures among businessmen, notable among the leading enterprises were the closing of the Baker & Savage wholesale grocer and produce business, which did a big business in the 80's, and the closing out of the P. H. Pope general merchandise store, although reports at the time stated that the creditors' losses were small.

Among the farmers, two prominent ones in Weaver township, heavy cattle feeders, suffered bankruptcy, a very unusual proceeding in Humboldt county. One homesteaded in central North Dakota and years later wrote several creditors in Humboldt and inquired if the notes (which were outlawed then) could be paid in full without interest. He sent bank drafts in exchange for the notes, as agreed; the merchants had received substantial pre-Christmas presents and renewed faith in mankind.

Another one of our leading cattle feeders, who had almost unlimited credit with Bob Johnston's Humboldt State Bank, in after years when speaking of the panic of the nineties, often stated, in effect, that he never made so much money as from 1893 to 1896. In all he bought locally more than a thousand head of young cattle for a few dollars each, fed them for a period on cheap grain and hay and sold them gradually at a profit. Finally the last 300 head were sold at a substantial profit. His name was John Miller Olsen, one of Humboldt county's all-time successful farmers and cattle feeders, and more than once in the early 1900's he saved the county fair from closing.

John, who came to this country as a young Dane, became a hired man on a Humboldt county farm, and attributed much of his success in later years to the county fairs of the 1880's, where he learned much about good farming and livestock practices. He was for years an officer of the Humboldt County Fair and a tireless worker in its behalf.

John was extremely civic-minded so far as his own town of Humboldt was concerned, but was cool to the plea in 1915 of Gov. Clark, when he advocated the extension of the capital grounds and their landscaping. The writer accompanied him to Clark's campaign speech in the Russell Opera House prior to election, and as the governor eloquently described the slum-like vista from the capital windows, John broke in on the oratory, stood up and with gestures shouted in a loud voice, "If you don't like it, why don't you get out?"

John was a practical farmer and never had any faith in the new-fangled

ideas of the professors from the state agricultural college. His son-in-law, T. C. Mickelson, now owns and operates the Humboldt farm, and, like John, is civic-minded and a highly-respected farmer and citizen.

Sixty-five years ago the general merchant with 10 brass lamps used two gallons of coal oil each evening, wholesale cost six cents a gallon and a few dollars a month for ice.

The meat markets had a considerable ice bill as a ton or more of ice was shoved up into the huge oak refrigerators and in periods of heat was filled each day

High class clerks like Olaf Risvold and Johnny Brehmer at G. B. White's, Victor Newton at Brig Stong's and later G. B. White's, E. O. Bradley at D. A. Ray's, E. G. Crandall at Rine's, Elmer Thorn and George Burns at DeGroote's received from \$35 to \$45 a month plus a discount on merchandise during the period of the deepest depression, 1893 to 1896.

Lady drygoods clerks, Nellie Echelberger (Grinnell) at White's, Gertrude Crandall (Boore) at Ray's, Mae Hardy (Smith) at Rine's, Alma Nelson (Oxborrow) at DeGroote's and Olga Risvold (Hoganson) at Jaqua Printing Co. received \$6 to \$8 a week and the usual discount on merchandise.

Eight hour days hadn't arrived yet in Humboldt, nor coffee breaks, nor mink stoles, nor automobiles nor paved streets, nor telephones nor electric lights.

In those days there were no income tax, social security, unemployment compensation, vacations with pay, spike-heeled women's pumps, nor were schools closed for winter storms. People did without many things which 65 years later are considered necessities.

On the stormiest bitter mornings the kids in the south part of town piled into the bobsled drays of Henry Echelberger and George Moffit for a free ride to main street and on to school if the drifts were deep.

The author still remembers Henry's big brown team, his fur coat and always his pleasant, kindly smile and his love for children. He and Mr. Moffit were long remembered for their kindness. While the cost of doing business those days was a mere pittance compared to the cost of today, competition was tougher than today. Then there were usually four general stores, three drug stores, three meat markets and three or four exclusive grocery stores, five or six houses handling clothing, although not as many businesses as in the spring of 1880, when there were seven stores handling drygoods. There was one exclusive shoe store in the nineties (George Pinney's) and there is one now, Wind's Bootery.

Prices May 10th, 1900

4 pairs Rockford socks for-----	25 cts
Heavy 50c shirts-----	39 cts
50 ct overalls at-----	42 cts
Laundered Shirts for-----	45 cts
Boys' all wool suits up to age 19-----	\$4.00

Men's all wool suits at-----	\$5.75
Men's all wool grey suits, \$10 value-----	\$7.00
Men's \$14.00 fine blue and black suits-----	\$10.50

A most important factor in general merchandising in the 90's was the very generous discounts accorded merchants of approved credit by the factories or wholesalers. Discounts often spelled the difference between success and failure.

The smallest discounts were on groceries and the shortest terms: two per cent 10 days, and sugar, yeast foam and generally dried fruits were exceptions. The grocery salesman (called travelling man or runner) always collected the grocery invoices on Saturday night, and sometimes quietly from change in his pocket, after the check was written handed over a small amount of silver to the merchant—a little extra dividend on certain items, which of course, pleased the merchant.

J. H. Savage, who lived in Humboldt, sold every store in town at least some merchandise, and was never particular about the 10-day written limit, at least, in his hometown. Jim used to boast that in 20 years Letts- Fletcher had lost only one small account in Humboldt county, his territory.

Clothing from Kohn Bros. and M. Born & Co. of Chicago invoiced seven per cent and 90 to 120 days. Drygoods from Carson-Pierie-Scott of Chicago and Tibbs Hutchins of Minneapolis carried five per cent and 90 days. Fur coats from Milwaukee and St. Paul invoiced at four to six per cent, depending on the skin.

Rubber footwear from Wales Goodyear or Ball Band of Mishawaka, Ind., listed seven per cent and 120 days. Work shoes from C. Gotzian & Co. of St. Paul, three per cent and 60 days and dress shoes from Selz-Schwab & Co. of Chicago four per cent and 60 to 90 days. H. B. Glover & Co. of Dubuque, then the largest manufacturer of work clothing west of the Mississippi River, carried three per cent and 45 days.

The merchants of those days were often smart buyers and bought in volume and during the Chicago World's Fair in the summer of 1893, when hundreds of factories had closed in the East, there were unprecedented bargains offered the buyer with credit, not only in drygoods but in shoes and clothing. One or two stores in Humboldt bought 300 bolts of twilling fabric at a distressed price and 500 bolts of calico and gingham and large amounts of other bargain merchandise.

In the fall if the merchant was a few thousand dollars short on discount date the big Humboldt banks never failed to help him and by February first the notes were paid.

The businessmen of 70 years ago, as well as those of today, prized their integrity and honor, managerial ability and strict attention to their business as their finest assets.

There are many trade magazines published in New York City which report all failures of businesses throughout the nation each week and the

amount of liabilities. For the past three years there have been record numbers of failures of clothing and women's apparel stores, largely due to the fact that styles are constantly changing, not only with the seasons, but with new designs, colors and fabrics, resulting in the fact that merchandise left over at a season's end must be discounted often below wholesale price.

To merchants of the old days this did not present such a problem, as styles, fabrics and designs did not change as rapidly as they do today.

Bits of history from an exchange in the early nineties.

You could buy a hot lunch of roast meat and gravy, potatoes, bread and butter, coffee, tea or milk and a piece of pie for 15c. Free lunch was served at noon at farm sales.

Some popular makes of farm machinery were the Diamond plow, Hawkings steel tooth rakes, Cooper wagon, Buckeye mower, David Bradley's square corner sulkey plow, Moline wood beam lever harrow, Rockford plow, and New Prize cultivator.

The housewife was using the Acorn stove and Singer and Howe sewing machines. The "gramophone" made its first appearance, ladies wore bustles and used calling cards.

When people had colds they soaked their feet in hot water and got well; when they had a sore throat, they wrapped a piece of salt pork in an old sock, tied it around the neck at night and went to work the next morning; for "belly-aches" they took castor oil and recovered. Popular medicines were Rocky Mountain Tea, DeWitt's Little Early Risers, Chamberlain's Pain Balm, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

This was when everyone in town had a barn and a "back house" behind his house. Medicine men or "quack" doctors were frequent callers in town as well as the tramps who usually arrived about meal time. As many as 150 teams were counted at one time on Main street.

Rube Bair, farmer south of Rutland, owed a merchant some hundred dollars. He was short of money but long on wild hay. Arrangements were made for Rube to deliver hay during the winter to the doctors, draymen and other horse owners until the bill was paid. Needless to say, Rube from then on hand established an A-1 credit, which he always highly prized.

Charlie Spade in bitter weather as well as the heat of July delivered milk from the C. J. Spade dairy south of town. A half dozen five or 10 gallon cans for a start would be carried in the covered spring buggy, pulled by a big roan horse. He rang a bell and the housewife or teenagers who had already seen him a block away would have one or two quart pails ready. With a long-handled dipper Charlie filled the pails from the big cans, charged the account and with a friendly wave drove to the next stop. The price was five cents a quart, and some kids who liked a spoon of cream in their milk, early next morning in the winter were caught skimming cream off the crock in the cold pantry.

Charlie and his father, C. J. Spade, for years operated a first class dairy,

later located on College Hill. Neither fallout nor uncleanness were feared those days. Spade's dairy even then was a model and C. J. was never accused of adding a little well water to insure its purity.

Byron Parsons, a pioneer farmer, in August drove his team and wagon almost daily loaded with watermelons and muskmelons and sometimes bushels of Duchess apple and parked in front of Ward's hardware until his products were sold. Big watermelons sold for 15 or 20 cents, smaller ones for 10 cents and muskmelons 5 to 10 cents.

Byron was known as a tough, self-made man and when the local preacher pinched a particularly large ripe muskmelon, he yelled, "Damn it, don't pinch that melon! I won't let even a preacher do that!" (Author's note: This was told Aug. 4, 1962, at the Bicknell home by a granddaughter, Miss Myrtle Parsons of this city.)

Matt Berrier (one of the oldest of our people, born soon after Springvale was named Humboldt, and still living here) at the age of 15 drove the country meat wagon for M. Berrier & Sons north a few miles, west to Rutland and returned by the southern route. A big homemade ice cooler kept the meat fresh during the long trip and at Rutland he always had a big sale. A five-pound roast of beef sold for a quarter and when asked if it was fresh Matt always replied, "It ought to be, we just slaughtered him last night." Trips on this route were twice a week, threshing time often two or three wagons were sent out.

Tom Gamble's big apple and plum orchard southwest of town was popular in August and September and lines of buggies and wagons often filled the yard. Apples were 25 cents a bushel, customers picked them and furnished their own baskets and sacks. Plums were 50 cents a bushel. Those who had forgotten their purses—free, no account books were kept. Most farms those days had at least a few apple trees, many a well-kept orchard.

Aged Pap Shere was the strawberry king of town; he had a three-quarter acre patch down in Sheretown (extreme south Humboldt). Fourteen and 15-year-olds picked the berries for a penny a quart, selling price 10 cents a quart, crates of 16 quarts \$1.50. Plants were in long rows, runners clipped eliminating trampling on berries and scarcely a weed was allowed to grow. New plants and new soil were added every three years.

Each June in a good year, and most of them were, "Pap" selected the finest and largest berries; he always aimed to have 12 or 14 berries fill the box to be presented to his friend, Bert White, and to editor, Frank Jaqua, the latter gift calling for a write-up. Miss Minnie Avery always depended on Pap for his famous "Senator Dunlaps" for her annual June banquets, including the alumni banquet. Minnie was a generous entertainer. Her home is now the Lindhart Funeral Home.

Along the dusty residential streets Lucien Willey's three big ice wagons were kept busy during the hot days. Frank Williston, with leather shoulder pads, could carry into a house a 50-pound cake with ease gripped by the big

iron tongs

The kids ran into the road and gathered up chips of the frozen water and, wiping the dust off on their pants or dresses, popped them into their mouths and their temperatures were cooled by the melting ice.

Herb and Julia Marsh peddled to the homes in the month of May pound bunches of asparagus for five cents. The Marshes' two lots produced at the height of the season, about May 15 to 20, some 200 bunches a day and was the finest bed in town.

At the stores in October hundreds of Michigan Paw Paw big sweet Concord grapes sold two five-pound baskets for 25 cents. The housewives made jam and occasionally some old man mashed the grapes in a big jar, added sugar and watched it ferment. He always said grape juice was his favorite drink and the doctors recommend iron for the blood.

In 1896, the Council bought the Marshall, Joe Sheldon, a billy club and provided a uniform for him while on duty.

Dozens of plank side walks were ordered in; the specifications were quite simple—2 inch planks, 4 feet long, well spiked to 3-3/4 stringer planks to be laid crosswise.

Restaurants and quick lunch houses were closed at 10:30 Saturday night—the idea being that loafers and the undesirable element would desert the streets and go home, if they had one.

Sometimes bad little boys from South of the tracks spied Byron Parsons and his load of melons approaching—they laid low, and after he had passed slowly on the dusty street, they ran to the rear of the wagon and snatched a melon or two—a highly respected elderly citizen now in his seventies admitted to the writer recently he was one of the miscreants.

In the chill evenings of late October 1896 the McKinley-Hobart torchlight parade formed at the engine house and marched down main street with banners waving, led by the town cornet band.

Next evening the Bryan-Sewell parade formed and marched. Most of the same kids carried torches, though the banners were different and the lines shorter, for Humboldt was then, and is yet, a Republican town.

The two town shoe-makers housed in part of Al Pinney's lumber office, Henry Weist and S. H. Brambley along with loafers and some needlers daily engaged in terrific political arguments and the state of the union. Pausing a moment for breath, the awl was pounded into tough leather and after a few hurried shots at the cuspidor—the debate would resume and boys on a winter's day coming home from school would drop in for fun. Old Henry and Hank were picturesque figures in their leather aprons sitting at their benches and the audience would have been larger had the accommodations been more generous. The argument that amused most was whether those new fangled plumbing fixtures displayed in the show windows of Charlie Martin's plumbing shop would ever sell in such a little town as Humboldt.

Dogs were assessed as early as 1887. The story was told that Free Morey one year reported only nine dogs had been assessed, but that many more wanted to be, as he counted ten in his yard one morning.



FRANK A. GOTCH

The one citizen, a native of Humboldt county, who attained both national and international fame was Frank A. Gotch, champion wrestler of the world. He was born in Beaver Township on the Gotch farm near the "Forks" in Humboldt county, Iowa, April 27, 1877, of parents born in Germany. At the age of twenty he engaged in farming, often wrestling with members of the neighborhood threshing crew. He was easily the superior of all the boys. Two years later he wrestled one Green in his first public match in the old Russell House and defeated him. His second public match before the turn of the century was with McLeod, a former national champion. Gotch was defeated—first fall one hour and seven minutes—second fall forty-five minutes. Shortly thereafter "Farmer" Burns came to town on an exhibition tour. Gotch gappled with this clever wrestler but Burns, through science, was too much for Gotch. Burns then addressed the crowd: "Gentlemen, you have in your midst a "Future World Champion". Burns became Frank's teacher and trainer and as the years went by, Gotch defeated many state champions and national claimants to the title—Ruby, Ordeman, McMillan, Zybysko, "The Terrible Turk".

In the summer of 1911 Gotch established a training center in Riverside Park in Humboldt. Many wrestlers and trainers of note were here and great crowds from all over the state gathered in the park each day. Newsmen from over the nation reported daily doings and Gotch faithfully trained for his greatest stake—the defense of the World's Championship—with Geo. Hackenschmidt, Champion of Europe. In September in Chicago Gotch won and was declared by all as the new world's champion wrestler. He was always

willing to take on any worthy claimant but there was no one in his class so bouts became fewer.

Gotch was generally acknowledged as the fastest, strongest, most scientific heavyweight wrestler who ever appeared on any mat, and he was the inventor and executor of many now famous holds. He is today acclaimed the greatest wrestler of them all, and Sec. Taylor, Iowa's veteran sports writer, has recently acclaimed him Iowa's greatest athlete of all time. Gotch could run the hundred in less than twelve seconds; he could throw the twelve pound hammer with one hand farther than the state's best athletes; he possessed perfect timing and co-ordination so necessary to an athlete.

THE STORY OF GOTCH'S BRUTAL FIGHT WITH McLEOD

Iowa Farm Boy Didn't Know He was Wrestling The Champ

Luverne, Iowa—In June, 1899, at the Woodsmen's picnic near here an athletic event occurred that has become a legend—the meeting between a 21-year-old farm boy from Humboldt, Frank Gotch, and the then world wrestling champion, Dan McLeod.

Details of this match have been told in a Police Gazette article reprinted recently by the LuVerne Tribune. Its author is Carroll Marsh, who later managed Gotch when the Iowan was world champion.

Gotch generally is recognized as the greatest of all wrestlers. This is Marsh's description of how good he was, even as a raw farm boy:

Athletic events of all kinds took place on this day in June, 1899, with Gotch, then just under 21, taking part in many of them.

It so happened that Dan McLeod, who at this time held the world's wrestling championship, was making a change of trains in LuVerne.

All-Around Athlete

In addition to being a champion wrestler, McLeod was also a great all-around athlete, excelling in such events as shot putting and hammer throwing. Noticing the picnic program tacked on the wall of the little depot, he decided to check in and have some fun.

(Dr. P. V. Janse of Algona, who arrived in LuVerne in 1903, says this is untrue—that he was told McLeod had been imported two weeks earlier by Livermore fans anxious to win bets from Gotch's Humboldt backers. He said the bets amounted to \$300, of which McLeod was to receive half if he won.)

No one had recognized McLeod so when he registered as an entry in the games he used the name of Dan Stewart, Stewart being his middle name.

He proceeded to do his stuff with hammer and shot and in other athletic events, and won so often that the heads of the affair began to wonder about his identity. They began to question his eligibility for the contests, since they were intended for local talent only.

Gotch Grins

Gotch stood with a grin on his face, listening to this talk.

McLeod noticed Gotch and, thinking he might goad him into a wrestling match, said: "What are you grinning at, you big ape?"

Gotch replied, "At you. What about it?"

McLeod replied, "Nothing much, only I think I can slam you on your back for a fifty-dollar side bet."

This was water on Gotch's wheel, and soon the match was made, best two out of three falls. A side bet of \$50 was put up and more followed, for Gotch's friends saw some easy pickings.

Gotch Weighs 210

Gotch weighed 210 stripped and stood 5-feet-11. McLeod was only 5-6 and stripped at 175 pounds, but this was all muscles.

His chest measurement was 47 inches, relaxed. He was one of the greatest wrestlers who ever lived.

This story had been told by both Gotch and McLeod, so there is no question about its being the truth.

After the match was made, the men retired to put on their wrestling regalia. McLeod told the writer that when he came out to where the crowd was assembled, which was right in the main street of the town a big circle had been drawn in the road.

In the middle of that circle stood Gotch in wrestling costume.

On Some Lawn

McLeod said he asked, "What's the idea of the ring?" and was informed that it was the boundary line and that both men must stay within it. McLeod said, "Why not wrestle over on some lawn?"

Gotch replied, "Here is where the match was made and here is where it will be wrestled."

Knowing his own great ability and expecting but little opposition from the local boy, McLeod said "O. K., but I still think it would be much better to wrestle on the grass."

McLeod had gotten all the money he had with him, about \$300 covered. A referee was chosen, and all was in readiness for the start.

Both Surprised

Time was called and the match was on, with both men meeting the surprise of their lives—Gotch in meeting a real wrestler, and McLeod in meeting a man destined to become the greatest wrestler of all time.

Down and up and over and over they went, first one on top and then the other, wrestling outfits torn to shreds, both men bleeding in many places from cuts by pieces of sharp flint and gravel from the road surface.

Dirt and Blood

Both men were covered with grime, dirt and blood. Gotch carried the

scars of that battle to his death.

Fast and powerful as Gotch was, it wasn't enough to offset the science, cunning, speed, and experience of McLeod.

There could be but one ending to such a match. So, after wrestling as has rarely been seen, McLeod won the first fall in 54 minutes, the second in nine minutes.

Great Showing

Gotch was at first broken hearted (and also broken in pocket), but on learning that he had been up against the champion, Dan Stewart McLeod, and on being complimented by McLeod, he was happy to know that he had made such a great showing.

Gotch went on to greater heights in the wrestling game, winning the world title and defending it against all comers until he had conquered all who dared to face him on the mat.

Among his illustrious victims was Dan Stewart McLeod, the man who had given Gotch his first beating.

I managed Gotch for many years during his climb to the championship. I saw him in his greatest matches, but I would have given more to have seen his street match with Dan McLeod than any match he wrestled afterwards.

Without Parallel

In my opinion—and I feel that I am capable of judging, having been connected with the game for more than 50 years and wrestled during 20 of them—a 21-year-old farm boy with practically no experience meeting a champion like Dan McLeod and lasting more than an hour, stands as an event without parallel in athletic history.

Could any man not possessing sheer wrestling genius, coupled with incredible speed, strength, and staying powers, give a champion a battle such as Frank Gotch did?

The Great Gotch is gone. He died Dec. 16, 1917.

From the Humboldt Republican of Dec. 21, 1917, in a special Frank Gotch obituary edition, a close friend of the world famous wrestler wrote:

"In speaking of the man it is not necessary to revert to his athletic record unless it is to say that he was recognized, by men who best know the wrestling art, as the peer of any wrestler, past or present, regardless of weight, age, style of wrestling, that the world has ever developed."

Gotch was buried in the Humboldt cemetery.

Next week, in Humboldt, the town Gotch made famous all over the world half a century ago, there will be festivities of sorts honoring the wrestling great.

In the First National bank many items of 'Gotch-ana' will be on display including Frank's personal scrapbook. Many pictures and relics also are to be displayed and Dale Fraser and Harold Knight, who are in charge of the display, are inviting everyone to look it over.

There is no doubt but what Gotch was the greatest professional wrestler of all time. He won his first bout on April 2, 1899 when he was 21 years old. In the years that followed Frank Gotch won over 200 bouts and he took of comers including Farmer Burns and the Zybsko brothers.

It was the match with Hackenschmidt in Chicago that brought Frank his greatest fame. Every newspaper in Chicago devoted the entire front page to the bout.

TALE OF THE TAPE

Here are the vital statistics on Frank Gotch, the greatest wrestler the world has ever known. These figures were released 50 years ago, Sept 11, 1911, when Gotch beat George Hackenschmidt to retain the world's wrestling title.

AGE—33
WEIGHT—196 pounds
HEIGHT—5 feet, 11 inches
REACH—73 inches
CHEST—45 inches
WAIST—34 inches
HIPS—42 inches
THIGH—22 inches
CALF—17½ inches
BICEPS—15 inches
FOREARM—14 inches
WRIST—7¾ inches
ANKLE—9 inches
NECK—18 inches

Gotch defeated Tom Jenkins the American Champion in 1905

He defeated Hackenschmidt for the World's Championship in 1908.

On Sept. 4, 1911 Labor Day, at Wrigley Field in Chicago before 36,000 fans, Gotch met and defeated George Hackenschmidt, defending his world's title. Frank proved with this victory that in the match three years before with Hackenschmidt, when Referee Smith awarded Gotch the championship, that the decision was justified, and after the Labor Day match the defeated challenger acknowledged that Gotch was the greatest wrestler of modern times.

Gotch won the first fall in 14 minutes and 18 seconds, the second fall in nine minutes and 45 seconds. As the fall was made an American flag was thrown over the Iowan's shoulders; he arose to receive the frenzied plaudits of the vast throng, all on their feet and cheering. The "Russian Lion" was no longer a contender and the world's wrestling championship remained in

America.

Then in 1913 upon his virtual retirement he returned to Humboldt; he had earlier formed an automobile agency partnership with Albert Wittman and later P. F. Saul. Then in June of that year, after the writer had been elected secretary of the county fair, he became closely associated with Gotch in the solicitation of funds for the new grounds and for the semi-centennial celebration.

In August, 1917, the writer accompanied B. H. Wilder, Mike Myles and Frank to Sac City to solicit concessions and harness horses for the coming fair. About two miles from our destination, Frank slumped over in the rear seat of the automobile. Byron speeded up to get to a doctor but, as we entered the city, Frank revived and later made the rounds signing up many horses, for Frank was popular with everyone.

On the return trip that evening he was drowsy and slept most of the way. That day marked the beginning of the end for in December he died in his home at the age of 40, a terrific loss to the state and especially to Humboldt.

His mausoleum in Union cemetery and the Gotch State park will perpetuate his memory for generations yet unborn.

"THE FORKS" 1946

The author, in writing this history of Humboldt County, in the second chapter credited Humboldt Township with the first settler or Indian trader, one Henry Lott, and this fact was confirmed by the only two available histories of the county. However, there now comes to the author's attention very important new historical information. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. W. Garfield of Humboldt, a careful student of our early history, I now have a copy of "The Iowa Journal of History and Politics" published by the State Historical Society of Iowa of the issue July, 1916, which contains a brief but authentic reference to an early settlement in what is now Beaver Township, under the heading "Episodes in the Early History of the Des Moines Valley" written by Jacob Vander Zee of the University of Iowa. This article is based on Senate Documents 19th Congress and other material from the Congressional Library. We quote from page 344 as follows: "In the fall of 1825 Andre St. Amond and Jean Baptiste Caron secured licenses to carry on trade at the Dirt Lodge and Flint Hills, while Joseph Montraville and Joseph Laframboise got permits to set up a post at "Fort Confederation, on the Second Forks of the Des Moines River" for trade with the Yankton Sioux. This "Fort," probably just a temporary stockade, doubtless stood at the junction of the upper branches of the Desonies in the present Humboldt county. The region had no doubt been much frequented for several years." On page 345-quote "Joseph Laframboise met the hunters of the Yankton Sioux" at the second fork" of the Des Moines from 1825 to 1827, part of the time in competition with Wright Prescott. Laframboise resumed his trade on the Upper Des

Moines during the years 1829 to 1831, and took out a license again in 1833 and 1834 for trade upon "Crooked River near Des Moines," while Alexander Fairbault was stationed at the upper forks."

The locations mentioned might be explained to the reader as follows: Dirt Lodge was located in Southeast Iowa on the Des Moines river. Flint Hills referred to what is now the present site of Burlington, and the "First Fork" or the fork of the "Crooked Des Moines" is the present site of the city of Des Moines at the junction of the Des Moines and Racoon rivers. Of course the "Second Fork" referred to is the junction of the East and West branches of the Des Moines, about three miles south of Dakota City in Beaver township.

Thus, for a period of probably nine years French traders with government licenses to trade with the Indians had their headquarters at the Forks in Beaver township. Some of the descendants of our early settlers of the 1850's have handed down by word of mouth tales that some remains of a fort were still in existence in the 50's, but the knowledge of it no doubt seemed trivial to the settlers of those years, and they left no written record of its existence.

The above newly discovered facts, together with many evidences of Indian battles fought near the forks, marks this area as the county's most historic site. The most notable discovery of evidences of battle was made by Hiram Lane, pioneer 1865, and in recent years many Indian skeletons and skulls were unearthed by the drag line, while excavating for gravel.

This historic point or tract, consisting of some seventy-six acres, is now owned by the state. The State Conservation Commission has erected a few signs and built a rough road running east into the area from the Cement Products Plant. The author, with many other students of Humboldt County history, hopes and expects that the state will develop this historic and attractive point, build an improved road, and some day dedicate a small but beautiful park. They may perhaps, in addition, erect a tablet to commemorate its early French and Indian history, the birth of Frank Gotch nearby, and the fact that the Honorable Jonathon P. Dolliver spent many summer days fishing in this vicinity.

February 23, 1949.

Public Lands and Buildings.

H.J.R.9

By DeGROOTE, NELSON
SCHWENGEL and SIEFKAS.

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION

A Joint Resolution relating to the naming of certain land belonging to the state of Iowa.

WHEREAS, the state of Iowa acquired in 1942, and is in possession of, the following described tract of land; all of Government Lot 8; and all that part of Government Lot 7; and all that part of the northwest quarter of the

southwest quarter of section 19, township 91, range 28, west of the fifth P.M. in Humboldt County, Iowa; said tract being more specifically described as located in Beaver township, Humboldt County, Iowa, at the confluence of the east branch of the Des Moines river and the west branch of the Des Moines river, and comprises approximately seventy-six (76) acres, and

WHEREAS, this tract of land is historically known as the Upper Forks of the Des Moines river, and

WHEREAS, in 1826 French traders were granted a government permit to set up a post known as "Fort Confederation" upon this tract of land for the purpose of trading with the Yankton Sioux Indians; thus this post or fort was one of the three earliest government trading posts established in Iowa. It was the scene of many Indian battles and is of special state historical significance, and

WHEREAS, this land or part was the favorite summer vacation spot for the late Senator Jonathon P. Dolliver who loved to here relax and fish, and

WHEREAS, at the close of the Civil War, Frederick Gotch established a homestead just across the river from this state land, and there on this farm in 1877 Frank A. Gotch was born, and in 1911 became the champion wrestler of the world; in his boyhood and young manhood this park was his favorite fishing and hunting ground. Gotch's name and fame were not only national but international. His life was one of high ideals, and a worthy example for all of the people of the state of Iowa. He was a true sportsman, fisherman, hunter and conservationist of wild life, and

WHEREAS, he lived in Humboldt county, state of Iowa, all of his life, died there in 1917 and his beautiful mausoleum in Union Cemetery in Humboldt is annually visited by hundreds of people from every state in the Union, the state of Iowa should be proud to perpetuate his memory by the naming of this park in his honor, and Humboldt county at its own cost will erect a suitable plaque in this park in his memory, and also erect other appropriate historical markers of interest.

NOW THEREFORE

Be It Enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa:

Section 1. That certain land acquired by the state of Iowa in 1942 and presently used for state park purposes and described as all of government Lot 8; and that part of lot seven (7) and all that part of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section nineteen (19), township ninety-one (91), range twenty-eight (28) west of the fifth prime meridian in Humboldt County, Iowa, is hereby designated as Frank A. Gotch State Park as a memorial in commemoration of the name, deed and fame of Frank A. Gotch.

Section 2. That the said Iowa state conservation commission shall file with the secretary of state a description of the said park property and a plat thereof so designating said park as the Frank A. Gotch State Park.

Section 3. That the said Iowa state conservation commission shall so record the name of said park, as herein described, upon their records and

said name shall hereafter be the official name and title of the said herein described park.

Section 4. That the said Humboldt county, Iowa, at its own cost shall erect a suitable plaque in this park in his memory, and other appropriate historical markers.

Among the sponsors of this resolution were three able members of the House, Fred Schwengel of Davenport, present Iowa Congressman, Lum Nelson of Sioux City, Attorney, and Henry Siefken, farmer and Gotch admirer of Clark County.

We had the support of the late Governor Wm. S. Beardsley from the start and the bitter opposition of the late Bruce F. Stiles, director of the Iowa Conservation Commission. He stated in effect he had no objection to Frank Gotch as a citizen and a man but because of his vocation. He was against the naming of a State Park for an athlete, whether he was a Champion Wrestler, prize fighter or football hero. All State Parks had been named for noted pioneers, statesmen, naturalists, historical cities or Indian names; he suggested that we name the park in honor of Steven H. Taft with whose name he was familiar.

After passage in the House with no opposition, Mr. Stiles' influence appeared in the Senate Committee. The late Senator J. F. Miller was having trouble in this committee as three out of some ten members were preventing favorable passage. The sponsors appealed to the Governor for help and received it. The Governor thought an elected head of State should wield more power than an appointed official (by the Governor) and Mr. Stiles had played his last trump. The next morning, in the waning days of the session, the resolution reached the floor of the Senate and sailed through without opposition.

Such is politics in the State House and in Congress.

At the suggestion of the Governor, no request was made for State Aid, due to meagre appropriations for the maintenance of the already large number of State Parks; however in view of the marvelous achievements of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, an application in the near future, would not be out of place, to further improve this historic area.

FRANK A. GOTCH MEMORIAL IS NOW A RECREATION AREA

By Jack Norstad

1952

HUMBOLDT—Adopting a 76-acre state park is no small undertaking, but the 80-member Humboldt and Dakota City Junior Chamber of Commerce has done just that, and, so far, the members are doing a bang up job of civilizing their unruly infant.

When Frank A. Gotch state park was established in April, 1949, by a joint resolution of the Iowa general assembly, it was an uncleared nearly

impenetrable 76-acre tract of land located some three miles south of Humboldt at the junction of the east and west forks of the Des Moines river.

The area, a memorial to one of Iowa and Humboldt county's most famous sons, World Champion Wrestler Frank A. Gotch, remained a park in name only until this year. Then, early this spring, the recently organized Humboldt and Dakota City Junior Chamber of Commerce asked and got permission from the state conservation commission to manage and improve the park.

In the short time since the adoption, "a small miracle", compounded of initiative, organization and plain hard work, has transformed the wilderness of dense undergrowth, dead trees and rutted, impassable roads into a favorite picnic site for hundreds of northwest Iowans.

The job is far from completed—in fact, the Jaycees' lease runs for 10 years, and they have goals for each one of those years—but if what has been accomplished so far is any indication, the park should some day be one of Iowa's finest recreational areas.

Accomplishments

The Junior Chamber's accomplishments this year include widening and improving the road into and through the park, building and painting an attractive hanging sign at the entrance to the park, clearing out a number of picnic sites, constructing sturdy picnic tables and concrete base fireplaces for these sites, erecting playground equipment for the youngsters, and arranging with the Humboldt county board of supervisors for a suitable memorial plaque to Frank Gotch which will be permanently installed at the point of land where the two branches of the Des Moines river come together. They are also ready to begin drilling a well for the park in the near future.

The members of the J.C.C., headed in the project by President Charles Foote, Park Committee Chairman Paul Clay and Co-chairman Ron Hansen, were not alone in getting the job done. Help and cooperation has come from the county board of supervisors in the form of road machines, from local business and industries, and some in nearby towns, which have contributed machines and materials, and from civic and patriotic organizations in the form of cash donations.

The J.C.'s themselves have raised money for the project in a number of ways, including a paper drive and a refreshment stand at the fairgrounds on the Fourth of July.

Tasks

In spite of the machines, however, a good deal of the work has had to be done by hand, and a good share of the members can be found there on Sundays, holidays and weekday evenings hard at the disagreeable tasks of raking, chopping, shoveling and spraying, and the more agreeable ones of building picnic tables, installing fireplaces and putting up playground equipment.

While making the park useable, however, the J.C.'s have been careful to destroy none of the natural beauty of the site, a large part of the charm of which lies in its natural and unspoiled ruggedness.

The park is roughly triangular in shape, lying between the east and west branches of the Des Moines river and known historically as the Upper Forks.

Note: Since this was written many more improvements have been made including the Gotch memorial and \$6,000 shelter house has been built.

Personal reminiscences of Frank Gotch taken from part of the address delivered by the author at the dedication of the Frank A. Gotch State Park on September 26, 1954.

The speaker, as a schoolboy, first remembers Frank when he was 16 or 17 years old. His family traded at my father's store and I recall Frank as a round-faced smiling youth with broad shoulders—a handsome boy. He was hard to fit with a suit or coat and John Tour, the tailor, did a fair job in fitting him out in his first suit, a blue serge \$10 suit on sale at \$8.50. The brothers, George, Charlie and Fred, were older and each powerfully built. Fred especially was big and strong and could out-pull most of the threshing gang men on the hickory stick with one hand. Fred, however, was awkward and had none of the assets of an athlete.

The speaker attended Frank's first match (admission 25 cents) in the old Russell Opera House in 1899 when he defeated Green, the husky chicken-picker. Green stepped on the mat attired in green trunks and Frank in a pair of overalls, which he allowed the boys to cut off at the knees.

Then in 1900, 1901 and 1902, Frank was in training at Button's "gym" when home, and often after 4 o'clock came up to the high school practice field and took part in football in the fall and track in the spring. He held the football in one hand and, with his speed and 200 pounds of brawn, ran through everyone, and if one tried to tackle him, the brave but unfortunate victim found himself sprawled helplessly on the ground.

In early 1905 Frank arrived in Minneapolis to wrestle Henry Ordeman, a local heavyweight and state champion. George Bicknell and the writer, who were attending the University of Minnesota, saw the posters of the match at the college smoke house and, hearing Frank was at the Nicollet Hotel, hastened downtown and, after a half-hour wait in the lobby, Frank and two of his trainers came in. The boys hurried to shake hands, and as always, hometown boys or men were cordially greeted. We were invited to dinner, provided tickets for the match and visited after the match.

Then from 1905 to 1911 Frank was in intense training and was often away from home for a considerable time.

The influence of the public press in America is now, and for one-hundred and fifty years has been foremost and profound. The best class of newspapers and magazines encourage religion, temperance, education, and morality. They are free and independent, are friends of good government and are guardians of the people's best interests. They help to shape public opinion on all issues of the day and they inform the people speedily of events throughout the world. The Humboldt County press, likewise, fosters education, religion, and morality; presents the local news, notices, bank statements, court house and city hall and school statistics, encourages industry and business, and protects and advocates needed reforms and improvements. It is the written mouthpiece of the every day doings of the people of our county and each issue records the moving and current history of the county—each issue preserved by the enterprize for the future use of historians.

The first newspaper of Humboldt County was the Moccasin, a manuscript sheet, and was circulated among the settlers. It was edited by M. D. Collins at Sumner in Delana township in 1856, but expired the next year.

The Humboldt County True Democrat, a weekly paper, edited by S. H. Taft, was established in 1866. In 1869 the paper was renamed the Republican and a new press was purchased. In 1869 the paper was sold to J. N. Weaver who in turn sold back to Taft in 1872. During Mr. Taft's absence in the East, A. M. Adams edited the paper followed by Frederick H. Taft. The paper was now known as the Humboldt Kosmos. In 1874, F. H. Taft, then 17 years of age, became editor and manager, and he continued in this capacity until 1882 when the paper was sold in turn to Bissell and Kenyon and to J. B. Swinborne. April 1, 1893, the paper was sold to Frank Jaqua, owner and editor of the Republican and was incorporated with that paper under the name of Humboldt County Republican.

The Humboldt County Independent was established at Dakota City, 1860, its equipment of a few cases of type and an old Washington iron hand press was brought from Fort Dodge by an ox team. The paper shortly was discontinued, but revived again in 1863, and in 1874, passed into the hands of A. M. Adams, who edited the paper until his death at which time the late A. E. Minion became owner and editor. This paper, in 1929, was sold to the Jaqua interests of the Humboldt Republican who still publish the paper under the same name each week on Saturday and the Humboldt Republican on Thursday.

Editor Frank Jaqua was the dean of all Humboldt County editors, having published the Humboldt Republican for fifty five years. He was also the most noted and one of the State's ablest editorial writers, and upon his death, the newspapers of the State editorialized upon the loss of one so gifted in the art of journalism. The two sons, Lawrence, as editor, and Franklin, as business manager, and Franklin's son, John, as a partner, carry on the publications



Editor Frank Jaqua

of the Republican and Independent in the same efficient maner as their famous Father and Grandfather; their editorials are well written and reflect the same fearlessness of expression which made Frank Jaqua one of Iowa's great editors.

For seventy years, the Jaqua interests have on many occasions printed special editions to celebrate some historic or other notable event. In June, 1963, upon the occasion of our 100th birthday, the most comprehensive of them all will be published. They expect it will contain close to 100 pages, perhaps many more of pictures and events.

John Hopkins, in the early 1900's came down from Bradgate and published the Herald Democrat for several years. John was an able editor of the old school, and his sharp and spicy comments on politics and the State of the Union drew many a laugh.

The writer had the high honor of delivering the address upon the occasion of Frank Jaqua's fifty years as a Humboldt newspaperman. The Chamber of Commerce sponsored the banquet in the Legion building which was attended by a large and enthusiastic crowd. The date was May 10, 1943.

The following conclusion is taken from that address:

I have reviewed very briefly what to me are the outstanding lights of Frank Jaqua's fifty years in Humboldt; fifty years of outstanding service to his community; a hundred interesting details have been omitted.

I have known him well thirty years—first, when I was Secretary of the Fair, 1913 to 1917; second, as a home neighbor, 1917 to 1920; and thirdly, as a business neighbor, 1937 to the present.

What I have said here tonight has not been meant to embarrass our honored member of this club, nor to flatter, nor to eulogize unduly, nor to "spread it on" as it were, but every word I have said comes sincerely from the heart. I told the committee, Roy Worthington and Wayne Franke, when

they asked me to speak on this occasion, other members, perhaps, could speak more eloquently and more practiced, but I would bow to no man in this club nor in this city for genuine affection and deep admiration for Frank Jaqua, the editor, and Frank Jaqua, the man; writer, traveler, philosopher, hunter, lover of out-door sports; distinguished citizen, rare combination of wisdom, breadth of mind, practical judgment, fidelity to principal, and diversity of interests.

Frank Jaqua's hard work is over now, as it should be for a man in the twilight of seventy-three years of strenuous life. In my mind's eye I can see him alone in the library of his comfortable home in the evening—his eyes closed in reverie—sweet memories co-mingled with the sad, flitting back to him. And as he lives his life again in retrospect, he must know he has been true to himself and to his family, honorable, generous, modest, considerate, loving and above all, greater than all else in the world, he must know he has practiced and lived those sacred moral precepts which the master taught, two thousand years ago.

And now I ask the members of this club to stand with me as I present to Frank Jaqua this plaque—representing a life membership in the Commercial Club of Humboldt and Dakota City, and the honor Mr. Jaqua, is all ours.

—Oliver DeGroote.

Frank Jaqua died in Mercy hospital in Fort Dodge at 7 a.m. Monday, April 5, 1948, after suffering a cerebral hemorrhage at his home April 4. He became unconscious immediately after the attack and did not regain consciousness. The writer had the honor of delivering the eulogy at his funeral at the Congregational church here April 7th, 1948. The following paragraphs are a part of the author's remarks:

To the family of Frank Jaqua and friends: all of our hearts were full when we were informed Monday morning of the passing of our fellow citizen, Frank Jaqua.

I have known him since I was a school boy; he was a business neighbor, a political adviser, a loyal friend, and our families were close neighbors for several years; therefore it is entirely fitting and proper that I speak briefly in eulogy of this great man. An adequate tribute to and history of the life and work of Frank Jaqua would demand the writing of a large volume.

George Bicknell and I one evening last week spent a pleasant and profitable two hours with him in the study of his home, where he loved to pass the evenings in conversation, or study and reflection.

That was the last time I saw Frank Jaqua and though he was slowly recovering from his first illness, as the conversation drifted to his early days in Humboldt, the old enthusiasm and vitality returned

to him. That superb gift of expression was at its best and his brilliant mind functioned flawlessly.

As we reluctantly prepared to leave, Frank came to the porch with us; a smile lighted his features and he said in substance, "Well, boys, the people have been pretty good to me and I would like to live a few years more if my health remained fairly good. You know my father lived to a ripe old age, and I might, too, but if I am called, I am ready; I have lived a good long life and if my life here has accomplished some small good for my community, I have no fears nor apologies in contemplation of the end." George and I shall always remember that last delightful evening, the smile and the parting handshake.

His was the philosophy of optimism and good will.

Of the many honors and tributes accorded Frank, I believe he was proudest of the master editor award, the highest state honor of his profession.

He derived enjoyment from a diversity of interests. He lived a strenuous and a full life. History will record his part in the growth of this community and his influence in the affairs of his beloved little city.

"Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand."

THE NEW CENTURY

Items from 1900 edition Humboldt Republican
May 10th

High School Notes

Pauline Ward had a cousin from California who is visiting her, at school Thursday.

Some of the classes had drops Thursday.

Everybody is now for a hard month's study and examination.

We were very sorry indeed to hear that Miss Grice is going to leave us. She will teach next fall in Fairfield, Iowa, where we hope she will have as good success as she has had here. Miss Grice is all right and will be missed by all of us.

Miss Glandyke, of Washington county, came up to visit the High School Tuesday. She is an applicant for assistant principal in H.H.S.

The Seniors have chosen their motto. It is very pretty.

Pearl Stanbra was not at school, Tuesday.

The members of the Senior class received copies of the Cornell College Bulletin for May 1900.

Mr. Messer visited us Tuesday morning. We were very glad to see him.

The Senior geometry class experienced the rare treat of taking a drop, Saturday.

The Juniors have completed the work in Tennyson's "Princess" and are studying about the American authors.

The Seniors are very busy getting ready for Commencement these days.

The chemistry classes finished the chapter on chlorine this week. They had no accidents but some very successful experiments.

Livermore

Mrs. Bordwell died Sunday night of old age, being 104 years and one month old. The funeral occurred at the Baptist church Tuesday, and she was laid to rest in the Union cemetery.

Mrs. Coleman went to Dolliver, Monday.

Editor Miller became so excited over a few mistakes in the Livermore correspondence, that he dated the Gazette three weeks ahead of time. He should not take himself so seriously.

The Italian string band of Fort Dodge, gave a concert on our streets Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Winkle returned from Iowa City without medical aid. Her sister is here attending her.

Wedding bells are expected to ring soon.

Humboldt

Several nights of late a set of worthless curs have worried G. Jaqua's stock that was left in the pasture. Sunday night they drove the team into the barbed wire, cutting both severely, and injuring one so it can not be used for

some time to come. Mr. Jaqua has sworn vengence upon all dogs found worrying his stock, and hereby serves notice that such will be killed at sight.

Weaver

Written for the Republican

Weaver, Iowa, May 9, 1900—Carl Himrod has purchased a new surrey. Tom Heather, of Rolfe, is putting up a new windmill for Mr. Harrison. Miss Myers is working at Mr. Millard's.

Miss Myrtle Breazeale spent Monday evening at Mr. Thompson's in Corinth.

Mrs. Millward is able to be up and is walking some now.

Mrs. Brooks is on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, of Unique, was in Weaver Monday.

Peter Long spent Monday at Mr. Millward's.

Grove

Written for the Republican

Grove, May 9, 1900—Tom Scott took in the show at Humboldt Saturday evening.

Mary Gibbons is working for Mr. Gordon in Beaver.

Mrs. Dalton, of Humboldt, spent Sunday at the Scott home.

Mr. Callagan sports a new surrey.

Mr. Callagan is a frequent caller at the Kolashe home.

Charley Shaw is breaking land on Mr. Dumphy's farm. Charley can do a fine job of breaking.

Charley Shaw will be floor manager this season for our entertainments.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION

At Livermore, Iowa, Saturday, May 19, 1900

PROGRAM

Forenoon

9:30—Music.

Paper—Reading—Miss Ina Stewart, Humboldt.

Discussion—Miss Lucy Pingrey, Livermore.

Paper—Decoration of School Property—Prin. W. A. Lester, Renwick.

Discussion—Miss Jennie Sinclair, Humboldt.

Afternoon

1:30—Music.

Paper—Libraries and their Use—Prin. W. H. Blakely, Livermore.

Discussion—Prof. A. D. Cromwell, Humboldt.

Music.

Paper—Elementary Grammar—Prin. N. Horton, Bode.

Discussion—Miss Minnie Nickols, Humboldt.

Each paper will be open for general discussion. Come prepared to take part and then the meeting will be a success.

Per Order of Program Committee.

Lou Buttons' gymnasium 1901 to 1903

No high school teen-age boy will ever forget the gymnasium located on the second floor of the present building now owned and operated by the Lane Clothing Store. Lou Button had for several years conducted gymnastic classes in the Union Club of Chicago, but, having married a Humboldt girl, Emma Swain, they returned to Humboldt in about 1901 and organized a class of well over 100 school youths and businessmen.

Lou was a professional gymnast and a boxer and wrestler of considerable ability with a superb physique. The gym, as it was called, was well-equipped with punching bags, wrestling mat, horizontal horses, boxing gloves, weights, steel trapeze, Indian clubs and all other paraphernalia, which comprised a well-rounded gym.

The fee was \$10 for the winter term. Not only was Lou a competent instructor, but he was also an amateur psychologist and doctor. Our high school boys were trained in the manly sports and their bodies strengthened. Proper diet and long walks along the M & St. L. tracks in fall and winter were prescribed, especially for those who were not, perhaps, physically fit.

Frank Gotch, who had just had his first match in 1899, trained there and worked out on the mat with our heavier and older boys. In those early days Gotch often put on the gloves and he entertained a secret dream he might someday also become at least a near-champion prizefighter.

One evening in December, 1901, Frank enticed one of our oldest and heaviest classmates, Charlie Nelson, then a junior and a foremost member of our football team of 1901-1902, to put on the gloves with him. It was agreed that it would be just a little sparring match for practice with no hard blows struck.

All went well for two three-minute rounds, when Charlie, spying an opening, let fly a right which landed with considerable steam on Frank's nose. This was in the third round and Frank, stung by this upstart of 19 years, shot a speedy left to Charlie's chin. It hit the mark, his legs went out from under his athletic body and he sprawled on the canvas with his eyes closed. Lou rushed to Charlie and, revived him and he soon rose, a little wobbly and dazed but not seriously hurt.

Blinking, staggering a little, he quavered, "Frank, you hit me too hard—I will never box with you again." He never did.

Frank himself learned a few years later in Alaska, when he boxed one Garvin, that a champion wrestler may not have what it takes to become a champion prizefighter.

Button's gymnasium thrived for a few years and members of our great 1902 football team always attributed its success in part to Lou Button and the gym. Charlie Nelson, the son N. O. Nelson, the Corinth township farmer and former county treasurer, was rated as the best prep left end ever developed in northwest Iowa at that time.

A Peculiar Coincidence

A peculiar coincidence occurred in September, 1907, when the writer was on his way to north central North Dakota, the small town of Drake, just west of Valley City on the Sioux line as he was walking along the railroad platform he was spied by Charlie, then a mail clerk. Needless to say, after four years this was a grand reunion and the writer accompanied him to Portal on the Canadian line.

As of September, 1962, Charlie is now retired, still lives at Elk River, Minn., where he has been a prominent citizen and former sheriff of his county. In his occasional visits to Humboldt he fondly reminisces of the old football teams of 1901 and 1902, although only two are left in our city, George Bicknell and the writer. Of the 14 then on the team only five are left as of this date.

All oldtimers like to think the team of 1902 was the greatest in the history of the Humboldt High School. Several members were 19 to 21 years old. Age was not an eligibility problem in those days. We had no paid coach and we furnished our own football togs.

Harve Clark, the restaurant man, though never having played the game, was, like Bob Zuppke, later of the University of Illinois, a student of the game, and he had seen Humboldt College play several games. He, of course, was a part-time coach without pay. We defeated Algona there when they boasted of the fastest halfback in the state in one Evans, and a fullback with power by the name of Chuck McCollon.

In the first Fort Dodge game there with the score tied 6-6 near the end of the game, after we had slammed close to their goal, their Fort Dodge referee penalized us for an alleged infraction and Harve, after protesting the decision, was ordered off the field and he waved for the team to follow, which we did.

Later, on the home field, on or about Oct. 24, we defeated this same team 11-0. In those days Fort Dodge was a tough club to beat, having three or four times the number of boys out for football that Humboldt could muster. And when Hogan called "Guards right" we knew either Chutnik or Conway would come crashing through our line. It was in those days five yards in three tries, a bruising, crushing game with only an occasional end run and no forward passes, which were against the rules.

Conway afterwards starred at Notre Dame and Chutnik was three years later captain of the University of Minnesota football team. In those early years of the century Minnesota, Chicago and Michigan were the best in the West. The writer witnessed in November, 1903, the historical game played at Minneapolis, Minnesota vs. Michigan. Late in the game as the shadows were falling over old Northrup Field the immortal Willie Heston of Michigan, plunging on 16 straight plays for two or three yards at a crack, scored a touchdown. Goal was kicked, the score ended in a tie 6-6, probably the fiercest-fought game in the annals of college football.

For speed the team of 1902 had Claude Coyle, part time at left half, although Claude had already graduated, and Walt Langlois at right. We had a sturdy line with both of the ends, Charlie Nelson and Hal Tellier among the best.

Frank Lovrien was practically unstoppable with power and without fear. Ted Conner was our fullback and, like Frank, he had age, experience and football know-how, and when either tackled an opponent the collision was damaging to the other player. All the other boys were good, sound players. The writer, only 16 in 1901, played quarterback, called the signals and did all the kicking.

Our last game was with Emmetsburg on Thanksgiving Day, 1902, played on the old fairgrounds in a snowstorm, Humboldt winning 47-0.

The Grinnell Challenge and Spring Parties

On the evening of the last game Thanksgiving Day, 1902, and amid great pride in the success of the football team, which was rated as among the best in northwest Iowa, a senior member of the team conceived in his immature brain a horrid hoax.

He scribbled a note to his friend, Archie Wilder, then a student at Grinnell College, and instructed Archie to telegraph at once the quoted contents: "To Claude Coyle of Humboldt, acting manager of the football team and to sign the telegram "A. Ziegler, manager of the Grinnell high school team".

Next evening the telegram arrived purporting to be a challenge to the Humboldt team to play the Grinnell team, which had been rated as the best team south of Des Moines, upon any neutral gridiron agreed upon and mentioning that coach Warner of West Des Moines had spoken highly of the Humboldt team.

Next day the town was buzzing with excitement and the businessmen pledged an all-expense trip for the team wherever to be played. Professor Corey (C.S.) was urged to immediately call Ziegler by phone to arrange details as December weather was approaching and the game must be played soon.

That evening the professor placed the call for Manager Ziegler. He talked with him and received the mournful information that he (Ziegler) was the manager, but that he had sent no telegram and, further, that he was not interested in a post-season game with any team. The professor was in a quandry. Who had contrived to fashion this childish hoax?

He called a meeting of the team and, with lips quivering, as they always did when he was excited, demanded to know if any one or more members of the team, had concocted this hairbrained joke. For two or three minutes no one of the team spoke, though Frank Lovrien glanced slyly toward two of the boys. Finally the professor smiled and stated that the whole affair would be considered just a boy's prank and that no one of the team, and most of them were seniors, would be penalized in any way.

Then, timidly, the quarterback confessed his part in the affair. The cost,

an oyster stew for the entire team and the professor down at Harve Clark's restaurant, where a lot of good-natured ribbing was freely dispensed.

Now, who do you suppose the culprit was? Not Walt Langlois, whom Frank had suspected, but his second choice, Oliver DeGroote.

On December 10th the businessmen sponsored the big football banquet and this writer delivered his first public speech, the toast entitled, "The Grinnell Challenge".

If the reader thinks this episode was asinine, wait for another chapter.

Reminiscences of School Days

The autumn excitement faded into winter and brought with it its sports, occasional examinations in geometry and German, social parties, and only an infrequent match or glass marble was thrown on the schoolroom floor.

Spring came and with it the waning weeks of some of life's happiest days. Little did the classes of that year dream that only 16 years hence the beautiful stone high school building, once the "pride of the county", would be torn down in the guise of progress. As many of us watched the huge cranes and wrecking crews demolish the building, our eyes grew misty as fond memories seemed to fade away, but in our dreams we of today can never quite forget the memories of our happy high school days, in the stone building.

The Garden Parties

Now the lovely month of May has come and the weekend garden parties of the juniors are in full swing. First to entertain was Lula McFarland of Dakota City, a junior and daughter of an old pioneer. The boys drew cuts to see which of the girls each would accompany. The back lawn was beautiful with Chinese lanterns hung from the trees and beneath the soft moonlight all the games of the day were played. Drop-the-handkerchief, Ring-around-the-Rosy and for the boys Pom-Pom-Pullaway.

Later in the evening we were ushered into the parlor, banked with flowers in our class colors and there were two long tables in the dining room loaded with appetizing hors d'oeuvres, fish delicacies from Norway, *pâte defoie gras* from Sprague-Warner & Co. of Chicago, New York cheddar cheese and dainty wafers and other snacks, and always hot chocolate with marshmallows floating on the top.

Everyone stood, cafeteria style, each couple together. Then came the big fun, the customary talent game in vogue 60 or more years ago. Each guest was required to display his or her particular talent. One could sing or play the piano, fiddle or even play a Jew's harp or mouthorgan, or recite a poem from Longfellow or Whittier, or on occasion, one might even recite at least a part of Hamlet's "Soliloquy".

Several of the boys also danced a jig to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw", accompanied on the fiddle by musician Tom Herrick. As was usual among a group of boys, some scientifically-minded were too matured for such simple doings.

These two or three lagards were then dressed in Indian costume with

feathered war bonnets and very reluctantly performed an Indian war dance to the delighted shouts of the crowd.

The next activity of the evening, to which all looked forward, was the taffy pull. The cook had already brought out from the kitchen what had been an hour before steaming, boiling kettle of taffy. Then came the pull of the cooled elastic cane juice, and with buttered hands, the guests entered into the fun. They pulled the taffy until it became glossy, light-colored and hard, spread it in pans and broke it into pieces, a delectable confection.

It was now near midnight, but ere the guests departed, a few school songs must be sung. For the seniors, soon to part, the songs evoked a certain nostalgic sadness.

The favorite songs were "Men of Harlan", "The Marseilles", "The Princeton Tiger Song (The Orange and Black)", and "The Blue of Yale".

Our last big garden party took place May 21, 1903, in Livermore at the home of Grace Buell, a junior. The Chinese lanterns softly lit the lawn and the food was, as usual, superb. The evening was gay with music, games and the usual taffy pull. Mabel Chase was at the piano for a last bit of singing; the hostess was sitting in a chair and Clyde Coyle kneeled before her and in his tenor voice sang with tenderness and love, "Who says dearie to you, who calls you all his own?"

This was a last farewell for the seniors who would graduate next week. The reader of today or tomorrow may scoff at the simplicity of the entertainment. Those were the days of gentle Queen and Bess and the fringed surrey. Yet today some of us, now grown old, tremble when loads of our school kids, among them perhaps our grandchildren, after a banquet or party climb into a high-powered motor car just for a 20-mile spin on ribbons of cement.

RIVER TRIP

The return trip from Livermore was without incident until approaching the Haynes hill, when far in the distance southwest we saw faint flashes of lightning. We urged the teams to a trot and as we neared Humboldt, chain lightning flashed across the entire western sky. The wind rose and there were rumblings of thunder.

The girls were safely home before the storm broke just as we drove into the Haynes & Oestrich livery barn. The skies opened up with a veritable cloudburst. Heavy downpours continued intermittently until Monday noon May 25, when the sun broke through.

Meanwhile throughout the watershed of the Upper Des Moines, the waters of the rivers and creeks steadily rose and all day Monday crowds gathered on the bridge on First avenue south, where the water flowed almost even with the floor.

After school at about 4:15, three Humboldt high school senior boys shoved a small three-seat rowboat from the east bank near the old pop factory into the swift current. Many people standing on the bridge waved to the boys, who gleefully waved back.

With a few provisions from the grocery store loaded in the boat and with a few dollars between them, the perilous journey began. Each was an excellent swimmer, each a young athlete and fear never entered their minds.

The boys drifted and rowed and the current carried them past the forks of the river. At this point just in front of the boys suddenly loomed another rowboat occupied by three men. As the boys drew near, the boat either hit a submerged boulder or one of the men attempted to stand—all three were thrown into the raging river.

Two were good swimmers and young and reached the shore. They thought the other man was clinging to the boat, but he floundered helplessly in the water. He was older and couldn't swim very well. As the boat carrying the three boys rushed past, two of them jumped in and with great effort dragged the old man to shore.

After a time he was resuscitated and opened his eyes and said, "I didn't care for myself, but for my boy, Traverse." The man's name was D. W. Krouskup, at that time owner of Humboldt's oldest clothing store. The two younger men were Don Sterns, now living in Spirit Lake, Iowa, the other Lawrence Winne, who died on the west coast some years ago.

The two boats were finally brought together farther down the stream and, after a short rest, both parties continued downstream to Fort Dodge, where all arrived safely before dark. So thankful were the three older men they insisted on providing the boys with a good supper and paid their hotel lodging for the night.

The three businessmen returned to Humboldt next day on the train, but early that morning the schoolboys shoved off on their big trip to the Iowa State Track & Field meet to be held on Thursday afternoon at the State fairgrounds in Des Moines.

At times there was rain or fog or wind, but they made good time and that evening they were only a few miles north of Boonesboro. Often they saw, perhaps a quarter of a mile to the side a red wagon bridge which marked the main channel.

The boys in the twilight saw a faint light on the west bluff just ahead and made for the shore, where, at a small cabin door, they were met by a friendly old lady. A late supper was prepared for them and later blankets were spread on the kitchen floor for the night's lodging.

One other incident of their journey occurred as they arrived in Des Moines. They passed under the frame skeleton of a bridge under construction and had gone perhaps 50 yards downstream when the framework crashed into the river.

Suffice to say they pulled ashore near the flooded brickyards and shoved the boat over the slight riffle which marked the dam. Their river trip was over; it was 9 o'clock on Thursday morning. Locust Street was flooded, street cars idle and business was paralyzed throughout the City.

At 2 o'clock they caught a ride with a farmer who had been delivering produce to an East Des Moines grocery and arrived at the fairgrounds just

in time to see Swift of Iowa set a state record in the discus just short of 130 feet.

That evening the boys went down to the Chicago-Northwestern railroad yards, where they climbed on top a passenger coach of a train headed for Eagle Grove at about 10:30 P.M. — transportation free. The trip was uneventful except for the chill of early morning and the cinder pellets and grime common to such accommodations. They lay flat and clung to the smoke stack for warmth.

They arrived in Eagle Grove early in the morning, and fortunately for the boys, they met an old friend, J. H. Savage, a Letts-Fletcher wholesale grocery runner, at the big depot and hotel. He bought the boys' breakfast and three tickets to Dakota City, which the boys regarded as a loan.

They boarded the west flyer and arrived at Dakota City at 8:15. Needless to say, after a hasty clean-up, the boys took their seats in the schoolroom at 9 o'clock with grave misgivings, for perhaps their graduation hung in the balance. Professor C. S. Corey with trembling lips called the three brave boys into his office, where their outward calm concealed inner anxiety.

The usual lecture occurred, after which the decision was rendered. Because of passing grades and the fact that all their tests except German had been taken the previous week, they would be allowed to graduate upon passing the German test which they were to take at 10 o'clock that morning.

Two of them passed the test, the third refused to take it. Two of them delivered their orations that evening on the stage of the Russell Opera House, one entitled "The American Soldier", the other "The Lever of Archimedes", and received their coveted diplomas.

Now who do you suppose those foolish boys were? The answer, Oscar Todnem, E. G. (Ted) Connor and Oliver DeGroote. Later Oscar graduated from Ames college as a mining engineer and Ted from the University of Iowa, also as a mining engineer. Each became prominent in their profession in Arizona and California, and one's failure to receive his high school diploma in those days was no barrier to college entrance.

Many details of the river trip have been omitted in this brief but true story of a hazardous and foolhardy venture of 60 years ago, partly because of considerable publicity attending the episode at the time, making its details familiar to oldtimers, and partly because it was the subject of a very detailed college freshman composition written by the author.

His anticipated masterpiece was duly returned by Professor Ada Comstock, who was a brilliant but a brutal critic. At the top of this literary effort she blue-penciled in big bold letters just one word "Periphrasis". The writer rushed to a dictionary in anticipation of finding a complimentary definition of this word, but was greatly humiliated to find the dictionary said it meant "the art of saying little in many words".

On June 26, 1907, one of the outstanding baseball games of Humboldt County was played between the towns of Gilmore City and Humboldt. The following is the box score of this classical and historic game.

THE BOX SCORE

June 26, 1907

HUMBOLDT — 1						GILMORE CITY — 0					
AB	R	H	E			AB	R	H	E		
C. McFarland, ss	9	0	0	2		F. Maher, cf	9	0	0	1	
B. Wilder, lf	9	0	1	0		L. L. Maher, 3b	9	0	2	3	
A. Wilder 1b	9	1	1	1		R. Gregg, lf	9	0	0	1	
D. Sterns, 2b	9	0	1	2		Mulholland, 2b	9	0	1	2	
Bob Sringer, cf	9	0	1	0		Long, ss	9	0	1	2	
C. Foster, c	9	0	0	1		O. Benoit, rf	9	0	2	0	
L. McGinnis, 3b	8	0	2	0		M. Higgins, c	8	0	1	0	
L. Smith, rf	8	0	1	0		C. Schissel, 1b	8	0	0	2	
D. Oxborrow, p	8	0	0	1		Will Brown, p	8	0	0	2	
TOTALS	78	1	7	7		TOTALS	78	0	7	13	

Score by Innings

Humboldt	R	H	E
	1	7	7
000 000 000 000 000 000	001—		

Score by Innings

Gilmore City	R	H	E
	0	7	13
000 000 000 000 000 000	000—		

D. Oxborrow and C. Foster; Will Brown and M. Higgins.

The annual celebration of this game has been held for years on the spacious and pleasant porch of the late D. T. Oxborrow and his wife Alma. The affair has been attended by old friends and surviving players of the game. It has been an occasion for reminiscences and good natured banter. Coffee, ice cream, and cake, contributed by Clayton Foster of Humboldt, catcher, and Bill Brown, pitcher for Gilmore City, have always been served. Clayt and Bill are surely two of the liveliest old roosters in the county.

This historic game was a pitchers' dual between the late Don Oxborrow, and Bill Brown. The press reports of the game credit Oxborrow with thirty-seven strikeouts and Brown nearly as many and each pitcher allowed seven hits. Foster, for seventy-five years a baseball statistician, claims this game played for twenty and 1/3 innings without a score and by the same pitchers, has no equal in major, minor or sand lot baseball, and Clayt has the records to prove it.

The story of this game had its humor — yet also its tragedy for Gilmore City players and fans. The writer, in attendance at the last meeting on June 26, 1962, in a confidential huddle with Clayt and Bill, elicited the following true and to date only published correct account of those last climatic innings. The following is the resumé of their story: At five o'clock on the afternoon of June, 1907, word was received by Mason Shepard that the game was in the eighth inning, that no score had been made, and that the way both pitchers were striking 'em out, the game might last half the night. Mason spread the word. He peddled over to Gilmore City, others left by team and surrey, and and some went on horseback. Bert White and Frank Gotch, then the Amer-

ican champion, hopped into Frank's chugging "Steamer" and arrived first on the scene of battle. The game was then in the late innings, and the sun on this long June day was still shining brightly but lowering over the western prairie.

The two mingled with the crowd, offered the home-town fans choice of small or large money bills, but there were only a few takers, those choosing to cover some of the smaller denominations of folding money. Between innings they urged the Humboldt batters to lose that ball in a distant pasture, but even a champion's pleading couldn't evoke a spark. Harve Clark of Humboldt was the umpire. He was either a coach or manager of the team or an umpire of most every ball game played in these parts. Between the nineteenth and twentieth inning, Harve came in for a drink of water, hot, tired and perspiring. An unidentified person had tossed a bottle of some kind of liquor into Frank's car as they left for the game, and at the ball park someone had retrieved the unopened bottle and handed it to Frank. Harve, standing in a circle of friends, spied the label "Old Crow" and begged for just a jigger. The bottle was quickly opened and with his back to the crowd, the tired and thirsty umpire downed a couple of oversized swallows.

The game proceeded. Frank coaching on sideline of first base and Bert on third — No Score. The umpire called the twenty-first inning — Humboldt's bat. Arch Wilder led off—batted a hot one to short, slid into first and was safe. He stole second with one out — the next batter sent a feeble roller toward the pitcher — Bill fielded it — fired to third and Arch slid in. Now, after fifty-six years, Clayt and Bill both agree that Arch was out by six feet, Harve, weary and worn out, called him safe. The home fans roared in protest, but the game went on. Arch was on third — now two men were out. Arch led off twenty feet from the bag and in desperation as Max Higgins slowly tossed the ball back to pitcher Bill, he made his dash for home and again the old rivals agree that Arch was out by eight feet. The umpire again called Arch safe. The score at the end of the half was Humboldt 1 and Gilmore City 0. After a near riot quiet was restored. Gilmore came to bat and was retired in order. Twilight was fading — Humboldt had won, and a small amount of loot was transferred to the pockets of visiting fans.

Throughout the years since the game was played no one has been quite sure whether Harve's exhaustion, after six hot hours on the field, had affected his vision, or whether Frank and Bert had dealt the cards.

THE HUMBOLDT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

A BRIEF HISTORY

The Humboldt Congregational Church, founded in 1871, came into being over differences with the "Union Church" which were both matters of theology and policy. According to Miss Ida Shellenberger, a former historian:

"In the summer of 1871, a goodly number of those who had chosen Springvale and its vicinity for their future home found that the unorganized church calling itself a Union Church could never become a home church for them; for, while they preached every Sunday at this church, they did not preach what many call the Gospel, yet desired those of different views to believe and support it as they did. Those who were evangelical in faith could not do this and therefore concluded to hold meetings by themselves".

(Note: An unorganized church was one which brought itself into being without the guidance, blessing or formal relations with other churches.)

During the summer of 1871, contact was made with the home missionary pastor of the Congregational Church of Fort Dodge, Rev. W. A. Patton, and he agreed to conduct services each Sabbath afternoon. The exact date of the first such service is not known, but it was during the month of August and was held in the lower room of the schoolhouse in Springvale.

Following this first service, a committee of five was appointed to solicit potential members for financial support. The committee was D. L. Willey, S. G. Blanchard, H. S. Cadett, John Weaver and S. W. Winne. Five hundred dollars was secured in cash and subscriptions, and twenty persons indicated willingness to join the new church.

The Rev. Mr. Patton continued as supply pastor, and the services were held in the old Russell Hall, probably the theater portion of the old Russell House where the Humboldt Hotel now stands.

The formal founding and organization of the First Congregational Church and Society of Springvale occurred on September 27, 1871. Letters were sent on September 15 to all Congregational churches in the area calling a "Church Council" to meet in Springvale. The call read:

"Dear Brethren: The Great Head of the Church, having inclined a number of believers here to think that it is our duty to become associated as a Congregational Church, we respectfully request you, by your pastor and delegate, to meet in council at Judge Dickey's of this place on the 27th of September, 1871, at nine o'clock in the forenoon to consider the expediency of the course proposed by us and advise us in reference thereto; also to assist in the public service appropriate to its formation and recognition".

On September 27, the following churches and persons were present: Rev. C. Taylor of Algona, Rev. W. A. Patton, Deacon C. H. Payne and D. Wirt of Fort Dodge, L. A. Conklin and G. R. Ransom of Webster City, and Rev. C. F. Boyne-

ton of Eldora.

After due deliberation, this Council of September 27 recognized the First Congregational Church and Society of Springvale and gave the Right Hand of Christian Fellowship, symbolic of this recognition and unity. In addition, two deacons were ordained for life. They were Judge John Dickey, Sr. and S. G. Blanchard, Jr.

(Note: The ordination of deacons was common on the frontier when ordained pastors could not always be available. They could conduct worship and preach the Gospel but were not powered to administer the Sacrament. This custom is no longer used by Congregational churches.)

There were twenty-three charter members of the newly formed church. They were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Amadon, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Blanchard Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Joiner, Miss Abigail Blanchard, Mr. W. M. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Webber, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Safford, Mrs. D. L. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. G. Webber, Judge and Mrs. John Dickey, Mrs. H. S. Cadett; Mrs. Robert Jones, Mrs. Frances Dean and Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Fuller.

On October 25, the membership appointed five trustees who were to draw lots to determine their length of office. This was done at the meeting on December 12 with the following results: Dr. C. Harran and T. D. Safford, trustees for one year; Lorenzo Webber and H. L. Joiner, two years; and D. L. Willey, three years.

(Note: D. L. Willey was not listed as a member and may not have been one, but under the old system of Church and Society could be a trustee, for they were selected from those who supported the church financially. Some persons participated in the work, worship and activities of the church but did not join for personal reasons — probably membership in another denomination which they did not want to change. These persons were listed as members of the Society and could not hold office other than that of trustee. This Church-Society type of organization is seldom, if ever, found among Congregational churches today.)

The first resident pastor was called to Springvale on November 19, 1871. He was the Rev. Alexander Parker and came with a salary of \$800.00 a year and parsonage. The notation was made that "he was a Scotchman of high Christian character. We found in him and his noble wife just the leadership we needed." The Parkers remained until May 14, 1876.

As before noted, the church met in the Russell Hall. Regular worship was held on Sunday morning with church school in the afternoon. At first, prayer meeting was held on Saturday afternoon, but, after a short time, this was changed to Thursday evening, though, on Saturdays before Holy Communion, a lecture was given in preparation for the Sacrament.

In early 1872, the pastor was instructed by the church to present credentials for membership in the Northwestern Association of Congregational Churches to be held in Alden on February 15, 1872. The church has continued its association, first through the Northwestern Association, then through

the Webster City Association when the State Conference redivided the associations, and, on January 1, 1963, it will become a member of the new North Central Association of the United Church of Christ.

Shortly after organization, Rev. Mr. Parker and Deacon John Dickey were chosen as a building committee to find a suitable lot for purchase and to plan a building to place on it. In March of 1872, a lot was purchased from Samuel Hart on the corner of Gerit Smith Avenue and Wadsworth Street (now Taft Street and Second Avenue North.) Details of the purchase are not given, but the stone was quarried out of the lot for building the basement, but the lumber and other materials were hauled from Fort Dodge and Algona by wagon as there was no railroad in Springvale. The church was completed and dedicated in July, 1873. The frame building was about 30' by 50' and 16' to eaves. The foundation was of undressed stone about 6' above the ground. Openings in the basement were boarded up for future windows. Entrance was on the west through a small vestibule with steeple above. On each side of the center pulpit was a chimney as the church was heated by two soft coal burners. In a note scratched out by a former historian but still legible was this sentence: "I often used to wonder if language unseemly in the House of the Lord was ever used when it was necessary to put up these pipes after cleaning."

The new structure, according to historical Shellenberger, "was not a handsome church, but we were glad to have a church home whose worshippers loved and honored Christ, and it seemed very good to us." This structure is still in existence and is used, rebuilt, as the parsonage just south of the present church. In 1902, it was moved to the present location, and, when the new church was dedicated and put to use in 1904, it was rebuilt for the parsonage.

Excavation for the new building began in the fall of 1902, and the cornerstone was laid in 1903. It took a year to complete, and the building was made of stone hand hewn by the Mayer Brothers, who did the mason work. There was considerable delay over the windows, but the church was dedicated April 3, 1904. The original plans called for \$8,000.00, but, when completed, the cost was \$14,000.00. The additional money was raised at the service of dedication.

A regular choir was organized under the direction of Prof. McLeod, and choir meetings were held every Saturday evening. The date of this was probably in the middle of the 1880's. Although there is no record as to how long Prof. McLeod stayed, most of the directors have enjoyed longevity. Mr. Jerome Spayde was chorister from 1900 to 1910. Miss Nellie Pinney served as organist from 1900 to 1911. From 1910 to 1919, there were various choir leaders—Mrs. T. G. Ferreby, Mrs. W. C. Strong and Miss Maud King. Mrs. Ferreby and Mrs. Strong also were organists. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cook began as chorister and organist in 1919 and served until 1938. The original chimes were installed in 1928 by Mrs. Mida French Doan in memory of her husband, Dr. Henry Clay Doan. These chimes are still in use. A pipe organ was installed in the sanctuary in 1914 and remained until Easter, 1961, when

a new Reuter organ was used for the first time. Fire damaged the church on December 17, 1932, and worship was conducted in the Unitarian Church until April 11, 1933. The organ was reassembled after this fire.

The picture "Christ Blessing the Children" was presented by the Martin Thompson family in his memory. The painter, Hugo Swenson, was present at the dedication on April 20, 1930. Evincing devotedness of members are many other memorial gifts presented through the years to enhance the worship of the church and to further its work.

The name of the church was changed in 1943 to "The Congregational Church of Humboldt."

The church has been served by twenty resident pastors in its 91 years of history. These were:

Rev. Alexander Parker	November 19, 1871, to May 14, 1876
Rev. Charles W. Wiley	September, 1876, to November 29, 1877
Rev. Norman McLeod	1878 to November, 1879
Rev. J. H. Gurney	March, 1880, to 1882
Rev. P. St. Clair	1882 to 1883
Rev. E. C. Moulton	February 15, 1884, to February 15, 1885
Rev. Edwin S. Carr	June 21, 1885, to June 21, 1886
Rev. Francis J. Doublass	August 22, 1886, to October 26, 1890
Rev. Charles P. Boardman	April 15, 1891, to December 21, 1895
Rev. Robert L. Marsh	January, 1896, to September, 1899
Rev. Edwin Harris	October 15, 1899, to October 15, 1900
Rev. M. D. Reed	January 1, 1901, to September 1, 1905
Rev. H. D. Herr	November 1, 1905, to January 1, 1918
Rev. H. O. Spellman	April 15, 1918, to November 15, 1923
Rev. G. B. Wilder	May 4, 1924, to August 15, 1927
Rev. Thomas Lutman	1927 to 1937
Rev. Homer E. Blough	August 30, 1937, to August 1, 1940
Rev. W. Clark Williams	September 1, 1940, to December 31, 1947
Rev. Robert James Watson	January 5, 1948, to February 2, 1960
Rev. Francis P. Burr	December 1, 1960, to present

It will be noted that many of the early pastors stayed but a short time. One of the reasons frequently listed in the notes was that they left in order to improve the educational opportunities for their children. (At least two moved to Ames for this purpose.)

A concluding note from Miss Shellenberger: "From 1873 to 1879, things were quite discouraging as to the future prosperity of Humboldt. The promised railroad had not arrived, and we had passed through four years of grasshopper devastation. People became discouraged, and many moved away. This, of course, weakened the Church."

From its beginning, the Congregational Church has been interested in education. Its sanctuary was selected as the place for the dedication of the public library; its doors were always open for lecture courses; and for years it offered scholarships to Grinnell College, one of the 40 colleges in the U.S.

founded as a part of the national Congregational Movement. It now has an active loan fund for higher education scholarships.

HISTORY OF ST. MARY'S PARISH

By Sylvester A. Grady, Rev.

HUMBOLDT, IOWA

SEPTEMBER 24, 1962

Tradition has it that Catholic worship existed in the various communities of Humboldt County, Iowa, as early as 1875. The late Father Lenihan of Corpus Christi parish in Fort Dodge, Iowa who later was consecrated a Bishop, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Frank Owens home northwest of Dakota City in 1875.

According to the testimony of John Lattin, now deceased, but who was a life long member of St. Mary's Parish, Humboldt, Iowa, he was baptized in St. Mary's Church in Dakota City, on August 15, 1876, by the same late Bishop Lenihan.

The baptismal records of St. Joseph's Church, Bode, Iowa, show that Father Theodore Wegmann baptized in St. Mary's Church in Dakota City, several members of that parish from September 1876, to 1877, when Father Zigrang, then appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Bode, served the mission at Dakota City until December 1889, after which time St. Mary's Mission in Dakota City was attached to the pastorate of Sacred Heart Church, Livermore, with the late Father Michael McNerney in charge. In 1878 Father Zigrang built a small church in Dakota City, which was sold some time later.

In 1904, still during Father McNerney's time the new St. Mary's Church was built on the corner of Third Avenue and Third Street South in the city of Humboldt. Today, a residence occupies this spot. From 1905 until 1916 this new parish church in Humboldt continued to be served as a mission from Sacred Heart Church in Livermore, with the late Father Maurice Costello as pastor. It was during this time, September 4th, 1912, that Articles of Incorporation were filed. The first Directors listed for St. Mary's Parish were E. J. Kelly and Frank Owens.

In 1916, the late Most Reverend Edmond Heelan, D.D., Bishop of Sioux City, appointed the Rev. Thomas J. Davern, the late Monsignor Davern, of Corpus Christi, Fort Dodge, and Vicar General, of the Sioux City Diocese as the first resident pastor of St. Mary's Church, in Humboldt.

The late Right Reverend Monsignor Davern was ordained on June 17, 1913 in Baltimore, Md. After taking up his duties as the first pastor, Father Davern, in the year 1917, purchased a parochial residence for \$4,000.00 — this home was located one block north of Main Street, the same street on which the parish school now stands. The Church was located one block south of Main Street.

It was through the efforts of Monsignor Davern that St. Mary's School was built in 1919. The cost of the school, which was opened in the Fall of

1919, was \$50,000.00, and was made possible through the generosity of the Dennis Hession estate. The Architect was W. L. Steele of Sioux City. The school was built with accommodations for boarding students in mind.

The school from its opening day, was conducted, to the present time, by the Sisters of the Presentation, Dubuque, Iowa. Sister Mary Joseph was the first Superior of St. Mary's School. It is remembered with gratitude by the past and present members of the parish that so much is owed to the generosity of Dennis Hession. Mr. Hession willed most of his property to the parish, valued at about \$100,000.00 more or less. A beautiful bronze plate adorns the walls of this institution—a tribute of appreciation to this generous benefactor. To this day, St. Mary's is the only Catholic school in Humboldt County.

In 1917 Father Davern acquired the property for St. Mary's cemetery, located about a mile south of the city.

On July 4, 1923, Father Davern was appointed pastor of St. Cecelia's Church in Algona. He was succeeded at St. Mary's by the Rev. Thomas Parle, who became the second pastor of this thriving parish. Father Parle is now the Chaplain of the Mercy Hospital in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

During the five years which Father Parle spent in Humboldt, he accomplished many things for the parish. During his pastorate, St. Mary's Church was moved, and its capacity enlarged to accommodate about twice as many as previously. The old church was located just north and a little west of the school. The cost of moving the old church was about \$1,000.00 — the remodeling contract was awarded to Thomas Sather, of Humboldt for the amount of \$1,500.00 — the new pews purchased at this time cost \$600.00 — new stained glass windows were also installed at this time, the donors designating them as memorials in memory of their deceased loved ones. Mr. Sather, himself donated one of the beautiful sacristy windows.

After being moved and remodeled the church was rededicated by the Most Reverend Edmond Heelan, this was in June 1926. On that occasion the late Rt. Rev. Thomas McCarty preached the sermon.

A parish house which was bought in 1918 for \$4,000.00 was sold by Father Parle in 1926 for the same amount. Shortly, another rectory was purchased for \$4,000.00 and occupied the northeast corner of the parish property, thus bringing the parish property together for the first time, since it was established. In 1938 this rectory was struck by lightning and burned to the ground and thus destroyed all the parish records.

The Rev. George Theobald, now pastor of the Sacred Heart church in Hospers, Iowa, succeeded Father Parle at St. Mary's in Humboldt on June 20, 1928. After two years in Humboldt Father George Theobald was succeeded by the late Father George O'Brine in June of 1930.

During his ten years as pastor of St. Mary's Church in Humboldt, Father O'Brine made many improvements in the school. He will be remembered for the assistance he rendered the academic departments of the institution. He raised St. Mary's School to the level of a complete twelve year school.

Later on, on account of economic conditions the high school department was discontinued. After the tragic destruction of the rectory, by fire, Father O'Brine purchased the Blomker house at 211 4th Street North, this house in turn was sold in 1948, at which time the present new rectory was ready for occupation.

On July 3, 1940 te Rev. Joseph T. Fitzpatrick was appointed the fifth pastor of St. Mary's Parish, with the transfer of Father O'Brine to Churdan, Iowa. Father Fitzpatrick spent twelve years in Humboldt, and was responsible, in a large way, for the splendid spirit of good will and cooperation which exists among the various faiths of this city.

During this time Father Fitzpatrick was instrumental in remodeling the old church, this program included a redecoration detail and a beautiful tile floor throughout. The new parish house was built in 1948, at a cost of approximately \$45,000.00 which included the architect's fees and the furnishings. The house is a two story building with eight rooms not counting the bath rooms and wardrobes. It has a hot water radiant heating system and a recently installed air-conditioning service.

In December of 1948 John Healey purchased a new Wurlitzer organ for the parish in memory of his deceased wife, Euthenia Healey. The cost of the organ was approximately \$5,000.00 and it is still serving the needs of the parish in the beautiful new St. Mary's Church.

When Father Fitzpatrick was transferred to the Holy Name Church in Marcus September the 3rd, 1951, he was succeeded by the Rev. Richard V. Sweeney, who came to Humboldt from St. Jean Baptiste Church in Sioux City. During his pastorate in Humboldt Father Sweeney promoted the improvement program of St. Mary's School Auditorium, this project was completed in the Fall of 1951 at a cost of about \$2,000.00.

Father Sweeney was succeeded by Father S. A. Grady on May the 20, 1954—Father Sweeney was transferred to St. Mary's Church at Danbury, Iowa where Father Grady had been pastor since 1950.

A significant fact in the recent history of St. Mary's Parish is its remarkable growth. Its membership has more than doubled during the past twelve years, numbering at present 225 families, with approximately 850 souls. During the past 18 years the number of infant baptisms have increased from an average of about 20 a year to about 40 a year during the past five years. At present there are 235 grade school children and 76 high school students in the parish.

The great majority of the adult women belong to St. Mary's Society and practically all the men belong to the Holy Name Society. Both organizations are very active and sponsor spiritual, cultural and social programs every month. All the high school students are members of the C.Y.O. (The Catholic Youth Organization) and they meet regularly every Thursday night for religious instructions, cultural and social activities. All the grade school children are members of the Holy Childhood Society and the Student Mission Crusade Society. Both men and women in the parish are leaders in commu-

nity organizations and clubs.

Since coming to Humboldt Father Grady has been deeply concerned about spiritual and temporal needs of the parish. On account of the limited facilities it was necessary to have three Masses every Sunday until the new church was completed. Plans for the new church were gradual as was the fund raising program. In 1959 James A. Loftus, A.I.A. was engaged as the architect of the new church. Construction began in May 1960 with the Sande Construction firm as general and mechanical contractor, the electrical contract was completed in March of 1961 and was dedicated on March the 25, 1961 with the Most Reverend Joseph M. Muller, D.D. officiating, Father Grady was the celebrant of the High Mass and Father Fitzpatrick gave the sermon.

With the need of more classroom space becoming more and more urgent a new room was opened in 1956 and a second one was added in 1962.

At present a new "Sisters" Convent is under construction and will be completed in five months, it will have accommodations for eight sisters, including seven private rooms with running water facilities. On the ground floor there will be a reception room, community room, parlor, dining room, chapel, kitchen, hall and lavatories. The Don Jensen Construction firm of Humboldt has the general contract, Hoag Plumbing has the mechanical and the Porter Electric has the electrical contract. With the completion of this most recent building program, the Catholic Church in Humboldt will have the most adequate facilities of any church in the community and the diocese.

With the ordination of Father Victor Ramaecker, he became the first young man of this parish to be elevated to the dignity of the holy priesthood. Also within recent years we are pleased to note that Miss Hope Eswine entered the novitiate of Mount Loretta, the Motherhouse in Dubuque of the Sisters of the Presentation. Her name in religion is Sister Mary Stephen, presently on the teaching staff of the Catholic School at Waukon, Iowa.

This brief history of St. Mary's Parish in Humboldt, Iowa does not stress the life, hardships and sacrifices of the pioneer members of St. Mary's Parish and those who succeeded them, however, even the casual reader will be impressed with the deep faith, zeal, loyalty and cooperation that characterized the members of St. Mary's Parish down through the years to the present day.

J. L. Campbell, Jr. and William J. Vonderhaar, Jr. are the present lay directors of the parish.

HISTORY OF THE HUMBOLDT METHODIST CHURCH

The Methodist Church originated early in the 1860's in Dakota City. The first property was obtained on January 20, 1876 by the Trustees. We wish that we knew under what circumstances the first church was built. The first record of a Pastor that we can find is that of Rufus Fancher who was Pastor in 1877. A. A. Shesler followed him in 1878 and was the Pastor until S. E. Bascon came in 1881 and stayed for only a year.

The church in Humboldt started in Harkness Hall which was located up

over a store building at the corner of Sumner and Taft. This began under the leadership of J. G. Henderson forming a two point charge with Dakota City which continued until 1892. For an unknown reason the Methodists had to leave Harkness Hall after which they held services in the Baptist Church on Sunday afternoons.

In the few old records that have been preserved and handed down to this generation, we find the minutes of the first meeting of the trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Humboldt, Iowa. This was held on April 17, 1882, and met in the rooms of Brother R. A. Fleming with the Pastor, Rev. J. G. Henderson in the chair, and Rufus Whittier was the secretary pro tem. The members of the Board present at the first meeting were D. Shellenberger, William P. Atkins, R. A. Fleming, Rufus Whittier, Charles H. Banks. Members of the board absent were J. B. Simons, Breckenridge.

An outstanding figure in the church at that time was Rev. George Foster, commonly known as Grandpa Foster. He came here from the Methodist Conference in New York as a retired minister. He assisted the pastors who served this church during the remainder of his life. The Epworth League young people went to his home to sing for him during his later years when he could not attend church. He died at the age of 88 years.

There are a few of the charter members whose names are known. They are D. Shellenberger, F. C. Brown, Etta Nickson, Jesse Stott, G. W. Ames, C. A. Ames, T. S. Kirckpatrick, Phoebe T. Kirckpatrick, George Foster, Anne Foster, Ezekiel Grandon, Rusus and Hannah Whittier, Walter Thomas. From this small group the church grew to the present membership of 1404 in 1962.

J. W. McCoy followed Rev. Henderson in 1883, H. J. Grace in 1884, W. A. Black in 1885, J. F. Black in 1886, M. Delano in 1889, E. M. Glassglow in 1890, and C. F. Firk in 1891 which brings us to the important year of 1892 when Humboldt became a separate charge.

Retracing our steps a little we will go back to the year 1888 when the First Methodist Church building in Humboldt was built during the ministry of Rev. J. F. Black. This structure cost \$2,500, and the site for the church donated by Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Starrett. It was built where our little parsonage stood for many years north of the present church. In a later year, a church bell was donated by Mr. W. W. Stron, as a memorial to his father, who had been a Methodist minister.

In 1896 the parsonage was built. Rev. S. R. Beatty was minister at that time having come in 1894. Prior to that time, the house on the present church site was rented for a parsonage. Rev. R. M. Keirman came in 1897 followed by Rev. Jesse Colle in 1898, Rev. P. C. Money in 1900, Alexander Bennett in 1905, F. B. Stafford in 1907, W. O. Tomkins in 1910. During his pastorate the parsonage was partially destroyed by fire after which it was remodeled. The ministers that followed were W. E. Blackstock, H. W. L. Mahood and R. L. Stuart.

During the ministry of Robert Lee Stuart, the present stately structure was erected. On February 26, 1917, the following resolutions were offered

by Floyd Goodrich and seconded by Professor Golley: "Resolved that this Quarterly Conference regularly assembled, authorize committees for the inauguration of a financial campaign, looking toward the construction of a new church building." A recorded vote was called for. The secretary called the roll and with deliberation and much prayer, every member present voted "yes." There were 24 present, and 24 affirmative votes.

Across the list of officers and committees of the church for the year 1917-1918 is this inscription: "What we ought to do in Humboldt, we can do and we will do." The church eventually erected at the cost of \$45,000, and the dreams of those early fathers of ours back in 1882 had been gloriously materialized.

The church was dedicated on January 26, 1919, with Bishop Charles Bayard, Mitchell, S. D. preaching the sermon both morning and evening.

After the departure of Robert Lee Stuart, the Rev. T. B. Collins was appointed to the church, and the work continued to grow. Rev. Charles A. Richards came in 1924 to be followed by Rev. Joseph Share in 1926. In 1929, during his pastorate our fine pipe organ was purchased. Mrs. H. J. Jakway was the organist for many years. Rev. Share was the minister at the time that our church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary at which time he wrote a history of our church. Excerpts from that paper appear in this history.

H. M. Burns came in 1934 and stayed until 1940. The little parsonage was built during his stay.

W. L. Breaw followed in 1940 and remained until 1946. The Carillon Bells were purchased in 1946 in loving memory of those who gave their lives and in grateful recognition of the sacrifice and service of the men and women from this congregation who served in World War II.

One of the highlights of our church history was the building of the educational unit under the pastorate of Rev. C. R. Buckwalter who came here in 1946. This was dedicated in March, 1952, with Bishop Brashares giving the message of the day.

Rev. Buckwalter left in 1953, being followed by Rev. Frank O. Johnson. Ground for the new parsonage had been broken on May 17, 1953 with construction beginning on August 5th. The parsonage family moved into the new residence on December 29, 1953. The new entrance on the church was started early in the spring of 1957. Rev. Johnson left the following June being followed by Fred M. Shultz. The new church entrance was dedicated on September 21, 1958. Rev. Harry M. Burns came back after retirement, in 1959 to serve as Associate Pastor until his death in April 1962.

This year, 1962, the Royal Prayer Room, in memory of Royal Bennett, has been completed. The Donahue property north of the church, has been purchased for future building.

From the beginning of the church work here the church was ably sustained by the Ladies Aid, Home and Foreign Mission Societies which later became the Woman's Society of Christian Service. The Methodist Men's Club

was organized several years ago.

Included in our history must be the training and education of our young people and adults in our church school. We started with a comparatively small school, growing into what is now a membership of 995 in 1962. The young people have played their part in the spiritual life of the Epworth League now known as the Methodist Youth Fellowship. From this church several of our young men have given themselves for life service in the ministry of Christ and His kingdom.

In concluding this brief history of our church we would be unfaithful to our task if we failed to pay tribute to the many faithful and devout men and women who have served their Master and Savior during the lifetime of this church. To name each who have inspired and served this church so faithfully would be an endless task. We cherish their memory in our hearts.

OUR SAVIOUR'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

The Our Saviour's Lutheran Church is composed of three merged churches. The Corinth Lutheran Church was organized September 25, 1893 in the Corinth school district number five with Rev. O. Sefveland of the Badger congregation as chairman. It was the first Lutheran Church to be organized of the three, although earlier Lutheran services were conducted in Humboldt by Rev. Joh. J. Tackle in 1883-1885. In the early nineties Rev. Birkland and Shefveland preached occasionally.

The Corinth congregation included twenty-one families when organized. The following were the first officers: Gunder Olson, secretary; Ole Olson, treasurer; Hans O. Olson, Erick Sampson, and Mical Johnson, trustees. The deacons were John Johnson and Halvor Moen. They met in the school house every fourth Sunday until the congregation purchased a Methodist Church from Weaver Township and moved it seven miles southwest of Humboldt on three-fourths acre of land donated by Ony Stensland. It was dedicated in 1896. On January 6, 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Erick Sampson donated one acre of land which today is Corinth Cemetery.

The following pastors served in this church: O. Shefveland, Edward Nervig, Ludwig E. Kleppe, Carl O. Ness, and H. O. Hendrickson. Badger, Humboldt, and Corinth were served by the same pastor until March 13, 1911.

On March 1, 1928 the merger committee recommended the merger of Humboldt and Corinth begin. The merged churches adopted the name First Lutheran Church.

In January 1920 Pastor J. P. M. Magnussen of the Rutland Lutheran Church met in the home of Niels Pahus with nine other members of Danish decent. They adopted a constitution and elected officers at the first meeting. Pastor J. P. M. Magnussen was chairman, Alfred Astrup, secretary; J. P. Jensen, treasurer and trustee; and Chris Eriksen, trustee. It was agreed that they go in with Rutland and be served by the same pastor.

For three years they had no church but held services in the Norwegian Lutheran Church on Sunday afternoons and occasionally in a forenoon. A

new church was built on land they purchased at 407 8th north and dedicated May 13, 1923.

Trinity Lutheran saw need for improvement and expansion. In 1939 a chancel was added and the interior remodeled with nu-wood. New pews, baptismal font and pulpit were added in 1957. The following pastors served this church: J. P. M. Magnussen, Spener Petersen, Einer Romer, Ingward Olson, George Pallesen, Christian Bertlesen, Wesley M. Anderson and Frantz O. Lund.

The church owned a parsonage in Rutland with the Rutland congregation until 1954 when they purchased a parsonage at 705 6th Avenue North in Humboldt.

In 1959 Trinity Lutheran became a part of Our Saviour's Lutheran Church.

A group of people of Norwegian descent met at the home of E. O. Bradley December 11, 1895 in the interest of forming a Norwegian Lutheran Congregation. The following people were selected as officers: Pastor O. Sheveland, chairman; S. Nordshaw, secretary; E. O. Bradley, treasurer; Ole K. Olson and Michael Torkelson, trustees; Lauritz Nelson and John Torkelson, deacons. The name of the church was to be Humboldt Congregation. It met in private homes until a church was built at 226 Sumner Ave. and dedicated Oct. 9, 1897.

A parsonage was purchased from Christ Johnson in southeast Humboldt on Second Avenue South. In 1912 a new parsonage was built. This remained as the parsonage until 1956 when the congregation purchased a new one at 109 3rd North.

The first confirmation class to be confirmed was in 1898. The early church services were only in the Norwegian language but in 1908 the English language was being used. The English language gradually became the only language used.

The following pastors have served the congregation: Pastors O. Sheveland, Edward Nervig, L. E. Kleppe, C. O. B. Ness, H. O. Hendrickson, O. B. Anderson, F. T. Lokensgaard, Oscar Rem, and L. C. Jensen.

Many improvements were made during the years. In 1938 the church was remodeled and need of more room brought about the building of a Parish house in 1952.

The church continued to grow and need for more room caused groups to study the situation. It was learned that Trinity Lutheran Church was also planning to build and with both churches being in the new Lutheran Synodical merger which took place in 1956 it was decided to call both councils together to see if the two Humboldt churches could be merged and one large church built. This merger was voted on and on June 23, 1959 the name **Our Saviour's Lutheran Church** was adopted. It was first served by Pastors L. C. Jensen and Frantz Olaf Lund.

Land has been purchased from Mike Rathke in southwest Humboldt which is known as Crestview Heights. Tentative plans have been made and

it is hoped the church will begin construction in the spring of Humboldt's Centennial year, 1963.

Those serving on the present Our Saviour's Lutheran Board are: Jean Kleve, president; Jens Simonsen, vice president; Marvin Julius, secretary; Roger Isaacson, treasurer; Merton Chantland, Andrew Christensen, Earl Erickson, Oswald Halsrud, H. O. Hovland, Harold Hensen, Wayne Johnson, E. Dale Johanson, John Klit, Erhard Larsen, Henry Lenning, Walter Peder-sen, Ted Simonsen, William Sime and is served by two pastors, L. C. Jensen and John C. Beem.

THE OLD CHURCH

By C. W. Garfield

Stephen H. Taft, who founded Humboldt in 1863, was a minister in Lewis County, New York. His church there was known as the "Christian Union." He had started preaching in the Wesleyan Methodist Church but from the age of thirty he had come to the conclusion that churches should unite, overlook minor theological differences; that, after all they were all working towards the same end; and that he should have a church in which all people who professed Christianity could worship. When he came to Humboldt part of his congregation came with him. Others waited until the Civil War was over. Still others came later. He called his church in Humboldt the "Christian Union", the same name he had adopted in New York State, and it was the same kind of a church. He held his services in Union Hall. Later they were in the school house. Members of his congregation took turns in carrying the melodeon belonging to the Taft family to and from the church. Sunday school was, of course, held each Sunday also.

Mr. Taft was busy laying out the town with its wide streets, building and rebuilding a dam to power a sawmill and grist mill. Many of the first trees he set out with his own hands. He had ten sections of land to sell to settlers. The dam went out twice in the high water of Spring. He built a third dam and mill race. He raised funds to build Humboldt College largely from contributions of Easterners, some from the sale of town lots and some locally. The main college building was erected in 1872 at a cost of \$40,000.

While he was doing all this he was interested in attracting the right kind of people to locate in his town: people of high ideals and character. He believed strongly that character counted more than theological beliefs. He never drew a salary from the church.

The church grew and prospered. It was really a community church. Part of the time it had a minister but for the most part Mr. Taft preached. He could always be counted on to supply. He was a man of vision, high ideals and principles. He was not physically large but was filled with energy, determination and force of character. His contacts in the East in his money raising campaign funds for the college brought him in contact with Rev. Everett Hale, Rev. Wendell Phillips, and several other liberal ministers. The

college, of course, was non-denominational but the contacts Mr. Taft made in raising funds for it had given him an acquaintance with the Unitarian faith. So it is not surprising that in January, 1875, his church became Unitarian although it was still called "The Christian Union Society." Rev. Julius Stevens was chosen as its first minister. He served for three years and then Mr. Taft again took over as its minister, serving until 1880. His belief that all churches should unite was perhaps ahead of the times although he did envision the time when such would be largely the case.

The building of the church commenced in 1874. Mr. Taft opened a stone quarry for the foundation stone. The actual building was rather a slow process. This was six years before the town even had a railroad. Much of the work was donated. Some of it was done by his own hands. No one had much money. Almost half the members were farmers, busy with their farms and families. Almost every thing centered socially around the church although there were a few home talent plays given in Harkness Hall during the winters. The building was not completed until 1880.

In 1880 the Iowa Unitarian Conference was held in Humboldt upon the completion of the building and Mary A. Safford chosen as its minister. She was a gifted, magnetic woman. For three years she preached at Algona on alternate Sundays. The Ladies' group took on new life, the Sunday School prospered and a study club known as the Unity Club was organized and continued for fifty years. On the alternate Sundays while Miss Safford preached at Algona lay services were held, given by various members of the congregation. Preachers and lecturers of national prominence also preached on various occasions. The Unity Club took over the evening services and many of these were inspiring in nature. Dr. D. H. J. Ward, Rev. James K. Applebee, Dr. Samuel R. Calthrop, Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, Dr. Sunderland, Rev. Henry M. Simmons, Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Rev. Oscar Clute, Mary A. Livermore and Julia Ward are a few of those who preached or gave evening lectures at the church. All was of an inspiring nature. Miss Safford, after the first three years of her ministry, devoted her full time to the church for two years. She was then called to Sioux City to organize a church there. This she did most successfully.

It is interesting to note that in 1875 when the church became Unitarian its name was the same as previously given to it by Mr. Taft, and in 1880 when the new building was completed the name was changed to "Unity Church." This name continued throughout the life of the church. It had no creed, as the Christian Union church had none, but was open to all Christians.

As a boy when I attended with my parents, on one wall of the church were the words, "Freedom, Fellowship, Character in Religion." On the other wall appeared the words, "Truth for Authority, not Authority for Truth." The church was filled each Sunday morning. Horse sheds, as they were called, were built in an L shape to house the horses and buggies (and sometimes in the Winter sleighs) of the many farm members.

It is not the purpose of this article to list the various ministers of the

church who followed Miss Safford. For the most part they were good. They continued until about 1932. Oswald E. Helsing was the last regular minister. The Ladies' Circle still functions. As the older members died or moved away, most of the newcomers to town affiliated with churches of their own denominations. The church had perhaps served its purpose: in making for more tolerance and understanding and in liberalizing the other churches. It was the leading church in Humboldt during the writer's boyhood. It most assuredly made for character in Humboldt. As a devout Catholic remarked to me, "Humboldt is a superior town and always will be. And the old Unitarian Church and its leaders have had much to do with making it superior." He knew whereof he spoke for he grew to manhood on a nearby farm.

Mr. Taft's beliefs have come much more into acceptance than they could when he held them: namely, one church where all Christians could worship together. The Congregational and Christian churches have united and both have joined with the Reform Church to form the United Church of Christ. The Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches have been invited to unite with the United Church of Christ and are giving the matter serious consideration. Two of the Lutheran Churches have joined. The Unitarian and Universalist churches have united. To be efficient in the world today churches must unite. Where the writer now lives we attend a Community Church. It happens to be Congregational in name but there are twenty-two denominations represented in its congregation. As a retired Methodist minister, of whom I think a great deal, recently said to me, "God is not concerned with minor theological differences." After all, they will disappear with progress. The sermons I hear today, barring a little phraseology, are exactly the same as I heard in our old church years ago.

The Assembly of God Church was built in the year of 1950.

Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Fogelman, pastors of The Assembly of God Church in Rolfe, Iowa; who pioneered a number of new church works northwest Iowa; felt the leading of the Lord to hold a tent revival in Humboldt in the Summer of 1949; on the corner of Sumner Ave. and Taft St. until the weather became too cold. Then it was decided to build a suitable place for worship.

Much lumber was donated for the tearing down of a large building in Rolfe and brought here where a lot had been purchased on South Taft St; where the Assembly of God Church is now located.

Much of the labor was donated by Fort Dodge Assembly and Humboldt members who had been attending services in Fort Dodge.

The Church was completed and dedication services held January first, 1951.

Rev. and Mrs. Norman Correll of the Nebraska district held the first revival in the new building beginning January 1, 1951; for two weeks; with encouraging results.

Rev. and Mrs. Fogelman are still pastoring this Assembly which is a Home Mission Church; under the Assembly of God organization with headquarters located in Springfield, Missouri.

PUBLIC EDUCATION

By Frances Messer

Territorial Iowa was deeply interested in education for in 1839 our legislative assembly, in compliance with Governor Lucas' request, created a common school system for all youths from five to twenty-one, which schools, supported by public tax, should operate not less than three months a year. Likewise the state early showed its interest for in 1854 the pattern of rural township, village, town, and city schools was established. This system, established for a horse and buggy economy, is changing rapidly for, in 1949, the state made possible better educational opportunities by the merging of these eight thousand districts into larger units called community districts. There are now about one thousand seven hundred districts remaining with approximately five hundred high school districts, the plan being that all land in the state be included in a high school district.

The citizens of Humboldt County have always sponsored intellectual and cultural activities so we are not surprised to find that in the winter of 1857-58, Eliza Knowles taught a school at Lott's Creek and at Glen Farm in Corinth Township, Peter McClennon taught the children of nearby pioneers. In 1858 the office of county superintendent was created with George W. Mann as the first occupant. He was followed by F. W. Hanchett, Dearman Williams, G. D. Coyle, Eber Stone, E. C. Miles, A. D. Bicknell, Julius Stevens, L. J. Anderson and J. A. Marvin. In 1883 John McLeod gave us our first report in which he stated there were seventy-nine rural and three town schools, Dakota City, Livermore and Humboldt, the latter being the only graded school in the county. These schools, taught by thirty-one men and one-hundred twenty-one women, having a pupil enrollment of two thousand ninety-eight were in buildings valued at \$46,730, poorly equipped and with small libraries. From these beginnings our educational system in Humboldt County has grown until in 1962 we had three thousand twenty-eight pupils taught by seventy-six men and one hundred women, in well equipped buildings valued at \$4,374,402, nearly one hundred times the value of the buildings in 1883. During the past seventy-three years, the office of the county superintendent has been filled by Loren Hezzelwood 1890-96, O. S. Opheim 1896-1900, Clarence Messer 1900-1928, Thomas Johnson 1928-1936, and Frances Messer 1936. In 1900 a teachers' library was established which today has more than thirteen thousand books, two hundred films, and one thousand filmstrips in circulation. This library, financed mainly by teacher contribution was for many years unique in the state and has done much to improve the reading levels in the schools in the county. Personnel now working out of the county superintendent's office include a school psychologist, speech and hearing therapist, two teachers of the retarded children, an elementary consultant and director of guidance. Their goal is to help local schools improve their educational offerings.

The school enrollments have followed closely the population changes in

Humboldt County, showing a rapid growth in the 19th century with 104 rural schools in operation. Since 1900, our school population, which lowered in the 1930's and now is rising, has changed mainly in that more and more children attended town schools until at the present time there are no rural schools. Also more and more youth are attending high schools until now about seventy percent finish high school. In 1940 there were thirteen graded schools offering high school courses. At times different private schools have operated but in 1962 there is but one parochial school, St. Mary's, in the county.

District organization has changed greatly in the past ten years due to reorganization made possible by the legislature. In general accordance with a plan cooperatively made by the county board of education and citizens of the county, Humboldt County now has only four school corporations, all of which extend into neighboring counties. Boone Valley Community School District is located in the northeast part of the county, Twin Rivers Community School District in the northern part of the county, Gilmore City-Bradgate Community School District in the western part of the county, and Humboldt Community School District, organized in 1959 by the merging of eighteen districts. Our district includes the towns of Humboldt, Dakota City, and Rutland and rural districts totaling one hundred sixty-five sections of land in the center of the county or about one-third of the area of the county. Of the three thousand thirty-eight pupils enrolled in schools of Humboldt County, over one-half are enrolled in Humboldt Community Schools.

Although early records are meager, we learn that under Miss Elinor Gordon, principal in the 1880's, the curriculum of the Humboldt School District was organized, making it a ten grade school. In 1888 there were two hundred ninety-nine pupils in the entire school with Marion Thomas and Clara Bicknell graduating from the tenth grade. Two years later, under the leadership of Clarence Messer, principal, the curriculum was further revised and increased. Humboldt became a twelve grade school with Ella French being the first twelve year graduate in 1890. Some others who graduated prior to 1900 and who can tell us more of those days are Mabel Fuller, Nellie Pinney, Katherine Peck, E. E. Ellsworth and Clayton Foster. In 1962, there was a graduating class of ninety-five. During this century high school enrollments have grown from about fifty in 1900 to four hundred sixty-five in 1962. School loyalty has always been high. For many years there were annual alumni reunions. As these became too large and cumbersome, class reunions began filling the summer months, 1904 and 1912 having gala fifty year celebrations. There are now two thousand nine hundred and twenty-one graduates from the Humboldt School.

As the city of Humboldt grew, so did the school population and, over the years, citizens seeing the over-crowded conditions in the classrooms have bonded themselves for new buildings. Block forty-nine has been the site of several buildings. Long time residents tell us that the year after Humboldt was established, a frame school building was erected there. Prior to that, school had been held upstairs in a store building on Sumner Avenue. Soon

a two story four room stone building was added which became so crowded that in 1889 another frame building was built. These were replaced in 1893 by a large two story thirteen room building; with arched doorways, windows and towers. This building made of limestone quarried nearby was the show place of the town with Ben Molander taking good care of it. It in turn was replaced in 1918 by the present stucco building, soon to become a junior high. In the first decade of the 20th century, a smaller two story building, similar in style to the 1893 building was built and is now known as the "Old Stone Building". In 1936 a gymnasium was added. In 1953, a grade building, named for Humboldt's founder, Stephen H. Taft, was built in the southwest corner of Taft Park. An addition there in 1958 furnished more needed room. In January 1961, the citizens of Humboldt Community School voted \$1,325,000 for an addition to the Dakota City grade building and a modern high school building to house grades ten, eleven, twelve, which will make possible a broader curriculum with more vocational offerings and thus serve more students more adequately. The school board, Dr. W. W. Warren, president, and the school personnel are working hard on plans and specifications to make the building as functional and useful as possible.

During the years, many teachers have come and gone, some have stayed. A few who will be remembered for their faithful service of a score or more years are Cora Belcher, Janet Sinclair, Katherine Williston, Anna Altman, Ruth DeWitt, Alma Johnson, and Catherine Osia, high school principal for many years. The names of some former superintendents who were in our community for several years in the 20th century, C. S. Cory, F. A. Welch, C. R. Golly, H. F. Jakway, E. Swanson, and B. B. Holmes, bring vivid memories to many Humboldt residents.

Humboldt citizens can be proud of the present school system ably headed by Clyde D. Mease, superintendent. The physical plant, soon to be enlarged, consists of grade buildings located at Dakota City, Rutland, Beaver, and two church basements in addition to the Taft building, housing one thousand eighty-one pupils. This includes two rooms for twenty-seven educable mentally retarded children which are co-sponsored by the Humboldt County Board of Education, John E. Miller, chairman. The 1918 high school building, the "Stone" Building, gym, and temporary frame vocational buildings house two hundred seventy-eight junior high and four hundred sixty-five high school students. These more than eighteen hundred students are served by eighty-five teachers, including librarians, nurse, lunchroom workers who serve over a thousand meals daily and eighteen busses which bring six hundred students daily to school.

Scholastic achievement has always been stressed with many graduates going on to institutions of higher learning so a strong academic program of studies is the core of the school. At present forty-one different courses are being offered in College Preparatory, General, and Business Education curricula. In addition, courses are offered in music, physical education. Humboldt students have always rated well in public speaking, dramatics, music,

and athletic activities. The high school annuals, the *Nokomis*, first published in 1913 with Bernice Bradley as editor, are an interesting record of the past fifty years.

Citizen interest in public education has resulted in high caliber board members, some of those long time members serving as president were: Ira Welch, G. S. Garfield, T. G. Ferreby, L. D. Snyder, J. F. Miller, Harry Strong, and M. L. Baker. Seven women, Carrie Lovrien, Mina Housel, Bertha Arent, Pearl Garfield, Esther McCullough, Marjorie Barsness, and Eleanor Arent have been board members.

In 1962 about eighty-eight percent of the annual operating expense, nearly three-fourths of a million dollars, together with one-third million spent for buildings was borne by the local property tax, based on \$20,368,593 assessed valuation. The remainder came from state and federal aid. With educational costs rising as parents of more and more pupils desire broader and better education for their children, the state legislature is attempting to widen the tax base, thus hoping to equalize educational opportunity and assume that responsibility, publicly announced in 1854 by Governor Grimes when he said "the first requisite is ample provision for the youth of the state . . . The state should see to it that the elements of education, like the elements of universal nature, are above, around, and beneath all."

EDUCATION

The basic aim of today's education is to make it possible for all boys and girls, as far as capacities permit, to develop into well-rounded and well-informed citizens.

In the light of the needs of a democratic, industrial and complex society, basic skills, though necessary, are no longer sufficient preparation for modern life. Special attention must be given to curriculums for the physically and mentally handicapped, the slow learner, the average and the exceptional.

A modern teacher realizes this and cooperates with scientific trends such as measurements of intelligence, interests, attitudes and aptitudes, and scales of school achievement. A guidance department provides information about each student to the teachers, who are expected to use it in giving increased attention to individual developments.

A school nurse has replaced the truant officer. She keeps teachers informed on health matters and is the home visitor who checks on attendance. She expects teachers to be on the alert for evidence of a student's need for medical, dental or psychiatric care.

The arts are emphasized more than ever. Three bands, with their own rooms, are a far cry from the small orchestra which in the early 1900's practiced in the unfinished attic with a floor so weak that one musician's foot protruded through the ceiling of the study hall. Any student now who has a desire to play an instrument or sing is given individual help and experience in group discipline. This is also true of the departments of physical fitness and speech.

Modern teachers have access to television, language-listening laboratories, projectors, films, libraries and all kinds of scientific, farming, homemaking, industrial and athletic equipment.

All of these modern trends toward developing the "whole" student are both praised and criticized. Critics declare that there is too much measurement testing, too little essay writing, too little emphasis on great literature, too little responsibility placed on individuals, too relaxed discipline, too much emphasis on science and extra-curricular activities instead of the humanities, too much acceleration—all at a cost of too much taxation.

Those who praise point out that modern trends provide our school with an invigorating atmosphere of mental, moral and industrial life; that students go into the outer world more intelligent, more thoughtful, more courageous and in every way more capable of useful living than ever before.

The credit goes to parents, administrators, taxpayers and teachers who are willing to experiment with new developments.

Pioneer teachers worked long hours for little pay and with limited equipment. Modern teachers, with improved salaries and fine equipment, use their skills and compassion with the same devotion as did their predecessors. They feel discouragement at times and wonder if they've made any impression upon classes. Those who do, however, may be cheered by the tribute of an alumnus who said, "Pioneer or modern, a teacher's influence shall endure while the ages roll."

(Mrs. K. J.) Bernice B. Smith

Author's Note—In the school days of the writer, he recalls only four men teachers, all of them principals in the high school—Clarence Messer, Ralph E. Fowle, Lumbar and C. S. Cory. Two of them were outstanding teachers in ability and in preparation.

Clarence Messer came to Humboldt in 1896 from Sac City where for four years he had been County Superintendent of Sac County Schools. He was thorough in his teaching—believed the fundamentals were most important to a well rounded education. He believed a student should be taught to think standing before the class and encouraged him to express himself even if the subject was controversial. He readily distinguished between a thinker and a so-called plugger or one who memorizes. In 1899 he was elected County Superintendent, which office he held to his death. His daughter, Frances Messer, has for some years held the same office and with that efficiency which she inherited.

In earlier years, this writer attended an important parents meeting and several speakers advocated that curfew be inaugurated in Humboldt as delinquency was a matter of concern at that time. Superintendent Messer, who had remained silent, was asked for his comments. He rose, stroked his whiskers and said, "I think that curfew should begin at home."

Ralph E. Fowle came to Humboldt as Principal of the high school in the fall of 1899. He had recently graduated from Grinnell College and was ex-

ceptionally qualified to teach history, literature and composition. He lectured in the Congregational Church at times and his recital of the "Holy Grail" was a feature. He also helped coach football and baseball and was loyally supported by the student body. Lumbar and Cory, although capable in their field, were only moderately successful, though Professor Cory after leaving Humboldt taught for years at Iowa Teachers College. Mrs. Cory often held private classes in German for those who found the language difficult to master.

Footnote to Schools

Perhaps it would not be amiss in the history of our school to review very briefly the athletic achievements of our high school through the years.

Humboldt is one of the several neighboring small cities belonging to the North Central Conference, which for years has been known for its athletic strength. While our high school has not always, of course, led in the standing of this conference, we have had, considering the size of our school, many successes. With the exception of Webster City, which is by far the largest and strongest school in the conference, we have had more than our share of champions in football, track and basketball.

We have had many outstanding football players, one of whom, in the middle 50's was Duane Marcellus. He was accorded the high honor of a first team selection at half-back of the Iowa Press Association high school football teams of the state. Later Duane was a star football end on the Iowa State University football team, and graduated from that institution in 1962.

All citizens of Humboldt County and especially those still living of over 2000 alumni of our high school, were particularly proud when word came in July, 1962, from Atlanta, Georgia that the Humboldt H. S. marching band had been accorded first place winner in the J.C. National H.S. band contest.

The trophies won by our school in the several fields as athletics, debate, music and drama are on display in the school building.

Comment by former Cedar Rapids teacher and Humboldt native—Mrs. Grace Kopp.

There is one phase of modern education which is undeniably superior to anything known in years past. That is the use of educational films in the classroom such as "David Copperfield", "Huckleberry Finn", "America the Beautiful", "Animals Unlimited"—wild animals of famous African Kruger National Park—and many others equally as good. Children are fascinated and interested in these films and will readily write compositions, many of which are outstanding.

Not only are these visual aids used in the teaching of English, but also in mathematics, science, social studies, athletics, health, and guidance problems.

The aim of education today, as it has always been, is to prepare each student to better take his place in society and to develop his own best capabilities.

Memo to teachers, on memorized poems:

"The passages I learned filled my mind and formed my taste: They became, and they still remain, permanent possessions of the memory. They accompanied me in my walks; they comforted me in the hours of the night. They were standards of beauty and canons of taste; they were landmarks for all my wanderings among books." —Sir Ernest Barker, famed English educator who memorized 100 lines a week.

DOCTORS

The two earliest doctors in Springvale were Dr. Russell and Dr. W. H. Locke. There is no written record in the early history book of either one graduating from an accredited medical college. Requirement for a license to practice law, medicine or dentistry were not very strict in those days. In those days times were hard, money scarce and on sale in every village were dozens of patent medicines, all guaranteeing sure cure from a mere cut to rheumatism and stomach trouble. Then, too, the settlers wife was always ready to help out—often she was nurse and doctor and with much experience which came the hard way. There were dozens of home remedies as goose grease for croup, hot ginger for fever etc.

In early days doctors drifted into the village, would stay for a few months, and drift on. One of our early doctors, after a few months active practice, decided that the day and night calls on patients, often on horseback, and sometimes snatching an hour's sleep on a buffalo robe with his saddle for a pillow on the floor of a cabin, was a real hardship. Collections were slow and the medical practice was not remunerative. Therefore, this doctor gave up active practice and became a speculator, land agent and builder. His activities were not always honest as is evidenced in the following story:

One day in 1865 a man arrived from Illinois and desired to inspect a quarter section of land he had purchased sight unseen. He hired the doctor to take him to the country so he could see the land he had bought. The doctor sensed an opportunity. He hired a team and scanning a rough map of land sections, took him to a wooded river farm of doubtful value, pointed it out and said, "This is your land." The stranger said, "Let's return to Springvale." On their arrival back he asked the doctor, "What do I owe you?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "I lost most of the day from business, and owe several dollars for the rig and team—"

"Never mind adding it up. I am going to give you a deed to this land for your trouble," said the stranger, "and I'll be on my way back to civilization."

The doctor thereby gained the genuine farm, good prairie soil, which he later mortgaged for \$150.00 which was never repaid. He told his friends that he had made quite a good day's wages, and now he was sure the life of a country doctor in these parts was not for him. He continued speculating in north Iowa and contracted to build several buildings and prospered.

Dr. Welch came in 1868 followed later by Drs. Bogart and Van Velsor.

In 1883 Dr. E. H. Kinney began his practice and in 1884 Dr. H. C. Doan, who practiced here for many years until his death.

Doc Kinney, an outstanding surgeon as well as physician, was so busy that he seldom took more than five minutes for his noon lunch. When in town, he daily entered one of several stores, hurried to the grocery department where he opened a couple nickel cans of sardines, cut off a hunk of New York cheddar cheese from the big round hoop, grabbed a handful of soda crackers and ate it all on the spot. With a wave of his hand and a smile he would depart. If one of the merchant's family needed care and the doctor was asked for the bill, he just smiled and waved him off saying, "It's O.K. I'll take it out in cheese and crackers."

Sometimes he pulled a tooth or lanced a boil for a young lad. In such cases he would lift the lad from the chair or operating table and say gruffly, "Now, you little rascal, get home and tell your Ma it's all over." Bime Wilder recalls even tougher language was used when he had a boil lanced 65 years ago, when Doc said, "Now, you little 'blankety blank', get on home. You're O.K."

In the mid-nineties in mid winter, some laboring men and perhaps others as well, were pinched for ready cash and their credit was not exactly AI, and rather than let the family freeze, some pilfered coal from the many coal sheds back of the stores on main street. Doc thought that for several days some big chunks of coal had been missing from the shed behind his office. He was sure of it, when one morning a broken padlock lay on the ground. He and Fred Kellcte, the harness maker, at Doc's suggestion, about 9:00 that evening, hauled from the closet Doc's prized and polished skeleton. They fixed up a contrivance to wave its arms and fastened a couple of lit candles on the skull. Fred squeezed behind the big chunks of coal to wait for the nocturnal guests. That night there was no lock on the door. Shortly after the office lamps were blown out, the pilfers arrived with their hand cart. They were greeted by a waving skeleton fastened to the rafters. With a terrific cry of fright, the culprits escaped as fast as they could, and the doctor, peeping from his darkened office window, roared with delight.

Dr. Field, who came in the late nineties, was a good doctor and had a wide practice. His greatest trouble was his forgetfulness in loading his medical bags, surgical kit and other paraphernalia in to his rig. On one occasion the doctor was called to the country some six miles away on a case of supposed pneumonia. The good doctor, after examination and diagnosis, looked for his medicine case. It was not to be found, and to save time, he went to the kitchen, scanned all the cooking ingredients, mixed up some ginger, dry mustard and soda. He mixed it well with water and wrote on the bottle, "One tablespoon after each meal." He said he would call again late the next day, and departed. Upon arriving the next evening, this time making sure he had his entire equipment, he beheld in some surprise, the old man sitting in a rocking chair calmly smoking his pipe. "Yes, Doc," he said, "I feel a lot better

now though a little weak. That medicine tasted like h——, but it sure did the work."

For many years Dr. Welch, Dr. Kinney and Dr. Doan were prominent physicians of the town—all well thought of and skillful.

Around the turn of the century two doctors came to Humboldt, Dr. J. K. Coddington and Dr. Asa Arent. Each one was a graduate of the University of Iowa Medical school and each had a county-wide practice.

Dr. Coddington was very proficient in diagnosis and particularly qualified in obstetrics. He was always active in civic affairs and was County Coroner for many years.

Ross Smith, a driver for the livery barn, recalled that at one period, Dr. Arent had used seven different teams and traveled 107 miles in a twenty-four hour period. Those were the days when typhoid, malaria, diphtheria, smallpox, tuberculosis, and influenza challenged the profession.

Dr. Miller came in 1912 and immediately established a large practice. Later he married Miss Ida Hood, daughter of a prominent retired farmer, Joseph Hood. The doctor's sudden death as a young man saddened the community where he had many friends.

Dr. Sproule was another prominent physician of that era. He was an outspoken man and once called, in the fall of the year, to see a patient threatened with pneumonia. The doctor was ushered into the bedroom of the patient where the air was close and stuffy with all windows closed. After treating the patient he ordered the window to be opened for fresh air. The next day he returned. The window still remained closed. The doctor walked over to the window and with a mighty heave of his foot, shattered both the inner and storm window panes of glass. In strong language he said, "Now this patient has a chance."

Dr. Grigsby, Dr. Gaffy and perhaps others were practicing physicians for a short time.

The present physicians of Humboldt and Dakota City are Dr. James Coddington and Dr. M. L. Northup, a partnership. Dr. Coddington succeeds his father. Dr. Asa Arent also has succeeded his father. Drs. Schultz and Schultz are practicing physicians, and also Dr. Beryl Michaelson of Dakota City. Drs. David W. Hoyt, Carl C. Hoveland and K. G. Pride are chiropractors at the present time. Dr. Royal Nelson, an osteopath, practiced in Humboldt for several years, but passed away in 1939.

Several of the early dentists in Humboldt were Dr. Cole, Dr. F. M. Spayde, Dr. Harry Nixon, Drs. Devereaux and Devereaux, and Dr. T. G. Ferreby.

The dentists at the present time are Dr. J. O. Bower, Dr. B. F. Schuller, Dr. W. W. Warren, and Dr. P. W. Williams. Dr. Woodward has long been a dentist here but for reasons of health his office is now closed.

There have been many able engineers over the years in Humboldt. A few recalled by the author whom he has personally known are Clarence Walters, Mr. Parsons, Floyd Goodrich, L. D. Snyder, George McCullough, K. J. Smith, and the present County engineer, Vernon Miller.

The two optometrists in the city are Dr. D. C. Whittlesey and Dr. E. P. Hansen.

Wherever in this country of ours a settlement of people is made there will the lawyers come. It is true that in the earlier days of the county very few people had any money, litigation was rare, and the legal profession was somewhat overdone. So most of the earlier lawyers had to rely on some other part time business in order to eke out a living.

Since Dakota City was the county seat and its history is pretty well bound up with that of Humboldt, it is perhaps fitting that some mention might be made of the lawyers there. A. W. McFarland was perhaps the earliest to locate in the county seat in point of time. He came from New York State and settled in Dakota City in 1864. He maintained his office there, although he held first the office of clerk of court and later that of county auditor. He was active in trial work. He was also a registered pharmacist, ran a drug store below his office and, when occasion required, cried auction sales. For a number of years he also kept a set of abstract of title books. In 1868 he formed a partnership with James D. Springer. Mr. Springer came from Fort Dodge. He defended the first murder case in the county. The old brick court house had not been built and the present town hall in Dakota City was used as a court house. The case was tried in one day. The defendant was convicted but Mr. Springer obtained a reversal of the conviction and a new trial on appeal to the Supreme Court and the prosecution was eventually dropped. Springer was with Mr. McFarland for three years, then returned to Fort Dodge. From there he went to Minneapolis as general counsel to the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad. It has been said that perhaps he was the most able trial lawyer the county has known.

Jared M. Snyder came to Humboldt in 1866. He was a nephew of Mr. Taft's. In 1868 he was elected circuit judge, largely through the efforts of Mr. Taft, who was then very active in Republican politics. He served one term as circuit judge but was not renominated, largely because Humboldt County was one of the smaller counties in the rather large circuit. He later abandoned the law to enter mercantile pursuits. Judge Snyder came from Illinois.

John A. Weaver came to Humboldt from Marion, Iowa, in 1869, and was one of the founders and later editor and proprietor of the "Springfield Republican". He continued in newspaper work about three years, practicing law on the side, then sold the paper and practiced law until 1874, serving also as Justice of the Peace. In the latter year he moved to Algona where, in 1876, he was elected circuit judge, taking office in January 1877.

A brief mention should be made of the circuit court. The office of circuit judge was created by the legislature in 1868. The act provided for the election of two circuit judges in each of the then twelve judicial districts. Four years later the number of circuit judges was reduced to one for each of the districts. The circuit court had, in general, concurrent jurisdiction with that of the district court, except that it had exclusive jurisdiction of probate mat-

ters, appeals from justice court, minor criminal jurisdiction, but the trial of all indictable matters and control of the grand jury was for the district court. The circuit court was finally abolished by the legislature in 1887.

And in 1887 the office of county attorney was created by the legislature. Previously the prosecuting office was the district attorney who represented the entire judicial district.

J. N. Prouty came to Humboldt in 1869 from Freeport, Illinois, having been admitted to the bar there in 1866 and having practiced there for three years. He remained in Humboldt throughout the balance of his life. He also made abstracts of title and was for many years more or less engaged in real estate. He built up a rather good-sized office practice but relied on someone else to try his cases. For a time he was associated with A. E. Clarke of Fort Dodge, who attended to most of Mr. Prouty's contested court cases. In 1881 he entered into a partnership with William J. Taft who had just graduated from the law school at the State University. This partnership lasted five years when Mr. Taft moved to Fort Dodge to be associated with A. E. Clark for two years. Mr. Prouty later became a partner with D. F. Coyle and still later with Mr. Coyle and his daughter, Edith Prouty, the firm then becoming Prouty, Coyle & Prouty. It so remained until Mr. Coyle was elected district judge, taking office in 1907. The firm continued to make abstracts of title and manage rentals and real estate. The trial work was largely done by Mr. Coyle, who became a successful trial lawyer.

Anderson Dodge Bicknell was born in Oneida County, New York, the son of a Baptist minister. He attended the local schools and took a course in the Rome (New York) Academy. He read law for two years in New York state. In 1862 he came to Iowa. The railroad ended at Cedar Falls, so he walked to Fort Dodge and from there to Humboldt. He became acquainted with the early settlers of Humboldt County. The first winter he taught school in Dakota City. He then went to Fort Dodge and there remained for five years. While at Fort Dodge he followed the mason's trade, very largely, although he also ran a limestone kiln. In 1864 he went back to New York State to be married. He again came to Humboldt County in 1868 and stayed there until his death. He farmed for awhile southwest of Rutland, ending his farming career in 1877. He then moved to Humboldt and devoted his time to the practice of law. Mr. Bicknell was successful in his practice. For a few years he officed with Parley Finch and they tried a number of cases together. He was a strong man, physically, mentally and morally. Twice he served as mayor of Humboldt. In 1872-73 he was county superintendent of schools. In 1880 he served in the state legislature. For a number of years he was city attorney for Humboldt. In all ways he was outstanding in the affairs of Humboldt. His son, Frank W., was a very prominent newspaper man, his daughter, Clara, was the wife of E. E. Hodgins, a prominent Unitarian minister, and his son, George J., a lawyer of Humboldt, will be referred to later on. Suffice it to say George J. also was mayor of Humboldt, served on the city council and was prominent in his own right.

Parley Finch was born and grew to manhood in Pennsylvania. At the age of 18 he commenced teaching school in that state and taught for a total of nine terms. He read law in Pennsylvania, mainly in the office of a brother. He came to Iowa in 1871 and was admitted to the bar at Waterloo in 1871. In the fall of that year he came to Humboldt County for a short time. The following year he again came to Humboldt and located there. He spent the remainder of his life in Humboldt. His gifted wife, whom he married before coming west, died in 1882. He never remarried. Mr. Finch became very prominent in the affairs of Humboldt. He served two terms as state representative, served in the state senate to which he was elected in 1897, and was mayor of Humboldt for three terms. He was an able lawyer. He was elected chairman and later secretary of the Iowa Code revision committee in the state legislature and was largely responsible for the Code of 1897, which was the Code of Iowa for 27 years. For many years he was president of the Humboldt State Bank. He became a large landowner, acquiring most of it when land was cheap and holding it. He had great faith in the county. He built a number of stone buildings on Main Street which stand to-day. All of them had brick fronts. In his later years Senator Finch devoted himself largely to managing his own property, but he went to his office each day and was a constant student of the law. He had two children, a son, William J. who gave great promise but suffered from scarlet fever as a child, and a daughter, Mina F. Housel, who still lives in Humboldt.

The same year Mr. Finch settled in the county W. N. Beer opened an office in Humboldt. He came in 1872 from Ohio. Little is known of him since he did not stay long enough to make his mark in the community.

A. E. Clark came here from Wisconsin in 1875 but remained only a year or two when he moved to Fort Dodge. He was there engaged part time in newspaper work but in 1886 moved to Minneapolis.

The firm of Hammond & Lyon were principally land agents although both members were admitted to the bar and they did practice law to some extent. They came from Independence, Iowa, and located in Dakota City where they were for a few years only. They were among the old timers there.

O. K. Hoyt came to Dakota City from West Union but just when, the writer does not know. He was, however, an old timer here. He had ability and tried a number of cases but his forte was the defense of criminal prosecutions. He was often to be found in the old saloon which stood opposite the courthouse. His death occurred following a long winter ride to Wacousta Township to try a case in which he was opposed by A. D. Bicknell, the case being, of course, before a Justice of the Peace.

James Winters located in Humboldt in 1879 or 1880, coming here from Illinois. Not much is now known of him as he stayed only one year and then moved west to Nebraska.

I. VanMetre was another old timer in the practice of law in Humboldt, but so little is known of him that only his name can be listed in the roster of the early bar.

W. W. Quivey was an old school teacher who settled in Humboldt for the practice of law in 1880. In addition to his law practice he also made abstracts of title and did a little real estate business. He and J. H. Gurney officed together and were nominally in partnership. Mr. Quivey was an uncle of Charles A. Babcock, who read law in his office in preparation for practice.

All of the lawyers above mentioned (except William J. Taft, D. F. Coyle and Edith Prouty) were of the old school; that is, they received their training in the accustomed manner; by reading law in a law office, supposedly under a lawyer's supervision. Many of them were excellent attorneys. The District Court could admit attorneys to practice in their courts. The usual practice was to appoint a committee of three from the local bar to examine the candidate. It was sometimes said that one of the requisites for admission was the price of an oyster stew for the committee.

James T. Dean, the son of a farmer in Wacousta Township and from a prominent family there, graduated from the College of Law at Iowa City in 1877. He came to Humboldt, opened his office and practiced there for a number of years, perhaps ten. He and his wife were very nice people but not much is now known of his ability. He went back to the farm, inherited it at his father's death and eventually traded it off. He met his death running a store at Columbus, New Mexico, near the border, when Villa's men rode in and shot up the town. Mrs. Dean was an aunt of Frank and Clark Jolliffe.

In 1880 two young lawyers located in Humboldt; George S. Garfield and Chas. A. Edwards, just graduated from the Law School of the State University, and formed a partnership known as Garfield and Edwards. Mr. Garfield was born in Kane County, Illinois, but when 6 months old went with his parents back to Vermont State. He was there educated in the common schools and later graduated from the Vermont State Normal at Randolph. In 1876 he came to Iowa, teaching for one year at Conover in Winneshiek County. Then he went to Concord, Pennsylvania, and taught for a year in the schools of that place. In 1878 he returned to Winneshiek County and read law one year in the office of M. P. Hathaway. A year later he entered the law school of the State University and graduated in June of 1880. Mr. Edwards came from New Hampshire and was a classmate of his at Iowa City. Edwards gave great promise but, unfortunately, came down with tuberculosis, and was obliged to go back to New Hampshire where he soon died. He was in Humboldt about three years. From then on and until 1914 when his son, Clement W., joined him, Mr. Garfield carried on alone. The first case of Garfield & Edwards had, there was opposed to them, M. D. O'Connell of Fort Dodge, later solicited for the United States Mint. Parley Finch came to them the night before the trial and assured them of any help he could give, outside the court room, and was glad to welcome a pair of lawyers willing to try their own cases. Previously, always there had been a lawyer from Fort Dodge or Algona doing the greater part of the trial work.

Mr. Garfield remained in Humboldt throughout his life. His death occurred in 1922. In 1884 he was married to Mary E. White, the oldest liv-

ing daughter of G. B. White. She survived him for 22 years. Their son, Theodore G. Garfield, was a District Judge for 14 years and is serving his 22nd year on the Iowa Supreme Court of which he is Chief Justice. The elder Mr. Garfield was a quiet spoken man. He did trial work until about 1910 when he gradually retired from it, preferring the quiet of a busy office to the heat of the courtroom. He had built up a large probate practice and that was what he preferred to do. He was a close student of the law and a good counsellor.

For many years he was president of the School Board and held that office in 1893 when the full two story school building was built of native, hand cut limestone with walls 18 inches in thickness. This, incidentally, was the building that a subsequent board had torn down 25 years later. Mr. Garfield was instrumental in obtaining the Public Library which was built in 1908. That is the story by itself.

In 1881 three young lawyers came to Humboldt upon their graduation from the Law School at Iowa City. They were: William J. Taft, the oldest son of the founder of Humboldt, George H. Shellenberger and D. F. Coyle. The three of them had roomed together at the University.

Some reference has been made of Mr. Taft. He first was with Mr. Prouty, then went to Fort Dodge for two years with A. E. Clarke, then returned to Humboldt where he lived the balance of his life. He was county attorney for many years. He married Alice E. Tibbetts, a teacher in the old Humboldt College, and a gifted woman. His son, Thurlow, is still living in Santa Monica where he served as municipal judge for 13 years. His daughter, Gertrude, died some years ago from cancer. Mr. Taft was not a trial lawyer but he acquired an office practice. He did abstracting and formed the Humboldt County Abstract Co., which was sold after his death to E. H. Parsons.

George H. Shellenberger was also engaged in the abstract of title business. He did some real estate business. He came from Mansfield, Ohio, and made his home with Matthew Berkheimer, who had married an older sister. Mr. Shellenberger married Emma E. White, a daughter of G. B. White. She and his brother, John, mainly did his abstract business. But Mr. Shellenberger also did trial work. In 1899 he moved to St. Paul, taking with him a small fortune for those days. He had made it largely by buying and selling land. In St. Paul he was in partnership with a man named Bryan, who came from Eagle Grove, Iowa. From there he moved to Salt Lake City, from there to Boise, Idaho, from there to Seattle, Washington, where Mrs. Shellenberger died at the age of fifty from cancer, and he ended up in Los Angeles in the practice of law.

D. F. Coyle engaged in the law practice, first in Dakota City. In 1883 he formed a partnership with M. F. Westover. They held themselves out as lawyers and land agents. Business came slow for them and Mr. Coyle went to Fort Dodge to try his fortune there. He tried some cases in Fort Dodge, but his efforts were mostly confined to collections. After a year or two he came to Humboldt and entered into a partnership with J. N. Prouty which

continued until he went on the bench in 1907. While with Mr. Prouty he engaged actively in the trial of cases in which he was successful. He served a term as mayor of Dakota City and later a term in the state legislature. He was bright, learned in the law and conducted for several years classes of instruction in it. He was an able judge. He resigned from the bench in 1929 and went into practice with his son, Clyde. He organized a boys' band and was most generous and helpful to it. He could be called a lawyer of the old school and was more visionary than practical in a business way. His return to practice in 1929 was disappointing and his son, Clyde, turned to other pursuits and was not of great help to him. His daughter, Margery, was a gifted girl but died at the age of 16. His older son, Claude, took his legal training under his father, practiced for a few years only, served as Justice of the Peace, but left to follow musical pursuits. His son, Clyde, likewise had his legal training from his father, opened an office at Hartley, Iowa, where he stayed for two years, then returned to Humboldt where he remained as long as his health permitted. He died in San Antonio. D. F. Coyle married Sallie Hamm of Iowa City in 1882. She was a bright, friendly woman and outlived all her family.

A. R. Starrett located in Humboldt in 1882. He came from Tipton, Iowa, although born in Ohio. It was he who built the old sheriff's office just east of the old brick court house as an office in which to practice his profession. He tried a few cases but did mostly an office business. He later retired from the profession and was engaged solely in writing fire insurance. While his office had been in Dakota City, his home was in Humboldt.

W. L. Smith came to Humboldt about 1890 and in 1894 was elected county attorney. Not too much is known of him as he left Humboldt many years ago.

Among the old timers who were admitted to the bar were: William Thompson, W. H. Locke, D. B. Hanan and John A. Walter. Mr. Walter never practiced here but farmed in Weaver Township. William Thompson was a wheelhorse in the Democratic party. Not much is known about the others,—whether they practiced or not.

Charles A. Babcock read law in his uncle's office,—that of W. W. Quivey, also serving for awhile as deputy clerk of court. He was admitted to practice in about 1882. He was elected the first county attorney. He prosecuted his own cases for the state. He stayed here only a few years after his admission, leaving for Sanborn, Iowa, and from there he went to Sheldon where he practiced until his death.

Frank M. Miles came to the county in 1884 from Vermont. He had read law before coming, but he supplemented this with a short course of study in Parley Finch's office. He was elected county attorney in 1890 and served one term of two years. He practiced a short time in Humboldt but finally located in Livermore where he built up an extensive practice, trying for the most part his own cases. His son, Robert, upon his death settled his affairs but

Robert was not admitted to practice. A second son, Eugene, graduated at Creighton and for awhile later practiced at Livermore.

Charles R. Burkhardt located in Humboldt in 1900, coming from Indiana. He was a graduate of the Indiana University and from the Northern Indiana law school at Valparaiso. He was rather active in Republican politics. He remained here a few years and went on to greener fields.

Fred C. Lovrien was from a farm in Wacousta Township. He took the law course at Iowa City, graduating in 1897. He officed, first, with Parley Finch and remained with him until his brother, Frank S., was admitted in 1907. Thereafter and until Fred was appointed District Judge in 1929 following Judge Coyle's resignation the firm was known as Lovrien & Lovrien. As a lawyer Fred C. Lovrien had good ability. He was pleasant to deal with. He did considerable trial work. He served as Justice of the Peace until 1907 when he resigned the office in favor of Claude C. Coyle. He would have been an excellent lawyer had he devoted his entire time to his profession, but he was a born trader and loaded himself up with farm land. The depression broke him financially. However, he made a slow come-back and gradually again became a large landowner. When Judge Held was elected judge he moved to Spencer, but more and more his interests were in land and he finally gave up the practice and devoted his entire time to his farm land, even farming some of it himself.

Mention must be made of Edith Prouty, a daughter of J. N. Prouty. She completed the law course at Iowa City and was admitted to practice in 1891. She joined the firm of Prouty & Coyle, making it Prouty, Coyle & Prouty. She had largely the charge of their large collection and abstract of title business, gave legal counsel and sat in with Mr. Coyle occasionally in the trial of cases. She was a prominent club woman. For a number of years she was Supreme Organizer for the P.E.O. Sisterhood. She finally married Ira C. Prichard and moved to Kansas City.

Frank S. Lovrien has already been referred to. He had been an outstanding football player, both in high school and at Drake University. He had a strong physique. He tried his own cases, although at first in the more important ones was assisted by his brother, Fred. They were a formidable pair in the court room. Mr. Lovrien served as city attorney for many years, one term in the state legislature and also on the school board. For many years he was rather prominent in public affairs. His two sons, Clark and Philip were also lawyers. Clark was with the F.B.I. for many years and Phillip was with it during the second World War. Before that he practiced with his father. Frank Lovrien died at 57 in an Omaha hospital.

L. W. Housel, a son-in-law of Mr. Finch, was a Yale graduate. He entered the office of Mr. Finch and there remained even following Senator Finch's death. He built up a fairly good office practice with some court work in addition. He was one of the few early Democrats in the county. His main interest was in the Democratic party when it was not strong in the county. He ran twice for County Attorney, once for Congress and was candi-

date for Governor in 1930. Had he been the candidate two years later he would have been Governor of Iowa. In 1932 he was joined by his son, William P., but by that time Mr. Housel, because of failing health, was not at all active in the practice. In fact, for several years before his enforced retirement he was obliged to refer business to other attorneys. Although a leading Democrat all of his life, he told the writer in the summer of 1934 that if he lived until the general election of that fall he should vote the straight Republican ticket. He was a Democrat of the old school.

John Cunningham was a Cole student. He served as county auditor for many years. Upon his retirement from the auditor's office he was elected county attorney. He held that office until 1916 when he was defeated by Mr. DeGroote. He built quite an extensive office practice in addition to his court work. Mr. Cunningham served a term in the state legislature. He was always active in the Republican party. For many years he was precinct committee man and at one time was county chairman of the party. His death occurred in 1935 while working on his farm near Bradgate. He was a man of commanding presence. He had a large family of children. One of his sons, Lawrence, is now Justice of the Peace in Humboldt.

Oliver H. DeGroote, a Humboldt boy and the son of D. A. DeGroote, a Humboldt merchant, completed the law course at the State University in 1909, having taken his preliminary college work at the University of Minnesota. He spent at least a year or more in California where he was busily engaged in organizing the raisin growers to receive adequate prices for their product. In this he was successful. In 1912 he opened his law office in Humboldt. He was ever a bright, likeable man of good personality and met people easily. He was for many years, secretary to the Humboldt County Fair Association, later mayor and also represented the county in the state legislature. He was a close student. He was always interested in history and literature. His interest in history was and still is, more in local history and in the Civil War. He has visited many of the famous battlefields of the Civil War. He is largely responsible for the written material for the Centennial. He was county attorney for two terms and conducted that office successfully and well. But he was more interested in mercantile pursuits than in the law, although he continued his practice for some 14 years and then opened a grocery store in Humboldt. He would have been a leading lawyer of the community had he followed his profession. He was, however, brought up in his father's general store and in the selling of merchandise, and that was where his heart and interest were. He was eminently successful from the day he opened his store. He was competing with a grocery chain and lowered his prices accordingly. The old time grocers were hard put to compete with him. He finally bought the corner building, which he still owns, where his son, Harold, has his men's clothing store. His customers were county wide and he was always a most popular merchant. He eventually sold his stock of goods and fixtures and retired to devote himself to the studies he found most interesting. His friends are more than county wide.

He married Mayme Donaghu in California in 1912. She and Mr. DeGroote are most gracious people.

George J. Bicknell was admitted to practice in 1914. He was with his father during the balance of his life, then practiced on his own account. He had attended the University of Minnesota but was obliged to leave because of serious eye trouble. While there he roomed with Oliver DeGroote. He attended Judge Coyle's evening classes, read law at home and in that manner fitted himself for the bar. He was a good collection lawyer and gave good counsel. He served the city as mayor as well as councilman. On the insistence of the bar he became Justice of the Peace. In this office he held many trials and in none of them did he ever permit personal likes or dislikes to govern his decisions. He carried on his office, as his father had before him, in a most fitting and honorable manner. He was public spirited. Under his regime as mayor many improvements were made, including the paving of Main Street in Humboldt. He retired from active practice a number of years ago.

William P. Housel, son of L. W. Housel, a graduate of Yale and the Iowa Law School, was admitted in 1932. He was elected to the city council, later as mayor to the school board, sat on the county hospital committee, and served until fairly recently as a member of the state liquor control commission. He still maintains his law office in Humboldt. He has been active in Democratic circles, although he was an Eisenhower Democrat. He has as much law practice as he wants. He has been prominent in the affairs of Humboldt and, in fact, the state. He devotes a good part of his time looking after the business interests of his mother, Mrs. Housel, a daughter of Parley Finch, and of the Housel interests as well.

Franklin Jaqua and John H. Mitchell, his brother-in-law, formed a firm for the practice of law in 1924 and were for a time together. Mr. Mitchell became associated with Frank S. Lovrien for a short time and then moved to Fort Dodge where he still remains. Mr. Jaqua still practices law in Humboldt. He served as county attorney, being first appointed to that office when Philip Lovrien resigned it to enter the F.B.I. As county attorney he served well and successfully. He does trial work in which he has become capable. He has recently taken in his office an associate, John P. Mansfield. Mr. Jaqua was formerly in partnership with Phil C. Lovrien until the latter went to Sioux City to be Assistant U.S. District Attorney. This was, however, when Mr. Lovrien terminated his service for the F.B.I. Mr. Jaqua owns an interest in the Jaqua Printing Co., which issues the two county newspapers and he devotes some time to their business.

Philip Lovrien had good ability also. He settled his father's affairs following his decease and then practiced alone until he went with the F.B.I. He tried some cases in court, first with assistance and later without. He is now practicing law in Florida.

Paul L. Emrie was clerk of the district court. He studied under D. F. Coyle and was admitted to practice in the 1920's. For a time he was associ-

ated with the Lovriens in charge of an office at Livermore. It was under the firm name of Lovrien, Lovrien & Emrie. This venture at Livermore did not last for long. Mr. Emrie came to Humboldt and opened his own office. He had married Ethel Barrett, now Ethel Emrie, who still lives in Humboldt. Mr. Emrie liked the law, but he was more for making money than in the practice of it. So, after a few years of legal practice he went into the hatchery business which had more promise. He was a bright, able man but unfortunately died rather suddenly and while still fairly young.

Russell I. Hess was a graduate of the University of Iowa and came to Humboldt in the 1920's. He was, for a time, associated with Frank S. Lovrien, but it did not last for long. He opened his office and was elected Justice of the Peace. He tried a few cases. Mr. Hess had ability and obtained a position at Cedar Rapids in the Treasury Department, Federal Estate Tax Division. He now has a good position as Trust attorney for a large bank.

Thaddeus S. Herrick was a local boy who had homesteaded and was teaching school in North Dakota. He returned to Humboldt to work in the Humboldt State Bank. He took a law course under Judge Coyle, was admitted to the bar and commenced his practice at Sioux Rapids, Iowa. After some little time spent there he returned to Humboldt in the late 1920's and opened his office for practice. He served as county attorney for two terms. He had a good office practice with some court work. He was a student of the law and was fairly successful. His brother, Judge Allen Herrick of Des Moines, was instrumental in later obtaining for him a position as Assistant Attorney General and he had charge of legal matters for the Department of Social Welfare until his death.

Stanley M. Nielsen, another Coyle student, was admitted to the bar in 1931 and began his practice at Humboldt. He served two terms as county attorney. He tried some cases. Mr. Nielsen was quite active in the profession for awhile. When World War II began he enlisted in the Army. He had attended Coe College and he and his wife moved to her home in Marion. Mr. Nielsen is employed by the Allis Chalmers Co. in Waterloo.

Don R. Sawyer of Dakota City was another of Judge Coyle's students. For a time he practiced in Dakota City where he acted as Justice of the Peace. He moved a number of years ago to South Gate, California, where he is engaged in the real estate business in which he has been successful.

Edwin H. Parsons, a graduate of Luther College at Decorah, Iowa, was a superintendent of schools for a number of years. He attended Judge Coyle's classes, studied hard and prepared himself for the bar, being admitted in 1932. He commenced his practice at Algona for a brief time, then came to Humboldt in John Cunningham's office. He was well grounded in the law, gave excellent legal advice and tried some cases in court. Later, he took up abstracting as a side line and did a great deal of it. Following World War II he was joined by his son, C. D. Parsons, who had been in service as a flyer. He was a graduate of the State University. Their firm is known as Parsons & Parsons. They operate the Humboldt County Abstract Co., which Mr. Parsons

(E.H.) purchased following the decease of William J. Taft, purchasing it, however, from J. A. Parker and Myrtle Parsons. They do a good office business.

Melvin L. Baker came to Humboldt in 1933 following his graduation from the State University. He was in the office of C. W. Garfield until the latter retired from the practice in January, 1958, and became a full partner in the firm. Mr. Baker served two terms as county attorney. He does some trial work, is joined in the practice by John E. Miller following World War II. Mr. Miller was lieutenant (J.G.) in the Navy. He was a classmate of Mr. Baker's at Iowa City. Mr. Miller has ability, as does Mr. Baker. He does trial work also. He came here also as a partner of Mr. Garfield. He was, before coming to Humboldt, county attorney at Albia for two terms. Robert H. Baker an honor graduate at the State University in 1959 put in a year as law clerk to Judge VanOosterhout of the United State Circuit Court of Appeals, and then joined his father's firm in Humboldt for the practice of law. He is a bright young man and should go far in the profession. They also have ability. Much more could be said of them in a favorable light, but they are well known in Humboldt and speak for themselves.

Harlyn A. Stoebe, a graduate of the State University, located in Humboldt following World War II in which he served. He has a good practice and does court work as well as office business. He has served as County Attorney for 14 years. He is also well known.

A Mr. Andreasen located in Humboldt in 1958, opened an office and began the practice of law. He was a bright young man and would have been a success, but he left Humboldt for Algona and is now a partner there of Hutchison & Hutchison.

Oscar Gullixson and later Clinton A. Nasby were lawyers at Bode but, since this article is confined to the Humboldt (and Dakota City) bar we will only list their names.

The practice of law has changed greatly since the old days. Up to and including the 1880's, it was common practice for a man served with an original notice to come to the court room himself on the return day and choose his own lawyer to defend the case. For that reason the lawyers were all present, waiting for business. Not only were they there but several well known members of the Fort Dodge bar as well. M. D. O'Connell, Capt. J.A.O. Yeoman, A. E. Clarke and others were there. Later there were the Healys from Fort Dodge. The old brick court house was built in 1872. It has seen some famous trials. It was torn down in 1938 to make way for the present court house, a beautiful and well appointed building. The railroad did not come until 1880. The town was full of lawyers and had only about 600 people in it. The country was settling up. Very few had money to buy farm equipment. It was not owned by the dealers but by the machinery companies. The local dealer had it on consignment and took notes for the purchase price. Many of these notes were turned over later to the attorneys to collect. Many of them would have starved except for these collections. Estates were few and far between. They rarely ran into any size. The people were mostly

young and lived on hopes. The lawyers were many in number. There were at least a dozen lawyers in Humboldt when the writer commenced to practice. They were the horse and buggy days with few automobiles in the county. Damage suits for car accidents were then unknown. Now they are the principal source of civil litigation. Settlement of estates is now common. Humboldt is in the garden spot of Iowa. The city has steadily grown whereas many county seat towns have remained stagnant. Business has prospered and with it the reward of the few attorneys in the city has become much greater. Our town will continue to grow and prosper.

C. W. Garfield

Footnote

The above article on the Humboldt County Bar is a comprehensive article written by C. W. Garfield. Clem was graduated from Humboldt High School and the University of Iowa where he was awarded a B.A. degree in 1912 and L.L.B. in 1914. He was awarded the order of Coif, as a member of the Phi Kappa Psi social fraternity and of the Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity.

Clem had long been an able lawyer in Humboldt from 1914 to 1958, when because of health conditions, he retired as head of the firm of Garfield, Baker and Miller, and established at least a temporary home in California.

During those years as a lawyer he was Humboldt County Attorney, Mayor of Humboldt, and a member of the Board of Education for many years. He enlisted in World War I in the U.S. Infantry and was president of the First National Bank of Humboldt during World War II.

His friends know him as a man who never aspired to high public office, and on occasion he had refused to consider such office. His greatest preference was to serve the people of his own county and his own town as best he could. His foremost ambition was to further the intellectual, cultural and civic development of this town, as had his father and mother before him.

Clem, as a lawyer and a citizen, is a man of absolute integrity, is sympathetic, democratic and generous. He is a man loyal to his convictions, and at all times a true gentleman. Kindness, with him, has been a way of life. His approach to living is one of tolerance, but with a frankness that allows of no pretenses.

He returns twice a year on business and to visit his many friends. He is often accompanied by his wife Pearl, who was very prominent in the educational, cultural and civic life of Humboldt.

Clem's brother, the Honorable Theodore G. Garfield, repeatedly elected to the Iowa Supreme Court, of which he is now Chief Justice, has attained the highest political office of any son of Humboldt. The comment of the Bar of the State of Iowa since his ascendancy to this high office, has been universally favorable. "Ted" as we knew him as a boy, graduated from Humboldt High School and the University of Iowa.

To Clem, though he lives far away, Humboldt, where he had lived all of his active years, is, deep in his heart, still his home.

BIOGRAPHIES

HON. PARLEY FINCH and Family

Hon. Parley Finch is a son of James and Lucia (Johnson) Finch. He was born September 24, 1844, at Windham, Bradford County, Pennsylvania. He received his education in the common schools of his county and at the early age of eighteen commenced teaching. He taught nine terms in the state of Pennsylvania and New York, during which time he read law three months in the office of Orin Miller at Bradford, Pennsylvania. He later studied with his brother Ira Finch, and was admitted to the bar in September, 1871, thus practically providing for himself his own education.

He came to Humboldt County, Iowa in the fall of 1871 and there decided to locate. He left the county for a short time, but returned again in the spring of 1872 and commenced the practice of law. His constant attention to business and his continuous efforts to work for the interests of his clients caused him to build up a large and lucrative practice.

He married Mary D. (Wait) Finch April 14, 1869. As a result of this marriage two children were born:—William J; Mina H., now living at Nicholls, Tioga County, New York. Mrs. Finch died June 12, 1882.

Senator Finch begun his public career by serving as mayor of the town of Humboldt three terms. He also held other minor offices, such as trustee one term and councilman one term. In 1893 he was elected representative and was re-elected to the same office in 1895, serving in the Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Sixth General Assemblies.

During the session of the Twenty-Sixth General Assembly he was selected chairman of the third division of the Code Committee. Owing to the illness of Representative Cornwall, Senator Finch acted as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. At the extra session of the legislature, called for the purpose of adopting the Code in 1897, he took a very active part. Near the close of the session, he was selected by the house as a member of the Code Supervising Committee, of which he later became secretary. This committee had charge of the publication and annotation of the Code, and it was in this work that he spent most of the summer of 1897. During the session he was one of the most active members of the legislature, taking part in all of the committee work and personally winning several important points which came before the legislature. In 1897 he was elected state senator, which office he still holds.

In religion he is a Protestant, and in politics a Republican. He is a member of the Masonic Order of Humboldt, Iowa.

During his career, by his own efforts, he has acquired an unusually large competency, owning about 1800 acres of land and a number of most prominent business buildings in the town of Humboldt; having in addition to property already named, a number of invested interests, being a stock-holder in the

People's Bank at Humboldt, Iowa, and for a number of years a director and stock-holder in the Humboldt State Bank.

While he was a member of the Iowa legislature, the records of the house journal show that he was on more important committees, offered more resolutions, and carried more motions than any other member of that General Assembly. By close attention he learned the section number of almost every important provision in the Code, and seldom failed to remember just what the statute provided in a given case. Thus Senator Finch has, by his own efforts, won eminence among the prominent men connected with the history of Humboldt county.

He had a son, William, who died while a young man, and one daughter, Mina Harriet. Mrs. Finch died when Mina was 8 years old, and thereafter the daughter lived with her aunt, Almyro Russell, in Nichols, N.Y. She attended Elmira College, in New York, until her marriage to Lorenzo W. Housel. In 1902 Mr. Finch's son-in-law, Lorenzo W. Housel, joined him in the practice of law, and they continued together in the same office on the second floor of the Finch building at 613 Sumner Ave. until Mr. Finch's death in 1927 (age 82), although the latter was inactive in the profession in later years. He was a large stockholder of the Humboldt County Bank (later named Humboldt State Bank) and President until selling his interest about 1916. He was a member of the Humboldt Masonic lodge. His daughter, Mrs. Mina Housel, continues her residence in Humboldt, reaching the age of 88 on August 20, 1962. She is a member of the Congregational Church and served a term on the board of directors of the Humboldt independent school district.

Lorenzo W. Housel was born December 30, 1873, at Van Ettenville, New York, the son of William Housel, a civil war veteran, and Josephine (Fender-son) Housel. During most of his youth his family lived in the country near Nichols, in southern New York, where he attended at a red country school. He received his secondary education at the Owego Free Academy, at Owego, N.Y., and received a B.A. degree (1897) and L.L.B. degree (1900) from Yale University. While a Yale student he was a reporter for the New Haven Journal-Courier, a daily newspaper, becoming assistant city editor, and was elected auditor of New Haven County and representative to the Connecticut state legislature. Also he was a member of the Connecticut National Guard. He was admitted to the practice of law in Connecticut and in 1902 came to Humboldt, having married Mina H. Finch, the daughter of Parley Finch, a lawyer there. Admitted to the Iowa bar in 1902, he practiced law with Mr. Finch until the latter's death in 1927, when he continued alone. Mr. Housel served as a Humboldt city councilman, president of the Commercial Club, trustee of the Methodist Church, and also trustee of the Congregational Church. He was a Mason (York rite), Shriner and Elk. A Democrat, he was active in politics, and was the unsuccessful candidate of his party for state representative, lieutenant governor (1928) and governor (1930). He sought the Democratic nomination for governor in the 1932 primary election, but

was defeated by Clyde L. Herring, who was elected governor in the general election that year. He died at Rochester, Minn., September 15, 1935.

Mr. and Mrs. Housel were the parents of a daughter, Mary Delphine, born November 7, 1903, and a son, William Parley, born April 11, 1908. The daughter, Delphine, was educated in the Humboldt Public school and Bryn Mawr College. She married Charley Christensen, the son of Mads and Maria Christensen, and they lived on his parents' farm just north of Dakota City. They had 3 sons, Charles William, John Lawrence and Mark Clement and a son and daughter who died in infancy. Her husband died in 1944, at the age of 42, when the boys were 12, 9 and 5 years old. The boys attending the Dakota City and Humboldt Public schools. The oldest, Charles, graduated from Iowa State University with a B.S. degree in mechanical engineering. John received a B.S. degree from the same university in agricultural economics. Mark served 3 years in the U.S. Army and plans to complete studies previously begun at Iowa State U. Mrs. Christensen now lives with her mother in Humboldt. She is a member of the Congregational Church of Humboldt, active in its women's groups, and has been active in politics, being for several years Humboldt County Democratic vice-chairman.

William P. Housel attended the Humboldt Public school and prepared for college at the Loomis school at Windsor, Connecticut. He received a B.A. degree from Yale University (1929) and a J.D. from the College of Law of the State University of Iowa (1932), and was admitted to the Iowa bar in 1932. He has since then practiced law at the same office in Humboldt formerly used by his father, L. W. Housel, and his grandfather, Parley Finch. He is a member of the Iowa State and American Bar Associations. He served as a member of the Humboldt city council, 1936-40, mayor, 1940-44, member of the board of directors of the Humboldt independent school district, 1948-54, county hospital board of trustees, 1946 to present, and the Iowa Liquor Control Commission, 1953-59, being chairman the last 2 years. He was the Democratic candidate for state representative in 1934, being defeated by John Cunningham, the Republican candidate, and he served some years as Humboldt County Democratic chairman. He has served as a trustee of the Congregational Church of Humboldt, president of the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce and the Lions Club (1947 and 1961), and is a member of those organizations, the Humboldt Masonic lodge, Sioux City Consistory, Abu Bekr Shrine, Humboldt chapter of the Isaac Walton League, and Humboldt Rifle and Pistol Club. On December 16, 1933, he married Harriet Evelyn Hilpert, the daughter of Fred and Cora (Miller) Hilpert, of Keokuk, Iowa. Mrs. Housel attended the Keokuk public schools and received a B.A. degree from the State University of Iowa in 1932. She and her husband are members of the Congregational Church in Humboldt, in which she has been active as Sunday school teacher and in women's groups, including the Humboldt county United Churchwomen. She served some years on the Humboldt County Health Council and has served from 1956 to the present time as a member of the board of trustees of the Humboldt Public Library and as

secretary of that board. She is a member of the P.E.O. sisterhood. A daughter, Harriet Evelyn, was born May 27, 1936. She attended the Humboldt public schools, went one year to Iowa State University, and received a B.S. degree in Home Economics from the University of Wyoming. She married Forest M. Kepler, Jr., of Cheyenne, Wyoming, and they now live in Laramie, Wyoming, where Mr. Kepler is employed as a civil engineer by an engineering firm. They have two sons, William Forest and Courtney Robert.

EARLY LIFE OF THE WILDERS IN HUMBOLDT

Eli Almond Wilder, my Grandfather, was married to Julia Almeda Harkness in Mackean, Wisconsin. They came with their four sons to Iowa in the late Sixties or early Seventies by train on the Illinois Central to "the end of Road", which was Iowa Falls. Here my Grandfather procured a team and covered wagon and followed sparsely marked trails to Humboldt. Here he and his oldest son, Alfonso who was about twenty years of age, opened and operated a General Mercantile Store in a two story stone building on the south side at the west end of Main Street.

A few years later he disposed of this business and moved to a farm near Rutland from whence he emigrated to California. My Father, Ernest Adelbert, was the third son of E. A. Wilder and in his youth left the parental home and went to South Dakota. There he opened the first general store in Running Water, South Dakota which was, at that time, a part of the Northwest Territory. Here he dealt a great deal with the Indians and learned to trade with them both orally and by the sign language. He also became interested in shipping Mustang ponies to Rutland, Iowa, for resale.

In the late seventies he returned from Running Water to Rutland and opened a general merchandise store from which he dispensed groceries and yard goods; notions and patent medicines because in those days drug stores were scarce in small towns.

Rutland was a typical frontier small town. All of the buildings were erected of wood with board walks in front as the streets were extremely muddy at certain seasons of the year. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway was built at this time (about 1880), and was a source of great interest, as the freight and passenger trains stopped here for water, and while this was being done the crew ate their meals at a small hotel operated by Mr. and Mrs. William Swiers, my maternal grandparents. The Swiers had two daughters, Ada and Eva, and it was at Swiers Hotel where my father boarded and became interested in the younger daughter who became my mother. Ada, the oldest daughter, married Fred McClure who was the station agent and the director of the town band.

It was at this time in the Eighties that a famous baseball team was organized in the town of Humboldt on which my father played. This team was known as "The Modocs". Some of the players besides my father were a younger brother, Latis Wilder, Charlie Ward, George Welch, George Shellen-

berger, Chas. Simmons of Dakota City, two brothers Fred and Will Taft and others. This ball team became famous throughout the state and because of their success were awarded a silver baseball and a rosewood bat which are now preserved in the Museum in the basement of the Humboldt Library together with the two balls with which they won their game.

In the Nineties we moved to Humboldt for my parents wanted my brother and me to attend the Humboldt Schools.

My Father was a friend of Howard Sharp, the Humboldt County Treasurer, who at the termination of his term of office helped to organize the Safety Savings Bank, which opened in the Prouty building which is now occupied by the Jaqua Printing Co. My father was one of the Directors and President of its Board. Several years later this Bank decided to reorganize into the First National where my father held the same positions.

In the late nineties Mr. D. A. Ray offered his General Mercantile store for sale, because he had been appointed postmaster so my father purchased his stock and building. This building was built by B. H. Harkness on the corner just east of the Russell House and is now occupied by the Harold De Groote Clothing and Shoe Co. It is co-incidental that my father should own this building which his Uncle Byron Howard Harkness built for he was a brother of my father's mother. Later my father formed the Company of E. A. Wilder and Sons—Archie Elmer and Byron Howard. It was thus operated for some time until my father decided to retire. His son Archie became interested in insurance, while I took up Mortuary Science.

This is a resumé of the part my family played in the early history of Humboldt.

Byron H. Wilder

Footnote by author—E. A. Wilder remained a resident until his death. Archie Elmer was a graduate of Grinnell College and a star baseball player, both in college and on the Humboldt baseball team along with Byron. Byron attended Drake University where he starred in baseball and in the high jump, and in the 1920's he conducted a successful mortician business in Humboldt. He later became one of the leading morticians in Fort Dodge. He also was prominent in public affairs in that city, was a member of the city council, and some twenty-five years ago was president of the Chamber of Commerce. It is also co-incidental that E. A. Wilder and the writer's father, D. A. DeGroote, were competitors in the 80's as general merchandise merchants at Rutland and were also competitors in the same business in the early nineteen hundreds in Humboldt, that Byron and the writer's son were third generation merchants in Humboldt, that Byron and I were boyhood schoolmates, and that in 1937 the writer purchased the corner Wilder Building from Byron, formerly the Harkness and D. A. Ray Building, where the writer's son now operates.

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE WHITE FAMILY

By C. W. Garfield

Grandfather White always said there was a family tradition, handed down from father to son, that the family was descended from Peregrine White, the first white child born in America. This may or may not be true, but the fact is there is no written proof of it. At any rate, the travels of the family are sufficiently interesting to warrant their being put down on paper.

Grandfather, Greenlief Buchanan White, was born Sept. 25, 1823 in Momouth, Maine, the son of Judge David White. He evidently went as a boy to Skowhegan, Maine, where his father lived most of his life and where he, his father, died. Judge White was, by the way, a probate Judge. It is said that folks in Skowhegan would not buy land until Judge White had searched the title and approved it.

Olive Lambert White (our Grandmother), maiden name, Olive Lambert Webb, daughter of Joseph B. Webb and Martha (Weston) Webb was born in Bloomfield (now a part of Skowhegan) Maine, July 22, 1829. She and Greenlief B. White were married in Skowhegan, Maine, on Dec. 5, 1850. Incidentally, Grandmother told me that before her marriage she taught country school for thirteen dollars a month and her board, taking turns boarding among the different families in her district.

Our grandfather, Greenlief B. White, was a retail merchant in Skowhegan, but he had a partner who turned out to be dishonest, incurring many debts against the firm which Grandfather knew nothing about. He was several years paying these debts as well as a firm of Boston lawyers whom he paid a total of one thousand dollars, the balance of which he paid while on the farm in Iowa. There was more or less litigation over these obligations but they were all eventually settled in full.

In 1854 the White family came West. It then consisted of Grandfather, Grandmother and their oldest child, a daughter, Emma Frances White, born in Skowhegan, Maine, Dec. 16, 1851. They came first to the farm near Buda, Illinois, on which Grandmother's parents lived, they having preceded them on the migration West. Their travel was the then customary way of travel; to Chicago on the Great Lakes and from there on by team and wagon, which Grandfather purchased in Chicago. They remained on the farm near Buda long enough for Mother to be born and to be three weeks old. Then Grandfather bought a buggy and with the team and buggy started for Wisconsin. The family stayed in Wisconsin for two years,—one year at Ripon and one year at Horican. In each place he ran a store. The country was just opening up and a town would give promise that perhaps was not fulfilled until a great many years later. Sometimes it was never fulfilled. On the trips to and from Wisconsin, going and coming back, there were few, if any, hotels on the way and the family would drive until almost dark and then take shelter with a family of settlers or where they could.

Early in 1856 Grandfather purchased a half section farm on the Cedar River in the very northern part of Floyd County, Iowa. The river ran as the boundary of the farm and, in fact, was the boundary between Floyd and Mitchell Counties, Iowa. The family, consisting of Grandfather, Grandmother, Emma Frances and Mary Ellen (my mother) first went back to Illinois for a short visit and then started out for the Iowa farm. They went by team and wagon, carrying what household goods they could, including a few of the better pieces they had brought from Maine. The trip was made in the winter and they crossed the Mississippi on the ice at McGregor. There was quite a settlement of Maine people in Mitchell County and some cousins named Flint lived almost directly across the river. Their family doctor had come from Maine and was then at Osage, Iowa, the county seat of Mitchell County. Their home on the farm was a log cabin. The children slept in the loft, climbing there by means of a ladder. In winter the snow came through the chinks in the cabin and Grandmother would climb up in winter and shake the bed covers which were frequently covered by snow. They made their own clothes. The only sweetening they used was home-made sorghum. I have heard my mother tell of going into the wheat field and picking straws to braid straw hats for her father and brothers. Grandmother and mother sat up after the others of the family went to bed and made their clothes. There were no roads other than the stage coach road which went past the farm, going from St. Charles, a small village, (now Charles City), to Floyd and then on to Orchard and Osage. The nearest county seat was Osage. The nearest town, if it could be called a town, was within sight of the farm, Blackwater, the stage station, with a store and post office; Blackwater has long since ceased to be and is just a clump of trees. There was quite a fringe of timber along the river along which Indians roamed and had their tepees. There were no fences. An occasional timber wolf was in the timber and prairie wolves roamed the prairie. There was not a bridge in the entire county. Rattlesnakes were in abundance. Mother has often said the children, on their way to school two miles away, in the spring and fall, always encountered rattlesnakes. After the family had been on the farm a year Grandfather built a second cabin. He connected it to the first cabin by means of a breezeway, so the family then had a two room cabin with the children still sleeping in the loft. Mother has often said she never expected to live in a frame house.

Uncle Frank (christened David Francis White) was born in the cabin Sept. 25, 1856. When he was a baby playing on the stone slab in the sun in front of the cabin door a large rattlesnake curled up near him. Grandmother motioned to Grandfather, who was hoeing corn in the field nearby, and he came with the hoe and chopped the snake's head off before it struck the baby. As Uncle Frank grew to boyhood and at the age of eleven he did most of the chores on the farm, including the milking of the seven cows night and morning. This was not as simple as it sounds. They were let out of the log stable in the early morning, after being milked. A bell was on the bell cow. They roamed up and down the river or on the prairie and it was a task of some-

times two hours or more to bring them in at night. Uncle Frank rode the mare until he found the cows, drove them home and milked them. When he was very late in rounding them up Grandfather would pace the floor and say that if he came back he'd never have him go again. But Grandfather would say: "The old mare will bring him back", and she always did.

Uncle Charles was born in the double cabin May 30, 1860. He frequently said that the nation celebrated his birthday as it occurred on Memorial Day. His task on the farm was to herd the sheep when he grew big enough to do it.

As a little boy he took the sheep to the pasture and stayed with them all day. He always said he looked forward to seeing a little pink sunbonnet coming across the prairie in the mid-afternoon, bringing him a slab of gingerbread and some milk to drink with it. They did not count the sheep when they brought them in—only the black ones: figuring one black sheep for every ten of the white ones. The little pink sunbonnet, of course, referred to his little sister, the second Emma Frances.

In 1857 occurred the Spirit Lake massacre,—well to the west in northern Iowa, but there was practically no settlement in northern Iowa for ten years afterward. There were many Indians in the country. The settlers each had a red flag to hang out if it seemed the Indians were becoming touchy. I have heard my mother and Uncle Frank tell many times of taking turns sitting on the cabin roof to watch for Indians. The settlers, all of whom lived in log cabins, had arranged a central meeting place if the Indians appeared hostile. On one occasion when Grandfather and Grandmother went to St. Charles on business they left Mother and Uncle Frank alone in the cabin, the hired man, however, being in the field hoeing corn. Two Indians appeared at the door and demanded food of Mother. Uncle Frank, though used to hardships, crawled under the bed and left Mother to do what she could with the Indians. They took a fresh sheet of gingerbread which their mother had baked for their dinner. The hired man had not observed them and probably couldn't have done anything about it if he had.

In those days no one had any money to speak of. If a neighbor butchered a sheep, a pig or a steer the meat was divided among the neighborhood, and they all took their turn. The only cash crops were wheat and hogs. The wheat had to be taken to Cedar Falls, the nearest market. The hogs were butchered in winter and the pork hauled in a wagon to Dubuque,—a long trip.

In December of 1860 tragedy struck the home. The dread disease, diphtheria, struck the countryside in epidemic proportions. Mother had it and was thought to have been more ill than her older sister, Emma Frances. Everything was done that was then known to do. Dr. Chase from Osage called as often as he could and the children had the best of nursing, but in spite of it all the oldest child, little Emma, just short of nine years old, died. Mother, of course, recovered. Emma, who died, was a very bright, lovable child and Grandmother never ceased to grieve for her. Nearly one child in every family was lost to the scourge of diphtheria. Mother said she was so ill that she had little memory before her sickness. Her only memory of her older

sister, Emma, was when she took her by the hand and said, "Sister will take care of Mamie."

In 1861 (or it may have been in 1862, but I think in 1861) the family went back to Bureau County, Illinois, and the farm was rented out. Grandfather White was employed to manage the Ford farm near Buda. It was owned by Capt. Ford, a Mississippi River captain who owned and operated his own boat. His farm consisted of a section of land, 640 acres, and was really a show place. The buildings were more than adequate. Grandmother was pleased, too, as she frequently said when they were in the cabin that if she could only have a corner of her father's woodshed in Maine, how much more comfortable it would be. This also permitted her to be near some of her father's and mother's people. Capt. Rufus Ford was a brother-in-law, having married Grandmother's sister, Martha. When he retired from his steamboat life he had a capital of \$250,000, big money for those times. Incidentally, he finally lost it all on the Chicago Board of Trade. His son, William Ford, was one of the early settlers in Pasadena, California, and married Jennie, one of the Banbury twins who rode into Pasadena with the first load of lumber, her father taking the twin girls with him as his team brought it in.

It was on the Ford farm that the second Emma Frances was born, Dec. 27, 1862. Uncle Frank, then a boy of six teased his parents to name her Emma Frances in memory of his older sister who had died on the farm, and they accorded to his wishes.

Just how long they were on the Ford farm in Bureau County I am not sure, but it was either three or four years. After that experience Grandfather moved to Osage, Iowa, about a dozen miles from the White farm, and ran a retail mercantile store in partnership with Judge Hitchcock. It was while they were in Osage that Mother attended the old Cedar Valley Seminary, the same school that Hamlin Garland attended as a boy and of which he has written. Uncle Charles read the Garland books but I could never get Mother to look at them. She said she had seen all of that pioneer life that she cared for. Of course, when they were on the Ford farm and also in Osage they lived in a frame house. It was while they were in Osage that Uncle Will was born January 8, 1865. He was a large baby and it was Mother's duty to carry him. This she had to do on her hip as he was too heavy for her to lift otherwise. He was the only one of the living children who never married.

Grandfather was in the store at Osage about two years and then moved to the farm on the Cedar River. He couldn't give up the thought of farming although he was ill suited for it. In those days the corn was planted with a hoe and cultivating corn meant that the hired man and all the children able to hold a hoe did the cultivating. They still lived in a log cabin although a frame house was soon built on the farm and then, of course, they had the conveniences that living in a frame house afforded. Uncle Frank and Mother, the two oldest children, still took turns a great many times sitting on the cabin roof and watching for Indians. Uncle Frank has told me that the

younger children had no conception of the amount of hard work he and Mother did on the farm. There were wild plums in the thickets, wild strawberries in season and in abundance and this was the fruit they had, using sorghum for sweetening for it. Prairie chickens teemed on the prairie. They trapped as many as they could eat by means of a home-made trap. Aunt Emma (the second Emma Frances) often said they had prairie chicken so often that she became so tired of them.

Uncle Bert was born on the farm Dec. 28, 1867. He was christened Albert Benjamin White, so named because of Uncle Albert W. Boyden and Grandfather's brother, Ben. Parenthetically, Uncle Ben had an interesting life. He went to Oregon Territory in the 1850's and settled on a big sheep ranch near where Walla Walla, Washington, now is. He visited once on the farm and carried his money in gold dust in a belt around his waist.

Grandfather finally built the frame house on the farm, quite a large one, and also a fair-sized barn of lumber. When we were at the farm they had a newer and larger barn and used the old one for storage of farm machinery.

In the spring of 1871 the family moved to Buda, Illinois. Part of the time (the earlier part, I think), they lived on the Ford farm but Grandfather also ran a general retail store in Buda. There Uncle Ted was born on September 3, 1871. He was named for his mother's brother, Theodore Webb and, of course, his middle name for his father. He was accordingly christened Theodore Greenlief White. The family stayed in Buda until sometime in 1877 when they moved to Aplington, Iowa. Meanwhile Grandfather took in a partner for his Buda store, J. F. Carper, to whom he sold his half interest when the family moved to Aplington. Uncle Frank clerked in the Buda store, first for his father, then for the partnership and later for Mr. Carper. He married Aura S. Sweet Feb. 18, 1878. She had been a school teacher in Buda and Uncle Bert had gone to school to her. Uncle Frank stayed in Buda until 1882 when he moved to Sioux Rapids, Iowa, the year the railroad came there, and Uncle Albert Boyden, built a double front building for him and set him up in a general store. Meanwhile, Mother had taught school and had saved enough money from teaching to take the normal course at the Illinois State Normal at Bloomington.

Aplington, Iowa, gave a good deal of promise when Grandfather went there. The railroad had just come through, but the town never really materialized as a favored trading point. It was something of a railroad town. He had his store there for between two and three years and was quite disappointed in it. Accordingly he closed out his store and the family went back to Buda for a visit, except Uncle Charles and Uncle Will who remained to drive the horse and buggy to Humboldt, Iowa. Charles Boyden told me he remembered well when the family moved to Humboldt. They stayed in Uncle Albert Boyden's home and the children all had to sleep on the floor. Mother was then teaching in Cedar Falls. Uncle Frank was married and clerking in Carper's store. Uncle Charles and Uncle Will stayed in Aplington to drive to Humboldt. This was in the early spring of 1880.

When he came to Humboldt Grandfather had a cash capital of \$5,000. There were five children at home. His announcement in the Humboldt paper is dated in April, 1880. The old Des Moines Valley Railroad had just come to town and was built then from Des Moines north to Livermore. The town had roughly 600 people. Dakota City, the county seat joined it on the east. There was a question as to which would be the town. Grandfather rented a house for his family (he lived in three different rented homes for his family before he built). He was open for business, as stated, in April of 1880. He had arranged before coming to rent a store room on the north side of Main Street of Dr. D. P. Russell, but when he came he found the Doctor's fire record was such that he could not insure his stock of general merchandise, so he was obliged to lease a building on the south side of the street which was known as the "Old Post Office Building." It was about across the street from the Conoco gas station and on the west block of Main Street. There were then seven stores in Humboldt selling dry goods. Competition was rough. A merchant in those days had to have adequate capital to succeed. The country was being settled. The grain farmers could pay their store bills but once a year and the hog and beef farmers only when they sold. Eggs were taken in on trade. So was butter. But the main part of the store bills was settled but once a year. Uncle Charles clerked in the store. Uncle Bert finished the local school of ten grades and then entered Humboldt College but his career there was short-lived. He poured water in Prof. Martin's overshoes one winter day and the water turned to ice as the overshoes stood on the porch of the college building. He was detected and dismissed from school. His father gave him the choice of attending some other school away from home or going to work in the store. He chose the latter. He became a most valuable clerk and when 20 years of age his father paid him a salary of \$2,000 a year and said he was worth it. That was big money in those days. He later became Humboldt's leading merchant in his own right.

In the summer of 1881 Grandfather moved his store to a brick veneer building put up by E. E. Colby in the third block east of his first location. He had then a two front store building with ample room for his merchandise. He remained in this building until the two story stone building was built on the south side of Main Street which he occupied until his death, Oct. 27, 1893.

That his success in Humboldt was phenomenal is evidenced by the fact that he owned when his death occurred a modern home in Humboldt, a block of ground on the same street and, in fact, the second block north, a quarter section improved farm on the edge of town, 100 acres of farm land in Rutland Township, his stock of merchandise and fixtures and \$20,000 in cash which he left to Grandmother. His death occurred from cancer of the stomach. Dr. Welch came every morning and Dr. Clark every evening. He suffered, of course, a great deal. He was never real robust, but was a man of commanding presence and personality and was prominent in all good ways in the community.

Before he died the firm was known as G. B. White & Sons, Uncle Bert

operating from the store his father had and Uncle Charles and Ted with a stock of men's clothing across the street. They were all successful merchants save Uncle Will. The farm north of town was bought for him to farm. Unfortunately, he had a long siege with typhoid fever which left him with a bad leg with a running sore on it which continued throughout his life. He had worked for his uncle Frank Webb on his farm near Buda and on farms near Humboldt also, but the typhoid fever incapacitated him from his main interest in life,—farming. He was the only one of the seven living children who never married.

Uncle Charles took a sales position on the road and was a most successful clothing salesman for Kohn Brothers of Chicago. Some of his sales trips lasted as long as six months. While he was away Uncle Ted operated the men's clothing store with of course, hired help and Brig Stong started work for G. B. White & Sons before Grandfather's death, as did L. J. Kineth. Those were the horse and buggy days. The men's clothing store frequently sold close to a hundred men's fur coats each winter. Felt boots were also a necessity for the farmer in winter.

The firm of G. B. White & Sons remained as it was until 1899 when Uncle Bert built his own store building. When it was completed White Brothers (Charles and Ted) moved to the other building. Uncle Ted stayed with his brother, Charles, until 1910 when he sold his interest, building and all, to Charles who ran it by himself until he sold to John Luethold. Uncle Ted stayed in the real estate business as long as he remained in Humboldt, managing his own farms, the farms of White Brothers (Charles J. and Ted White) and being otherwise engaged in real estate.

Aunt Emma attended the State University of Iowa, kept books for her father and taught country school. She was a most excellent teacher. She was married to George H. Shellenberger, a successful lawyer in Humboldt and for many years helped him in his office.

My mother followed the family to Humboldt and, until her marriage to George S. Garfield, taught in the Algona schools. After her marriage she was a supply teacher at both Humboldt and Dakota City. George S. Garfield was a successful lawyer, too, which profession his two sons followed.

Charles J. White married Kate Bogart. Bert White married Esther Hess. Ted White married Laura Cassidy. Kate Bogart was the daughter of Dr. Gilbert Bogart and his wife Esther. Esther Hess came from Jones County and was head bookkeeper for Grandfather in his store. Laura Cassidy's mother was a Jones from Humboldt and her father was or had been Deputy County Treasurer.

Their children are more or less scattered, but more are living in California than not.

To sum up: Grandfather came from Maine in 1854. He spent two years in Wisconsin, 13 years in Floyd County or Osage, 11 being on the farm (though not consecutively), 2 in the store at Osage, two ventures in or near Buda, Illinois, (Buda not having been founded in 1854) between two and

three years at Aplington, Iowa, and from the early spring of 1880 in Humboldt, Iowa.

In the above I have failed to say anything about Grandfather's character except perhaps very incidentally. He was a gentleman of the old school. He was careful in his dress and appearance. He was somewhat reserved although he had a good sense of humor. But the outstanding thing about him was that he was honest and conscientious to a fault. Many a night when he took butter in trade he would worry for fear that some customer had received some poor butter, he would go to the store and take some good butter on foot, even to the south end of town, and exchange it for the butter that he feared was of poorer quality. He was extremely careful in instructing his clerks or salesmen not to misrepresent the quality of the merchandise he sold. When he overheard a salesman represent something as being all wool he would ask if he **knew** it was all wool and proceed to lecture him on the subject. His reputation soon grew as the seller of honest goods. He taught his four sons and also his sales force never to keep a customer waiting; if they were all busy at the time someone had to go to the front of the store, welcome the customer and tell him he'd be waited on just as soon as it was humanly possible. These facts, more than anything else, accounted for his success where so many others failed.

It would not be fitting if special mention were not made of Grandmother. She lived almost twenty-five years after Grandfather's death, or until April 26, 1918. She was indeed a strong character. She came from Puritan stock, some of her ancestors having come to this country on the Mayflower. Her courage and optimism, more than anything else, kept the family going, especially while pioneering on the farm. When the Cedar River flooded, as it did some years, the crops would be wiped out, but Grandmother's optimism kept Grandfather going when he was almost ready to quit.

In the years following Grandfather's death she continued to live in the home he had built. Uncle Will (who never married continued to make his home with her throughout his life. Uncle Bert did also for several years after his marriage. Uncle Ted lived at home until his marriage at the age of 32. Grandmother suffered a great deal from rheumatism especially in her later years. She could not readily get around after 1912 when she was injured in a fall. She carried a cane in her home and later on used a crutch. When it became so difficult for her to walk, Uncle Will wheeled her in a wheel chair. She never missed, until she was obliged to take to her bed, a service of the Congregational Church or a meeting of the Sunday School class she taught. She had joined the Congregational Church after Grandfather's death, although as long as he lived in Humboldt they both attended the Unitarian Church. She regularly called on the sick and the needy. Uncle Will would hitch the horse to the surrey and take her all over town on these errands. Her life was mainly devoted to doing for others. She had many families in her care. She was never ostentatious about this, either, and rarely spoke of her errands of mercy. She never turned a hungry man from her door.

Grandmother carried on in this way until a second fall came, dislocating her hip. She shortly after took to her bed. Although every comfort was provided for her, and even though she had a faithful housekeeper and a practical nurse always on hand, she was not used to inactivity and in her last remaining months prayed for death. In all ways she was a brave, courageous woman. Her death in April of 1918 turned out a light in the world.

Author's Footnote: G. B. White, the founder, and his successors A. B. White, general merchandise, and White Brothers, clothiers, C. J. and T. G., were no doubt Humboldt's greatest family of merchants.

A. B. White had a personal following in Humboldt County second only to E. O. Bradley. Bert was known throughout northwest Iowa as one of its greatest merchants, who owned and operated a tremendous stock of goods in a building he had erected in 1899. He was a carload buyer of many items of groceries and produce and carried an immense stock of dry goods and ladies' apparel. Olaf Risvold was the first manager of his shoe department where the nationally known Walk-over shoe was featured. He was doubtless the county's greatest mercantile advertiser, and on special sales which occurred two or three times a year, he used three or four full page ads or circulars. Trade was often brought to town from thirty miles away. In bold front page letters was a terrific special for those days — 20 pounds of sugar for \$1.00, well below cost for other merchants. A. B. was always a carload buyer of sugar.

Bert White knew almost all of his distant customers personally. In days of big families coming in lumber wagons from a distance to buy their winter's supply, if there was a new baby in the arms of the proud mother, Bert would take the baby in his arms and kiss it as a token of personal friendship to the family.

Old timers will never forget this true story. A very prominent lady of the town wandered into the men's department of work clothes. She thumbed through a large pile of overalls, selected the correct size for her husband, placed it beneath her shawl, not waiting for the clerk, she moved towards the exit. Bert, having observed this transaction, followed her and remarked casually, "Mrs. X, if these overalls do not fit you, you may return them."

C. J. and T. G. White always carried a large stock of men's clothing, were successful merchants and popular with the trade.

A. B. White died February 3, 1921.

C. J. White died January 5, 1945.

T. G. White died January 27, 1948.

ANDREW EDWARD (ED) RUSE

Andrew Edward Ruse was born in a log cabin in southern Ohio in 1865 to poor parents who came to this country from Bohemia. There were ten children in the family. It was a hard life for them. They finally moved to a heavily wooded area in southern Michigan; where the land must be cleared before crops could be planted. Their life was rugged.

With very little schooling, Mr. Ruse finally went to Ann Arbor, Michigan and entered the University of Michigan. He graduated in 1888 with a degree in Pharmacy and Chemistry.

Following his graduation, he came to Humboldt to work for Dr. H. C. Doan in his drug store. Being a stranger in Humboldt, he boarded with Mrs. Doan's parents, the Frenches.

In 1892, Mr. Ruse started his own drug store, south across the street from the old Russell House Hotel. He continued in business until 1914, when he sold his store to Mason Shepard and entered the real estate business with F. W. Reasoner.

Soon after coming to Humboldt, Mr. Ruse met Gertrude Helen Preble, daughter of early settlers and in 1891 they were married. Five children were born to this union. Gilbert, who followed in his father's footsteps and was a druggist until 1950, when he retired; Margaret Nissen, who kept the home for her father, after the mother's death in 1924. Harry and Neill both of Humboldt and Hume of Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

Mr. Ruse was very active in civic affairs. He served on the city council for several terms. Was likewise Mayor for terms. He served as city assessor for 24 years.

It was through his efforts that the beautiful fountain in John Brown Park was erected. He contacted Father Dobberstein of West Bend and they planned and erected this memorial to Fay Hessian, daughter of Dennis Hessian, early settlers. Mr. Ruse cared for this fountain down through the years, cleaning it every spring and keeping gold fish in the large basin of the fountain. He took much pride in this fountain.

N. R. NELSON FAMILY

Nels R. Nelson was born in Iowa County, Wisconsin, February 24, 1848. In 1872 with his two brothers, Oliver and Alex, he came to Humboldt County where he bought 120 acres of land which he improved. On November 11, 1877, he was married to Dora Gilbertson of Norway. He was a member of the Lutheran Church, and was a township trustee and overseer for several years. The family moved to Humboldt in 1894 where the younger members of the family were educated in our public schools. The older girls, Rose Jesse, Nellie, Eva and Lulu taught in a rural school, while Alna was head of the dry goods in the D. A. DeGroote general store from 1898 until her marriage to D. T. Oxborrow in September, 1905.

Otis began his business career as a clerk for E. O. Bradley. In 1914 with his brother Herb, who was then with the Welch Bros. Shoe Company of Fort Dodge, at the insistence of E. A. Wilder, bought his stock of general merchandise and moved it to the two story frame business building which stood where now the Anthony Department Store is located.

Herb enlisted in World War I where in France he was severely wounded and was confined to the army hospital for months.

Otis carried on successfully until 1928 when he became manager of the

Council Oak Grocery. In 1936 he became post master of the Humboldt office and continued until 1961 when he retired. He was succeeded by the genial Fred Hall, hardware merchant.

The N. R. Nelson family through the years has played an important part in the development of our town. Rose, the eldest, was the former Mrs. Matt Berrier whom she married in September, 1905. She died in 1910. Nellie married R. G. Henderson, a prominent farmer. She died in Humboldt in 1954. Jessie became Mrs. Carl Scarborough and died in Sabula, Iowa, in 1955. Lulu became Mrs. Harvey Jensen, and is still living in California after leaving the Jensen farm on the river between Humboldt and Rutland. Dr. Royal Nelson died in his early years in Humboldt in 1939. Eva Wagner lives in Seattle. Della lives in Bremerton, Washington where her late husband, Victor Lattier, was employed in a technical capacity with the government ship yards. Herb in later years married Fern Grove, granddaughter of one of our early Springvale settlers, Allen R. Beebe. Herb has recently retired from the Chicago Post Office Department and has moved from Chicago to the Logan Apartments in Humboldt.

Ote has reached the retirement age now but as always, he just can't quit. Through the years he has been on dozens of committees for the welfare of the town. He is today general chairman of the Centennial celebration—loves his home and little city, and has never known an enemy in the town.

EDWIN O. BRADLEY

Edwin O. Bradley, a Humboldt merchant for more than 50 years, began his career in 1890 as a clerk for D. A. Ray, who owned a business in the building now occupied by the DeGroote Clothing store.

Because the young clerk could understand Norwegian, the store became a Mecca for immigrants from Scandinavian countries. "New comers," as they were called, were helped in locating relatives, finding jobs and receiving credit for supplies at the store until they could become established.

As Mr. Bradley moved on to partnerships with William Wallace and Louis Kinseth and to his own store, the friends whom he had helped continued to show their loyalty. Often they drove their horses from surrounding towns to buy shoes, clothing and supplies for the entire family for one season. If the shoppers took more than a day to make their choices, they were taken to the Bradley home for meals and to spend the night. The family was always prepared to feed "customers".

Always interested in the betterment of the community, Mr. Bradley served many years on the school board and on civic committees. He was a Rotarian, and an active member of the Congregational Church. He was not spared the hardships of a real pioneer, but accepted them with patience.

On the occasion of the observance of his 50 years in business, the other merchants celebrated with him by assisting with a special salute in the Humboldt Republican.

He was married June 6, 1894, to Hannah Orres, who survives him and

is in her 92nd year. Their sons and daughter are Mrs. Kenneth J. Smith and Evenor of Humboldt; Eugene, of Buffalo, New York and Orres of Chicago.

Mr. Bradley died December 20, 1945, at the age of 79 years.

Author's Note: The foregoing biography of her father was written by Mrs. Bernice B. Smith at my request. Ed Bradley, as a clerk, could jump over counters from one department to another faster than John Brehmer, his nearest rival, and he could wait on three customers at once. Later, as a merchant, he was popular, generous and successful. He did not acquire wealth, but far more important, he often sacrificed his own pleasures, that his children could attain advanced education.

RASMUS JACOBSEN

Rasmus Jacobsen, was born in Frastrup, Denmark, in the year 1875. While still an infant he was baptized at the Lutheran Lunde Kirke, and confirmed when fourteen years of age.

His schooling was obtained at Varming and Ribe, and at the age of sixteen years he immigrated to the United States.

He married Elizabeth Maasdam (1876-1959) daughter of a pioneer family who came to Humboldt County from Pella in the 80's. Her grandfather was one of the men that led the second group of Dutch people from Holland to Pella in 1849. He was influenced by Rev. Scholte, (founder of Pella) to come to America, and Maasdam, served as minister to the early settlers.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobsen resided on farms in the Rolfe and Bradgate area, and moved to the farm north of Rutland, which they later purchased.

Their family of six children grew to adulthood in this North Maple Grove Community. Mr. Jacobsen continued to manage and reside on his farm, until his passing in 1941.

Scholar as well as farmer he wrote a column called "Farm Farrows" for Wallaces' Farmer and Iowa Homestead. These articles gave practical farm helps and expressed the beauty of "Life" on the farm.

He enjoyed the gifts of nature and took pride in sustaining them.

He had a great appreciation for the aesthetics and enjoyed a wide and varied knowledge of them.

Mr. Jacobsen, was active in civic affairs and was always willing to do his share towards advancing worthwhile projects.

Mrs. C. W. Carlson
August, 1962

J. F. MILLER

By the Author

The late J. F. Miller of this city also has had an important part in the civic, political and religious life of this city. "Jake", as everyone called him, was just as common as his nickname indicated.

J. F. was born in Chatsworth, Illinois in 1886 and was educated at Iowa Teachers' College, Humboldt College and the University of Valparaiso, Indi-

ana. He came to Humboldt from Lattimore, Iowa in 1919 when he bought the Dakota City elevator. In 1912, he taught classes in Humboldt College. In 1913, he was married to Miss Gail Tilton.

Through the years he conducted a successful business and acquired a number of farms in the County, and could drive a tractor until dusk with the enthusiasm of a young farmer.

He was a leader of his Methodist Church, President of the Sunday School for twenty years, Charter Member of the Rotary Club, Member of the School board for fifteen years and a past president.

He was elected to the House of representatives from Humboldt County in 1938 and served four terms, and in 1946 was elected State Senator where he served until his health failed.

His election to the Senate was unusual as the other two counties of the district rarely allow this distinction to befall our county — Parley Finch and Ed Winne had preceded him in early years.

For integrity and high principles in business and in public office he will long be remembered. His son, Wayne, continues the business with the same code of honor he inherited, and together with Mrs. J. F. Miller, and Mrs. Ronald V. Meyer, the daughter, they manage the farm real estate.

Senator Miller died in 1953. As a long time friend and neighbor and a co-member of the 52nd and 53rd Iowa General Assembly, this writer remembers him as one of our foremost former citizens.

DON C. PIERSON

For thirty years Don C. Pierson, Sr. has been one of the outstanding industrialists of our city, coming here in 1931 as manager of the Wilson Concrete Co. of Humboldt and five years later being elected President and General Manager, Concrete Products Corporation, and in 1953 to 1961, President and Manager Des Moines Concrete Pipe, Inc. He was a director or President of several other State Manufacturing Companies and on January 15th, 1962 sold the Humboldt plant to the Zeidler Concrete Machinery Products Co. of Waterloo, Iowa. Don remains as a consultant.

Don has been through the years, very active in all civic affairs—Chairman Good Roads Comm. in 1936 — Six years later President Humboldt Chamber of Commerce; Mayor of the City and was the recipient of many honorary awards. Among them: Legion of Honor, DeMolay 1950, Humboldt Community award same year, Boss of year award, Honorary Life membership Junior Chamber of Commerce, Outstanding Service award, Iowa Republican Committee in 1958, Colonel Governor Beardsley and Gov. Hoegh of Iowa Military staff, and listed in Who's Who in America in 1957 and 1958. He is a member of several honorary societies and of the Consistory and Shrine, Sioux City.

In politics he has had a distinguished career though never aspiring to high state office for himself. In 1948, he was chairman of the Humboldt County Republican Party. In '52 to '58 — Member Iowa Republican State

Central Comm. and member Republican National Committee from both of which he resigned in 1957. For years he was an Iowa delegate to the several National Party conventions, and many other honors were accorded him. Don for 31 years, has backed every worth-while improvement in the County and City and because he is now semi-retired this brief resume of a very active life and one of importance to his Community has been included in this history.

Carl A. Bluedorn, president of the Zeidler Concrete Products Machinery Co., an Iowa Corporation, of Waterloo, announced his firm has purchased the Concrete Products Corp., and the Iowa Sand and Gravel Co., of Humboldt and will take possession January 15, 1962.

The Humboldt operation will be known as the Humboldt Concrete Products Division of Zeidler Concrete Products Machinery Co., and will produce a complete line of concrete products including concrete pipe, concrete drain tile, manhole pipe, prestressed and precast bridge beams, prestressed building slabs, prestressed bearing piling, concrete sheet piling, ready mix concrete, sand and pea gravel.

Zeidler's immediately plan to modernize the entire operation so it can better serve the trade area. The modernization of the ready-mix plant and the new bridge over the Des Moines river just south of the plant will help better service and quality to the ready-mix customers in the Fort Dodge area.

The latest model Zeidler Packer Head concrete pipe machine is scheduled to be installed immediately.

This machine will manufacture a complete line of concrete pipe with bell and spigot or tongue and groove joints which will employ the use of rubber gaskets for jointing material. This particular joint has been very successful in sewer line construction.

The Zeidler company has been one of the pioneers in the development of rubber gasket joints for concrete sewer pipe and has developed and manufactured much equipment to make such joints.

B. C. Simmons of Waterloo will be the acting manager, and it is expected that the name of the new manager will be announced shortly.

Zeidler has been in business for over 50 years and operates three divisional plants at Waterloo, Clear Lake and Iowa Falls.

This acquisition of the Humboldt plant is another step in the policy of the Zeidler Company to expand, Mr. Bluedorn said.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

By Marian Thomas

Two years before Mr. Taft brought his colony to found the town of Humboldt, a covered wagon drawn by a span of black horses (not oxen) treked across the plains. In the wagon was David Thomas, his wife Mary and little son Walter. The wagon contained all their household goods, but inside of David's undershirt was sewed a cloth sack containing \$100 in money. They made for the home of his father, Grandfather Walter Thomas, who was proving up on the land now known as Union Cemetery. They liked the place across the road and staked an 80 acres. Here a log cabin was built and they moved in only to stay a few years when Mary and a baby daughter were laid in the old part of what is now known as Union Cemetery. By the way, at the first death in the county with no place to put the body, Grandfather Thomas gave a corner of his farm for a cemetery, of which there is no record.

About the same time of the coming of the David Thomas family another wagon came across the prairies. This wagon contained Albert Rowley, his wife Sarah and little daughter Della. They staked a 92 acre claim from the David Thomas claim to the road east. They stayed with her sister and husband, Aunt Ruth and Uncle Ed Snook, who were proving up on the land east of Union Cemetery. Before they could even put up a log cabin the Call to the Colors took Albert away. He was killed in Louisiana. Meanwhile diphtheria took little Della.

On March 11, 1866 David Thomas and Sarah Simmons Rowley were married, thus uniting the two farms. They went to live on the west 80 acres, and there I was born on Sept. 6, 1869.

It may possibly be a surprise to many of the oldtimers that our mother was the wife of Albert Rowley of the Albert Rowley Post.

After a few years fever and ague struck our father and they moved to Humboldt to a house located on the corner of the block just south of the A. B. White store. It was there my sister Myra was born, July 30, 1874, and where my early childhood was spent.

The memories of my early schooling are vague after so many years, but I do remember the little wooden building located on the north-west corner of the present school block, with Miss Sarah Segar as teacher and whom we all loved. I remember we could take our dolls to school with us; and that in the building were several cots where we could take naps.

South of this building was another where I went until I was about 10 years old. At that time my parents decided to build on the east side of the farm. The house was built where the Michaelson house now stands. People thought father was crazy to build such a "mansion". It was later moved across the road.

After moving to the farm I went to a school located about one mile north on the airline road. I remember as teachers Miss Ella McKitrick, then Will McKitrick. After awhile the public school money was transferred to Hum-

boldt and we went to the Humboldt schools from then on. In the summer we walked, but in the winter father took us in the bobsled with horses.

There are many happy memories of my life on the farm. How my girl friends loved to go home with me from school on Friday night and stay until Monday morning. On Saturdays were parties, rides on farm machinery, horses, or whatever we could think of to do.

There is not much to tell about school activities,—far different from these days . . . I do remember of playing baseball on the school grounds, however.

One thing I distinctly remember was that during the Blaine and Logan campaign of 1884 we had a "Broom Brigade" it was called. We each carried a broom to march in a parade with the Blaine & Logan Club. I suppose the idea of the broom was to make a "clean sweep" of the election. One night the B. & L. Club took us to Fort Dodge to a big rally. For the grand occasion I wore a pair of new shoes. We went down on the M. & St. L. Railroad. Of course we marched to the depot; from the Fort Dodge Depot to the building where the meeting was to be held, and were seated on the stage behind the speaker. Oh, my feet! I did not dare take off my shoes for fear I could not get them on again. The speaker was one of these "One more point and I am through" over and over. By this time my feet were fairly numb, and we still had to march to the depot,—go home on the train,—walk from there to our homes. I spent the rest of the night in town with a friend. My feet still ache when I think of it.

At this time it was the custom when finishing the 8th Grade for each member to write an essay and read it at a public entertainment. My subject was "Never Cross a Bridge Before You Get to it". I suppose I gave some wonderful advice.

I remember that the **one** new dress I had for the occasion was white with little blue flowers in it. A friend and I had them alike. One noon I went home with her to see her dress and we were tardy coming back. I had been many years without being absent or tardy and my heart was broken. I cried all the afternoon.

How many bridges have I crossed since then!

Another thing I remember is that somewhere along the line in the higher grades we had a "Literary Society" which met evenings. For entertainment we gave poems we had learned, things we had written and such.

The last few weeks of school in my senior year I spent at home with measles. It was so close to my finishing that I was given a diploma anyhow.

The following winter I began teaching a country school north of Bradgate, getting \$25 a month,—one of the highest in the county; but also got \$2.50 a month for building fires.

John McLeod was County Superintendent.

We were still living on the farm, but in 1892 I was teaching school and my sister was going to school in Des Moines, so our parents sold the east 92 acres to Mr. Canning. They had previously sold the west 80 acres to Mr. Martin. They moved to town to a house south of John Brown Park. While

living there I was teaching in Humboldt in the basement of the Congregational Church while the new schoolhouse was being built. It was my duty to get back at noon to ring the bell in the church at five minutes before one o'clock for the afternoon session of school. I recall many times eating my dinner with my watch beside me on the table.

When the new building was ready I was given the east room on the second floor, where I finished 10 years of work in the Humboldt School.

After that my work was in the library as assistant to Miss Pinney; as Deputy County Superintendent of Schools until I came to Long Beach, Calif., where I still live.

I take the Humboldt Republican and the Independent; retain my membership in the Rebekah Lodge; and still feel that Humboldt is my HOME.

Long Beach, Calif., Feb. 1962

Marian Thomas

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

June 15, 1962

Two Connor Families Were Early Settlers in Humboldt County

Shortly after the Civil War, two Connor brothers married two Clark sisters and settled in Humboldt County before the coming of the railroads. They reared fourteen double cousins, seven in each family. The older brother, my uncle Thomas C. Connor started the Connor House, a Hotel and livery stable. The Connor House was one block south of Main Street. It adjoined a large vacant area east of the Baptist Church, which was known as the circus grounds.

I well recall the large dining room where I often enjoyed my Aunt Carrie's cooking.

My father, E. G. Connor established the Humboldt Nursery on a strip of land which had been cut off from the Colby farm by the building of the M & St. L. Railroad in 1878. The Railroad in a deep cut went between the barn and a large soft maple grove, which Mr. Colby had planted as a windbreak against the severe Iowa blizzards. I hope that Mr. Colby before his demise learned how much childhood happiness that big grove gave both Connor families, as well as the swarm of teenagers who picked berries and fruit at Connor's Nursery during summer vacations.

My father was a charter member and one of the early Commanders of the Humboldt G.A.R. Post. Mother was active in the Womens' Relief Corps. These connections were perhaps the reason for some of our prominent political visitors, one of our most distinguished guests was U.S. Congressman Jonathan P. Dolliver. At this time no major political campaign went by without a torchlight parade. These parades were a delight to the kids, almost as good as the Fourth of July.

My first parade is still vividly impressed in my memory. We gathered at the M. & St. L. depot where men lighted and gave us torches and we marched through town to the speakers' stand in the Park. As we marched,

we sang, "Hurrah for Harrison, He's the Man -- If we can't vote, our daddies can." It was a dark night which threatened rain. As I look back, it was to me an eerie sight -- like a giant serpent crawling through the night.

As a small tot, the first warm days of spring found me lying on my back on our lawn watching a sky filled with a long V formation of migrating water fowl. I soon learned to identify the various species. I learned to tell the mallards from the small ducks and to note the difference between the Brant and the Canadian geese. There were a good many flocks of brown cranes with their long legs straight behind. There were also a few flocks of white snow geese and white swan. The white birds were not so plentiful and always rated a call to the house to come and see.

When I was ten years old I joined August Bucholz's Fife and Drum Corps. Dad bought me a snare drum. During the summer we practiced two evenings a week at the home of Mr. Bucholz in Dakota City. We marched with the Old Soldiers on Decoration Day and on the Fourth of July.

The only gun we had at home when I was a boy was a muzzle loading percussion cap musket which my father had brought home from the War. There was a powder horn with a measure on the end; also, a shot pouch with its own measure. Each of these articles had rawhide shoulder straps.

As a boy I was always teasing to shoot the old musket. Dad would put in light loads and I would rest it on the fence and shoot at cans across the barnyard. When I was eleven years old I received my first real gun for a Christmas present. It was a 12 gauge, single barrel, breech loader. With it was a hundred brass shells, five pounds of number six shot and a can of nitro powder, with a complete reloading outfit. In a short time I became quite a Nimrod and kept the north side of our woodhouse hung full of frozen game each winter. Summers I used the south side of the woodhouse to dry and stretch gopher scalps and muskrat hides.

At that time Western bronchoes were in common use because they could be bought for 25 to 50 dollars, while a heavy farm horse cost four or five times that amount.

There was a wild horse corral at the Dakota City Depot. Each summer several carloads of wild horses were shipped in from the West. They were tamed and sold for domestic use. The mean ones were saved for Saturday night rodeos. They were given then to anybody who could ride them. George Boothroyd was the best bronch buster in Humboldt County.

I came along in time to see the last of the woodburning locomotives; the last of the horse-operated threshing machines, the last of the big warm buffalo robes and buffalo overcoats.

I saw the beginning and the end of the bicycle age. One of our hired men had one of the old high wheeled bicycles, front wheel about five feet in diameter. The seat was on an arm which went down to a little wheel behind. I learned to ride this before I could reach the pedals all the way around. Then came safety bicycles, as they were called at first. With the old high wheeler "scorching" which meant speeding was a risky business. If

you struck a soft spot in the road you were pitched forward to the ground. The little rear wheel usually followed you in your flight and "tunked" you on the back of your head for good measure. The old high wheel riders knew why they called them "Safeties".

Unless you were there during those early bicycle boom days, you could scarcely imagine anything that could change the habits of a Nation as that did, almost overnight. It swept like a tidal wave from Coast to Coast. Bicycle factories everywhere and sales ran into the millions. Every city had its cycle club. Cinder Cycle paths were built out from the cities along the dirt roads to points of interest in the country. For a dollar a year you received a cycle path tag. One of my uncles in Chicago belonged to the Jackson Park Cycle Club. He wrote that on a nice Sunday afternoon club tour they would have fifteen to eighteen hundred riders. The League published an official magazine. They sponsored race meets throughout the country. The races were divided in professional and amateur classes. The pros won the money, the amateurs, medals or merchandise. The pros made big money like our golf pros do today.

Sam Hopkins and I had a trainer who was sure we were going to be champions. I only rode one race with Sam. It was amateur class at the old Fairground south of town in the spring of 1898. There were two races scheduled, a mile and a half mile. I was to pace Sammy in the half mile and he was to pace me in the mile race. There were eight or ten entries, but Sam and I each won our respective races. My prize was a sterling silver bicycle name plate. That same summer on the Fourth of July, I won two amateur class races at Rolfe, Iowa. That ended my racing career. Sam Hopkins continued for a year and I believe he won the state amateur championship.

The only other trophy which I won at Humboldt was a pair of racing ice skates, with shoes attached, donated by Ward's Hardware Store for a speed race after a hockey game.

The death of my father and the sudden death of my brother-in-law Albert Beguin put a crimp in my athletic ambitions and forced me to cast about for ways to make my Daily Bread. My oldest sister, Jennie, Albert's widow was studying osteopathy at Still College in Des Moines, so I decided to follow suit. When I graduated at Still in 1901, I took a job at the Chicago Athletic Club where I remained for three years. There I came in contact with pros of every line of athletics and learned that I did not have the fast reflexes that top athletes need, so I gave up my athletic ambitions and decided to study medicine. I received my M.D. degree from Loyola, Chicago, in 1912. Instead of taking a general internship, I entered the Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Postgraduate College, where I graduated in 1914. I continued teaching there at the clinic three afternoons a week until I entered the Army in 1917. I was fortunate in getting work in my specialty all through my two years of service, first in the Eye Department at Camp Logan at Houston, Texas. My first assignment overseas was at U.S. Base 11, a Head Unit at

Vichy, France and later in charge of the Eye Department U.S. Base No. 7 at Tours. This was the Boston City Hospital Unit and for a few months we really worked.

Following the war, I located at LaSalle, Illinois and for ten years maintained a heavy practice there. In the fall of 1929 we moved to Florida where I enjoyed the sport of fishing and practiced at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida until I retired in 1944. Following my move to Florida I became a Fellow of the American Academy of Otolaryngology and Ophthalmology and enjoyed my practice very much. I am a Past President of the Broward County Medical Association and was a Charter Member of the staff of the Broward General Hospital in Fort Lauderdale.

My wife, Harriet and I have many happy memories of Humboldt and send greetings to our dear friends there.

Arthur B. Connor, M.D.
84 Hendricks Isle,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

ON MY 84TH BIRTHDAY

August 14, 1962

My step which once was spry and strong
Now is slow and wobbly.
But I am thankful 'tis my legs
And not my mind that's bobbly.

Each morn I ramble in our garden
And marved at the flowers.
The beauty of our island
Makes my yard work pleasant hours.

With a happy home, good wife and friends —
What more does man require?
It's mighty close to Heaven on Earth
Toward which we all aspire.

Arthur B. Connor, M.D.

Lovrien Families Early Settlers in Humboldt County

Frank Hoyt Lovrien and his wife Agnes Kieth Lovrien, natives of Vermont homesteaded in the Northwest part of Humboldt County in the early 1870's. His brother, George Lovrien had preceded him on a homestead just north of Rutland shortly after the civil war. Another brother, James Lovrien later farmed south of Bradgate.

The Frank H. Lovrien family moved to Humboldt shortly after the turn of the century. In this family were eight children, three of whom are living at this time, A. K. Lovrien at Tempe, Arizona, Genorie Lovrien at Ames, Iowa and myself at Pompano Beach, Florida. The youngest, Ned R. Lovrien of Lighthouse Point, Florida, died in January, 1962.

Five of the children of this family continued to reside in Humboldt after reaching maturity. Frank S. Lovrien and Fred C. Lovrien practiced law in Humboldt for many years, under the firm name of Lovrien and Lovrien. Both brothers represented Humboldt County in the Iowa Legislature, Fred in the 1920's and Frank in the middle 1930's. Fred also was a Judge of the District Court for the 14th Judicial District, and thereafter moved to Spencer, Iowa where he continued to practice law until he retired. Frank married Carrie Connor, daughter of early settlers, Ed and Portia Connor and Fred was married to Jennie French, daughter of pioneers, French family. George Lovrien was a real estate dealer in Humboldt until his untimely death, a victim of the 1918 flu epidemic. Cora Lovrien married Eugene Bennett and lived in or near Humboldt for many years. The latter part of her life was spent in Ames, Iowa until her death in 1960.

I lived in Humboldt as a garage operator, mechanic and farmer in Humboldt County until I moved to Pompano Beach, Florida in 1955.

Orvis V. Lovrien
Pompano Beach, Florida

Author's Note: Frank S. Lovrien, a classmate was one of the best trial lawyers in the history of Humboldt County. As stated by Orvis, he was married to Carrie (Caroline) Connor in about 1909 and to this union were born two sons, Clark and Phillip, and one daughter Harriett Ann, all three having graduated from our high school, as were Frank and Carrie.

Carrie died in the early thirties and some years later Frank married Harriett Byers and to this union was born one daughter, Jean, married and living in Chicago; Harriett Ann is married and lives in Ohio.

Frank died July 9th, 1939 and his widow, Harriett later married Dr. Arthur B. Connor.

Clark, for many years, was associated with the F.B.I. from which he has now retired. In an article in the Milwaukee Journal his career was reviewed with high praise for his loyalty and efficiency.

Phillip succeeded his father in the practice of law in Humboldt and later became a partner of Franklin Jaqua. At one time he was County Attorney for Humboldt County. He continued the practice of law until the Eisenhower administration when he was appointed Assistant District Attorney for northern Iowa, where he served for eight years, and from all state reports, was outstanding in this field. At the present time Phillip is engaged in the practice of law in the vicinity of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

May 9, 1936

TURNING FARM FURROWS

Written by Rasmus Jacobsen and published in Wallace Farmer.

The horses are working hard now. The walking in fall plowing tires them. I'm sure you stop them now and then for a little while. Frequent

short stops are much better than infrequent long ones. Watch the collars; keep the hames buckled up tight, so that the collar can not spread.

If you have plenty of good, bright, heavy oats, that is probably what you are feeding them. If you feed no corn at all, it is quite safe to feed generously of the oats. However, should you run into a wet spell, and can't get in the field, then ease up on the grain feeding.

If we could anticipate the weather, we could at times save ourselves a lot of work. If we knew the season would be a dry one, we would, of course, try to conserve all the moisture possible. Should the season be wet, we wouldn't concern ourselves at all about it; in fact, it is possible to do too much seed-bed preparation if the season should be excessively wet. It is then that the well prepared seed-bed may be packed too severely and crack open in July, while the one which was left somewhat coarser would fare better.

I was among the first in this neighborhood to buy a ten-foot disc. That same year, one of my neighbors bought one too, and after he had it home, it looked too big to him, so he took it back and exchanged it for an eight-foot. Now many of my neighbors have fifteen-foot discs and new tractors. They surely can make the work hum.

I am glad to see these new, efficient tractors; much of our work is too hard for horses. Especially is this true of fall plowing in dry and packed soil, while the flies and heat make the work extremely strenuous for the poor brutes.

More care is needed in planting corn than in any other farm work. One must watch the depth as well as the straight driving over which all farmers are so concerned. Then, of course, the checking is so very important. There is no time to view the landscape when you are planting corn.

If the field is not dusty, I like to oil the planter pretty well, to save wear on the bearings, but I believe the oil is a damage in dry, dusty weather.

Many of the new corn plows have one serious fault; the shovels are spaced over too great a length on the beams. Crossing crooked corn is almost impossible with this type of plow, for the rear shovels swing too much and the front ones not at all. I have often thought that the implement manufacturer could use a farmer on his designing staff.

The greatest improvement in the farm implement line has been in manure spreaders. They are very, very good now in comparison with what we used to have to lug around. I wonder why they thought a spreader should be built like a barge, or at least only just a trifle smaller.

I read in this very column many years ago this item: "If you ride a manure spreader long enough, you will ride in an automobile some day." The

farmer who wrote this item has long since gone to his reward, but somehow the statement stuck in my memory. I am glad I read it and profited by his suggestion. This was about thirty years ago, and we know now that he "hath spoken well."

What our farms will be like in the future depends on how we manage from now on. We have no fertility to waste, and how well we all know that there's no need of wasting any in this age, with the many soil building practices now at our command.

The business of making a living is real. There are times when so much is demanded of us, and we are so worn in soul and body that we are inclined to neglect a few things that we really did not intend; but, friends, could we let Mother's Day pass by and not remember the one who made so many sacrifices for us and to whom we owe so much?

She is old now, her hair is gray, there are some wrinkles which you probably caused unknowingly when you were ill or when you seemed heedless of her counsel; but today, no doubt, you are good, industrious, respected members of society. What would you have done without your mothers? Just ask yourself that question.

Then I know where you will go on Sunday, Mother's Day. I know you will drive out to the old home place, you'll tell her once again that you love her, as you used to do so often when you were a little tike. Then, if you can tell her that you are doing well enough, she will be happier than if you had brought her a beautiful bouquet of roses.

I know there were times when it was difficult to find the means whereby to keep you well dressed the year of the hailstorm—or was it the drouth? So mother wore the shabby coat another year, while in some way she scraped enough together to keep Marie, John, Clara and Lewis well dressed. You might mention to her Sunday that you are not unaware of these sacrifices she has made.

And to you farm mothers of the midwest I bare my head in reverence and respect. May your days be many and the happiest that you have ever known.

If one of us had come along, say about 1890, with a rubber tired tractor with cultivator attached, and offered to plow corn for nothing, would any one have let us go ahead? Or would we have been driven away?

And today, if we were to come along with the old style four-shovel plow, and offer to work gratis in any farmer's field, how many would permit us to go ahead

Or, if I came along with a disc cultivator and offered to lay by corn for board and horse feed, you'd say, "No—not on this farm you won't."

Then, too, the surface cultivators came and went. Most of us have one or two standing in the grove. We tried the eight-shovel eagle claws and laid them aside. Then the six-shovel plow came, and we looked no farther.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY

According to the latest published agricultural reports of Iowa (1960) our average for Humboldt County in corn production was over 68.5 bushels per acre. The North Central District of which we are a part consists of the following counties: Butler, Cerro Gordo, Floyd, Franklin, Hancock, Humboldt, Kossuth, Mitchell, Winnebago, Worth and Wright. This county averaged 3 to 6 bushels more than any other county in our district. The above statistics do not include the yield of 1961 which is not yet published, but this should show a much greater yield because the state average was 74 bushels to the acre which was an all time record. The 1962 prospective record as of September 1st estimated a state record of 76 bushels to the acre, another all time record. Therefore, when the statistics are completed for 1961 and '62, the Humboldt County average will be greatly increased over the '60 average.

In 1960 Humboldt County contained 39,200 head of cattle and 97,500 hogs. Many counties have superior numbers owing to the size of the counties.

The steady growth through the years of the town of Humboldt emphasizes the proximity to 430 square miles of productive prairie farms. From every corner of this county Humboldt has always enjoyed a good trade. The farmers of this county have always loyally supported the merchants of Humboldt. The two are interdependent.

The therapeutics of nature, the soil and the freshness of spring upon the land, are good for the soul.

No other business provides such a stimulant. No other tonic is so invigorating; even a tiny back yard plot in town buoys the spirit of our people as they cultivate the roses, the berries and the vegetables.

Surely the good earth of Humboldt County is indeed one of God's most precious gifts to our people; let us appreciate and conserve it for the future benefit of mankind.

THRESHING DAYS

Written in 1946

The corn-husking machine and the combine have almost eliminated two of our oldest types of agriculture, corn-husking by hand and shock threshing of grain. Many a strapping young farmer could husk 100 and even 150 bushels of good, standing corn in a day. Then, generally near Thanksgiving, when the corn was in the cribs, the farmer celebrated with oyster stews and all the trimmings, and the neighbors made merry until the clock struck twelve.

In the earlier days of threshing grain, especially in the '70's and '80's, stackers built large stacks in farmyards or fields. Ten, twelve or fifteen golden symmetrical pyramids of grain were built by experts, waterproof, solid and beautiful. Threshing was done in the fall, often extending into December. Stacking today is almost unknown and is a lost art.

The modern shock threshing became general at the turn of the century, and until the late thirties was a colorful agricultural institution of great importance. The acreage was large; fifteen or twenty farms were often included

in one run, and fifteen or twenty men were used on one job. Mike Shekey of Corinth township had a record of fifty years continuous seasonal operation of a threshing rig; several others perhaps can just about match the record. Rasmus Freist is said to have bought the first combine used in the county about the middle of the thirties; today there are many combines.

Of course for the women, threshing time meant days of hard work; there was much planning to be done and great amounts of food to be prepared, sometimes in beastly hot weather. Yet, in spite of hard work, there was something pleasant and exhilarating about it. The neighboring women came over to help, and all was activity in the clean kitchen from daylight until noon when dinner was served. Twenty men and boys came trooping toward the house hungrier than bears. They stopped at the shanty or outside to wash away the grime and chaff in basins of cooling water—then tramped into the house where long tables loaded with culinary delights awaited them. Long hours of work and the aroma of tempting food whetted already healthy appetites.

What a satisfying meal was served to hungry men in threshing time in Iowa, the state often referred to as the "golden buckle on the corn belt." Placed before them were heaping platters of golden brown tender fried chicken or plates of savory home-cured ham, fluffy mashed potatoes with cream gravy, a variety of fresh garden vegetables, dozens of steaming ears of sweet corn to be drenched with sweet Iowa butter, home-made bread and rolls, an assortment of jams, jellies and pickles, red fruit salad, man's size cups of hot delicious coffee flavored with thick cream poured from big white pitchers, and the desserts! Hickory nut cake, a wedge of fresh green apple pie topped with home made ice cream, and for those who wished, a cut of ice-cold, ripe watermelon. Then followed a few moments rest in the shade—just time for a couple pipes of the fragrant weed before trooping back to work; 5000 bushels of oats must be threshed and stored that day before "quittin'" time.

Today successful farming in Iowa is a more scientific art than ever known before. The farmer is a skilled artisan in every sense of the word, and the profession, in importance and in numbers engaged, ranks at the top. Aside from soil and climate, skill, general intelligence, good physique and the will to work, are the essentials, and the good Humboldt county farmers have them all.

Each growing season, of course, varies in Iowa with the favor or disfavor of the elements where crops are grown without irrigation. However, the close of each season sees an abundant harvest.

One hundred years of agricultural history has seen the reaper replace the flail and the scythe, and the corn planter replace the crude hand planter. The last quarter of a century has revolutionized farming machinery and methods. The draft horse has been practically eliminated—it is today an age of huge and expensive machinery which almost eliminates the hired man of yesterday. The hum of the separator has been stilled and the harvest of corn sometimes starts in September as evidenced by the following interview under

date line, Humboldt, Oct. 24th, 1962, appearing in the Messenger and written by Wayne Messerly.

Humboldt

Most farmers are just getting a good start picking corn. On one farm near here, however, the 1962 corn harvest is already history.

Operators of this 520-acre farm are Marvin and Arthur Rogness. The Rogness brothers finished picking-shelling all their 250 acres of corn on Oct. 6.

The day I visited the brothers, they were processing the last few loads. Arthur was operating the combination picker-sheller in the field and it was chilly enough for a jacket. Around the buildings, however, Marvin worked in short sleeves as he did some welding in the farm shop.

As we talked over the roar and hum of drying equipment, Marvin explained that it was his job to see that the corn was transported in from the fields and fed into the drying equipment. Arthur's job was to keep the picker-sheller in operation.

"We started planting corn April 24 and began picking-selling Sept. 17," Marvin said.

"At first, the corn tested 30 per cent moisture. We dry it to below 14 per cent. This is the fourth season for our corn dryers. We have two re-circulating, heated air dryers. From two to three hours are required to dry 250 bushels of shelled corn and the cost of operation averages about two cents a bushel," he added.

Marvin said their corn was yielding over 100 bushels an acre. With 250 acres in corn, all on-the-farm storage is not practical, so most of the new corn is stored at the Badger elevator.

"We pay one cent a bushel every 25 days to store our corn at the elevator. This is as much as the interest payments would amount to if we built storage at home. Since the farm program is uncertain regarding private storage payments, we believe this is the best solution for us," Marvin said.

Leaving the farmstead for the corn field, I noticed several rubber-tired wagons were parked there. "We use these for holding bins," Arthur explained.

"I can pick and shell about 2,000 bushels a day with this outfit and need some place to dump the corn while waiting for corn in the batch dryer to dry down," he said.

Arthur runs the picker-sheller while Marvin handles drying chores because it's easier and safer working that way. "When I use the picker-sheller every day, I'm used to it," Arthur said. "In the same way, Marvin gets to know the drying equipment and what is likely to give trouble and how to make the repairs when there is trouble."

As we concluded our interview, Marvin came out to the field with the piece of a stalk cutter which he had been repairing in the farm shop. With corn picking nearly finished, the Rogness brothers were already busy cutting corn stalks and plowing them under.

"Besides plowing, we have 80 acres of soybeans to combine, so we still have plenty of field work in October. But it's sure nice to get our corn out early," the Rogness brothers remarked.

The following article appeared in **The Register** under date line, Iowa City, Oct. 24th, 1962, and illustrates what many believe will be in the near future a developing farm business, especially on what is today considered smaller farms.

IOWA CITY, IOWA—Howard Berry, who farms 360 acres five miles southeast of here, does custom work for his neighbors because it's the only way he can justify the cost of owning the machinery he needs to harvest his own crops.

He owns a 14-foot, self-propelled combine with two-row picker-sheller corn head, that cost him about \$10,000.

"If I had bought a four-row corn head," he says, "I easily could have between \$15,000 and \$18,000 tied up in one piece of equipment."

Berry started with a 10-foot, self-propelled combine in 1957, figuring that he could harvest his soybeans and oats quickly and do a little extra custom work.

"But the thing snow-balled," he says, "and I couldn't keep up. I bought the 14-footer in the fall of 1958 to harvest beans. Then in 1959 I bought the two-row picker-sheller head.

"I didn't do much custom work that year but in 1960 it really took off."

Average

Berry estimates that, on an average, he will combine 75 acres of orchard grass seed, 200 acres of oats, 20 acres of timothy seed, 300 acres of soybeans and pick 250 acres of corn per year for farmers in his area.

"Some custom operators will handle a lot more work than this," he says.

Custom harvesting charges usually are based on the condition of the crop, according to Berry, but normally will run from \$4.50 to \$5 per acre on oats, \$5 to \$5.50 per acre for soybeans and from \$6 per acre plus gas up to \$7 an acre for corn.

One criticism of custom operators, according to Berry, is that they go too fast and waste grain.

"One custom operator I know charges by the hour," Berry says. "If the crop is light it takes less time and if the crop is heavy and tangled it takes more time"

Last Year

He recalls that last year was hard on equipment because of weeds, snow and mud.

Berry doubts that he will ever have a combine larger than 14 feet because of gate sizes on farms but has worked for farmers who willingly dug up gate posts to allow passage of his equipment into their fields.

"One farmer asked me to combine 30 acres of oats although he had a pull-type combine that was still serviceable," Berry says.

"He figured it would take him three days to combine the oats and he

would have to hire a man to haul the grain. He also might have to make some repairs. I could do the combining in one day and the farmer would be free to do his own hauling."

Berry combines oats for another farmer who raises livestock and considers straw to be half his crop. With Berry running the combine, the farmer can follow right behind him with his baler and reduce the chance of spoilage from rain.

Although most of Berry's custom work has been in combining and corn picking, he also has a five-bottom plow that he uses to help neighbors prepare land for planting.

"It's amazing to me how this custom work thing has developed," Berry says.

Note: For more than fifty years our farm population has been steadily decreasing with the advent of modern machinery, electricity and even the universal use of the automobile and truck; yet with hybrid seed corn our yields per acre are each decade increasing until today 100 bushel yields are quite common.

The farm population has since earliest days been the backbone of our Humboldt County towns and its steady loss poses a problem for the merchants of these market towns. Despite the many problems of today Agriculture remains as it has always been — our most important industry in the nation; it is yet a paying industry for the efficient manager and there are those who believe that in the foreseeable future our present farm surplus will change to a shortage of food stuffs and fibre. Our farm youths of today had better think twice before choosing a vocation not associated with agriculture, for this business has been his good heritage. The days of monotony and drudgery on the farm have gone by and a bright future awaits him even in this troubled world.

Bert Fevold's Six Horse Hitch

Many years have gone by since Humboldt County boasted of several breeding horse farms; the Percheron, the Belgium and the Clydesdale draft horses. On occasion huge matched teams were shipped to Wannemaker of Philadelphia or Anheuser-Busch of St. Louis. Cedar County, Iowa, however, had a national reputation for shipping carloads of these animals to the East.

By the turn of the century W. A. Hawley's percherons and Ulus Wilson's Belgians were about the only breeders left. Since the coming of the tractor and semi-trucks, work horses are now in meagre demand.

In 1948, as a hobby and as a lover of horses, B. J. Fevold, just South of town, started the breeding and the buying of draft horses, and as of today, Nov. 10th, 1962 has owned seventy six head and his six horse hitch is famous throughout the middle west. His six horse hitch of matched sorrels average 2650 pounds in weight, and are exhibited at many of the leading State and county fairs in six States. They have traveled 5,000 miles and have appeared several times on television. The size of the collar is 30 inches; the size of

the horse shoe is No. 10 and weighs three pounds. The attractive wagon, specially made, weighs 6100 pounds, and the weight of the harness is 75 pounds, except the single wheel harness weighs 100 pounds. In fourteen years, Bert has lost four horses—two by wire fence cuts and two by lockjaw. In this exhibition of superb horse flesh, memories of older days return when horses were kings of Iowa agriculture—Bert drives and four governors of states have ridden with him in this novel and spectacular display. Humboldt County is proud of them.

YOUR AMERICA

By Clark Kinnaird

A recent column here itemized "the 15 greatest inventions" as the wheel, the lever, the wedge, the screw, smelting of metals, written communication, weaving, movable type, the microscope, canning, calculus, the internal combustion engine, the electromagnet, the vacuum tube, the controlled atomic energy release.

After the column was written, it occurred to the writer that the nail should have been given priority over the screw, and that one of the great inventions was the nail-making machine

Originally, every nail or spike had to be hammered out by hand laboriously. Each was so scarce and valuable in the early American colonies that nails passed as currency.

The first government subsidy in America was one set up 325 years ago this month in Massachusetts Bay Colony to encourage iron-mining and the domestic fabrication of nails, pots and other necessities from the bog iron to be found in the coastal region.

A historian suggested the log cabin never became as prevalent on the frontier as it is represented as being because Yankee ingenuity provided plentitudes of sawed boards and nails. (The mortised log cabin usually was a resort of frontiersmen lacking sawmill and quantities of nails.)

"The student of social science may find the investigation of the nail's history and use as valuable for knowledge of the rate of progress," it is remarked in "The Great Industries of the United States," published in 1872.

The volume pays tribute to Jacob Perkins, Ezekial Reed, Jesse Reed, Samuel Briggs, Thomas Perkins, David Fulson, Nathan Read, for their advancement of nail-shaping by machine.

Nathan Read, a New England Yankee, born at Warren, Mass., in 1759, and graduated from Harvard at 22, revolutionized the making of that facility to building by inventing, in 1798, a machine that cut and headed nails in one operation. Another Yankee devised a similar machine for stamping out tacks.

Read produced many other inventions—a steam engine for propelling road vehicles was among them—but none proved as consequential internationally as his "nail-slitting machine."

For eighty three years, Humboldt and Dakota City have afforded a mar-

ket for poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables and dairy products, produced in or adjacent to the two towns. Our first nursery, the E. G. Connor, was long noted for its fruit trees and shrubbery, but especially for its acre of strawberries which in June gave employment to many teen age pickers. This fruit farm was later operated by Wm. Stanbra and in more recent years on a smaller scale by the late Fred Hawkins family. In old "Sheretown" (extreme South Humboldt) during the 90's and earlier years of the new century there were cultivated extensive acreages of sweet corn, potatoes, onions and beets and especially the two acre plot of the noted Tom Shere strawberries. A man by the name of Williams leased a large acreage of onions for shipment to larger markets.

South of the twin towns, the Byron Parsons melon and fruit farm was well known and in later years was operated by his son Alfred who finally retired a few years ago. Then equally famous was the Tom Gamble apple and plum orchards and then at the turn of the century, the apple orchard, the concord grape vineyard and the strawberry bed of Col. J. J. Smart on Bonibrae farm.

The noted fruit orchards and truck gardens of older days in Humboldt County are no more. Today, however, there are a few noteworthy examples of intensive production of berries, sweet corn and tomatoes on a small scale.

Peter Nelson, long a retired City of Humboldt employee on a tiny plot in his back yard set out a half dozen red raspberry plants eighteen years ago. Today on a plot not to exceed 1/40th of an acre, the plants set in rows three feet apart—spread over fences and posts and intensively cared for, present not only a masterpiece of beauty, but one of practicability. Soon after July 4th, the large delectable wine colored berries are picked from shoulder high—each year a bounteous crop—the record having been picked two or three years ago—three hundred eighty quarts selling at fifty cents each from a plot eighty x thirty feet. City water for irrigation is available, but seldom used and a bed of dead leaves a foot high covers the roots in winter and also serves as fertilizer. Ten times this yield could be sold with a fifty cent ad.

In Dakota City, Robert Pollock, a retired carpenter, as a hobby on two plots 25x27 and 9x36 feet, or about 1000 square feet, raises and sells each year on an average close to \$200.00 of selected tomatoes to hotels and restaurants in the two towns. Intensively cared for one acre of tomatoes, he states, will gross well over \$2,500.00 His record a year or two ago grossed \$207.80.

The Boswell gardens in Dakota City are today the largest producers of vegetables and strawberries in this vicinity—aside from marketing shrubs and flowers each spring, they maintain 144 feet of hot house beds and cultivate, grow and market strawberries from about a one acre plot. Their main varieties are Premier, Dunlaps, and Jumbos. Their biggest day's picking was 526 quarts in 1960, and in 1962 about 500 quarts. Their greatest yield was in 1958—4594 quarts picked by some thirty teen aged girls and three sorters.

The earliest picking through the years was May 23rd — the latest July

6th — the longest season 31 days. All berries are sold at the gardens direct to the consumer and the No. 1's selected and full legal weight are sold in recent years for 50 cents per quart, and all are sold the day picked to local trade. Three times their supply could be sold with a little advertising county wide.

Mrs. Boswell is the business manager, and is efficient, generous and gracious. No advance phone order is ever overlooked — on one occasion late in the day when a slip was made, she herself rushed into the patch and soon returned with the order.

This brief review merely illustrates what work and intensive cultivation and know how can do on small plots in our towns and how the producer and consumer are each dependent on the other. As the flat truck gardens South and East of Chicago are valued at \$3,000 an acre — so proximity to the tiny City of Humboldt, and its market reflects the great value of farm land adjoining it.

PARKS

The following articles of historical interest have been clipped from the Fort Dodge Messengers of the 50's and were written by one of our most talented writers, Mrs. Bernice B. Smith of Humboldt.

IT'S "FATHER'S DAY" EVERY DAY

By Mrs. Bernice Smith, Humboldt Correspondent

HUMBOLDT—A legend attributes to a business man this statement: "One ought to be able to choose his business partners instead of having his relatives thrust upon him."

To the casual observer here, it appears that father-son combinations are happy relationships indeed, and not "thrusts." One son gave up a fine salary recently in a distant city in order to return here to enter his father's business because he enjoys working with his dad.

Fathers and sons working in the same businesses include: B. H. Amlie and son, Tom, at the Home Lumber store; Earl Johnson and Roland, Johnson's Department store; Harry Hull and Harry Jr., Hull's Ready to Wear; O. I. Carlson and Jack, Carlson Implement; J. L. Campbell and John, Trust Savings bank.

Others are Tony Nissen and Gilbert, Tony's Cafe; Walter and Merlin Cody, Cody's Park and Shop; Harold Hollar and Fred, Hollar's Electric; Edgar Lonning and Richard, painters, and W. S. Wilkinson and Robert, Wilkinson Furniture Repair.

These are in addition to many farmers having similar arrangements.

There are a number of men who are carrying on businesses or professions started by their fathers. Dr. Asa Arent and Dr. James Coddington are following the field of medicine. C. W. Garfield, C. D. Parsons and W. P. Housel are attorneys, as their fathers were.

Lawrence Jaqua, editor of the Jaqua Printing company, represents the third generation in that company.

The Vonderhaar Implement company is a second-generation business. Gunvold Sande, head of Sande Contractors, learned his trade from his father, Ben Sande, a master carpenter trained in Norway. Warren Smith continues as a partner in his late father's insurance agency.

There are also interesting father-daughter businesses — but this is Father-Son week!

NEW IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE PARK ATTRACTS INTEREST AT HUMBOLDT

HUMBOLDT—Izaak Walton League park, near the Country club, is a tribute to the enthusiast and work of the 100 members of the local organization, and it will be used by hundreds of people when the picnic and fishing season opens.

The men have recently dug a well there. Previously they had built a drive, fenced a parking area, built rest rooms, a boat landing, five picnic tables, four fireplaces and a fishing dock. Trees have been trimmed, and the grass is kept mowed.

Eventually they hope to build a shelter house in which they can have their meetings. Gordon Hoffman is league president; Allen Nesvold and Paul Strachan, vice-presidents, and Virgil Smith, secretary-treasurer. Other members of the board of directors are Charles Larson, Mason Knight Raymond Dittrich, Russell Salmon, Robert Eswine and Frank Zenor.

League members do not limit their activities to their park. They sponsor kids' fish day, send two boys to Lake Ahquabe near Indianola, and have paid tuitions to the conservation camp at the Iowa great lakes.

Twenty-four duck houses have been built along the river, and when complaints reached members that trash was being thrown near the Corn Belt Power plant, they placed trash cans along the river. Last fall, just before the pheasant season, the league had a gun safety class for boys at the Country club and allowed them to shoot clay pigeons for practice. A wildlife cover on the John Berkhumers farm is another project.

The recent fish dinner, an annual event, was attended by 230 people in the Legion dining room.

Membership in the league is open to anyone interested in preserving a wholesome outdoor environment. It is nonprofit and is supported by dues and by gifts and bequests. The youngest member is Robert Lindhart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lindhart.

"We like to think of our little park area," said Secretary Virgil Smith, "as a monument to the rugged beauty and solitude of natural river-side land."

ARBOR DAY

HUMBOLDT—Mayor L. D. Snyder will turn the first spade of dirt during a ceremony on Arbor Day, April 30, when a hard maple will be planted as a symbol of the 100 maple trees planned for Humboldt's centennial in 1963.

The tree will be placed on the east slope of the Johnston Hill, and a short program is being arranged to take place at 2:30 p.m. to which the public is invited.

The Humboldt Beautification committee met Monday to make Arbor day plans, and it took note of the fact that this has been designated as "Plant Iowa" week. Sunday, April 28, is "Plant Iowa day," and churches are asked to observe it by doing some planting on the church or parsonage lawns.

Individuals or organizations wishing to furnish trees for planting on community property are asked to contact Mrs. Harry Strong. It may be too late this year, but next year will be just as good a time. Authorities say that trees can be planted through April.

HUMBOLDT—A new clubhouse for the Humboldt Country club is being built parallel with the river southeast of the present house.

The building, of concrete block construction, will have a kitchen 19x24 feet, a refreshment room 23x33 with a fireplace and service area, and a meeting hall or reception room 23x61. Between the two rooms will be folding doors so that they can be thrown together for a big crowd or used individually.

The entertainment rooms will face the river, and the river side will have glass windows. One patio is to be built on the river side and the other on the golf-course side. In addition, plans call for a three-room apartment with bath for the caretakers, locker rooms with showers, a storage room and a pro shop.

There will be two furnaces, so that the house can be used the year around. The exterior and interior will be painted in pastel colors.

"We are having the finest cooperation," said Earl Clabaugh, president. "We've had offers of free labor and material gifts from our members, and it's going to be a real community project." The planning and responsibility is in the hands of the board of directors. It feels that the house will be ready for use in the spring.

The Country club property was purchased in 1928 by a small group of stockholders who had the vision of a beautiful ground near the river. Old farm buildings and fences were torn down, and the old house was remodeled. Several years ago a large porch was added to it. The lumber in the porch will be used in the new house. A shed built of stone, a landmark, had to be torn down recently, and the house will be razed.

Mr. Clabaugh said that the roof of the new clubhouse will be on in two weeks and that inside work is expected to progress rapidly.

Original stockholders were allowed to have lots near the river, and some owners built cottages for summer living. Boating and picnics are popular in the area.

Although membership fluctuates because of people moving or arriving, there are usually about 200 members. One characteristic of the club is its emphasis on events for families. Children are always included at the bi-weekly dinners, and they are sure to be welcome in the new clubhouse.

HUMBOLDT—A new organization, known as the City Beautification committee of Humboldt Woman's club and composed of representatives of other civic groups in town, held its first meeting at Mrs. Harry Strong's home Tuesday.

The membership and organizations represented are as follows: Woman's club, Mrs. Harry Strong, Mrs. C. J. Torkelson, Mrs. N. J. Albus and Mrs. Stanley Nelson; Humboldt Garden club, Mrs. Philip Bair and Mrs. P. G. Friedman; Petal Pushers' Garden club, Mrs. Robert Ingertson and Mrs. Erwin Moss; the City Park commission, Mrs. Delmar De Smidt; Business and Professional Woman's club, Mrs. Jean Kleve; P.T.A., Mrs. F. M. Ge Meiner; Lions club, Royal Bennett; sororities, Mrs. Charles Foot.

It is hoped that other civic groups in town will join the effort and appoint a representative who will help carry out the suggested projects. It is only

through the cooperation of all that the goal can be reached and the whole community benefitted thereby.

The plan is to secure someone from the extension department at Iowa State college to come here in the near future to talk on desirable trees, their planting and care.

The committee hopes to carry out the goal of planting 100 hard maples by the time Humboldt observes its centennial in 1962 or '63. This will be done both by the towns of Humboldt and Dakota City and by individual home owners. Of course other plantings will be made, but the maples will do the honors.

When a home owner plants a maple, he is asked to notify the committee so count can be kept.

An anti-litter campaign was also discussed at Tuesday's meeting, and it is hoped that every person will cooperate in keeping yards and streets free from litter.

The committee welcomes suggestions and offers help. The project can not be completed in one year, but a start will be made this year.

HUMBOLDT—Voters will go to the polls here on Jan. 11, 1957, to vote on a bond issue of \$180,000 to finance an addition of Taft school.

Construction of the addition to the elementary school is a part of the original building plan announced by school officials in 1951. It was impossible to build a complete elementary school at that time because of a bonding limit of \$270,000. Construction of the present Taft school was begun in 1951 and was completed at a building cost of \$11.95 per square foot, which was considered one of the best contracts let in Iowa at that time.

At present Taft school provides classrooms for pupils in kindergarten, grades one through three inclusive and part of fourth grade. There is also an auditorium, a multipurpose room, kitchen, nurses' office and a teachers' lounge in the building.

If voters decide in favor of the bond issue, the addition will include another kindergarten room, six rooms for grades five and six, a library, a special education room and rest rooms.

Students from the fourth through the twelfth grades are housed in the main school building and Stone building. Planned for 550 students in 1920, these buildings now contain approximately 710 students and more classrooms for the higher grades are urgently needed. The addition to Taft is proposed so that grades through six may be housed there, making more classrooms available in the other two buildings.

School census statistics show that the number of children of school age has increased from 684 in 1950 to 900 in 1956. It is estimated that there will be a need for three classrooms per grade in the future with the big surge of enrollment hitting the high school in eight years.

The 1951 issue of \$270,000 has been reduced to \$217,000. Bonds will be retired on this issue in 15 years. Today, tuition rates include a pro-rata share

1919, was \$50,000.00, and was made possible through the generosity of the Dennis Hession estate. The Architect was W. L. Steele of Sioux City. The school was built with accommodations for boarding students in mind.

The school from its opening day, was conducted, to the present time, by the Sisters of the Presentation, Dubuque, Iowa. Sister Mary Joseph was the first Superior of St. Mary's School. It is remembered with gratitude by the past and present members of the parish that so much is owed to the generosity of Dennis Hession. Mr. Hession willed most of his property to the parish, valued at about \$100,000.00 more or less. A beautiful bronze plate adorns the walls of this institution—a tribute of appreciation to this generous benefactor. To this day, St. Mary's is the only Catholic school in Humboldt County.

In 1917 Father Davern acquired the property for St. Mary's cemetery, located about a mile south of the city.

On July 4, 1923, Father Davern was appointed pastor of St. Cecelia's Church in Algona. He was succeeded at St. Mary's by the Rev. Thomas Parle, who became the second pastor of this thriving parish. Father Parle is now the Chaplain of the Mercy Hospital in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

During the five years which Father Parle spent in Humboldt, he accomplished many things for the parish. During his pastorate, St. Mary's Church was moved, and its capacity enlarged to accommodate about twice as many as previously. The old church was located just north and a little west of the school. The cost of moving the old church was about \$1,000.00 — the remodeling contract was awarded to Thomas Sather, of Humboldt for the amount of \$1,500.00 — the new pews purchased at this time cost \$600.00 — new stained glass windows were also installed at this time, the donors designating them as memorials in memory of their deceased loved ones. Mr. Sather, himself donated one of the beautiful sacristy windows.

After being moved and remodeled the church was rededicated by the Most Reverend Edmond Heelan, this was in June 1926. On that occasion the late Rt. Rev. Thomas McCarty preached the sermon.

A parish house which was bought in 1918 for \$4,000.00 was sold by Father Parle in 1926 for the same amount. Shortly, another rectory was purchased for \$4,000.00 and occupied the northeast corner of the parish property, thus bringing the parish property together for the first time, since it was established. In 1938 this rectory was struck by lightning and burned to the ground and thus destroyed all the parish records.

The Rev. George Theobald, now pastor of the Sacred Heart church in Hospers, Iowa, succeeded Father Parle at St. Mary's in Humboldt on June 20, 1928. After two years in Humboldt Father George Theobald was succeeded by the late Father George O'Brine in June of 1930.

During his ten years as pastor of St. Mary's Church in Humboldt, Father O'Brine made many improvements in the school. He will be remembered for the assistance he rendered the academic departments of the institution. He raised St. Mary's School to the level of a complete twelve year school.

pump houses, chicken houses, steps, school swings and clothesline posts. As one stands in the doorway, he can see houses constructed by this builder.

As a hobbyist, one of Mr. Beck's treasures is a steel hammer recently made by his grandson and engraved "To Gramps." Russell Beck, the only grandson, said, "I never hope to be the expert my granddad is, and neither do I expect to drink so much coffee!" But it's over the coffee cups that his friendships are deepened and yarns exchanged.

The biggest scare that Mr. Beck ever had, probably, was when he watched sparks land on the roof of his shop at the time of the lumber-yard fire last year. He and his helpers had removed what they could from the building whose siding was too hot to touch. But the good work of firemen saved the building and its equipment.

"I don't work much. I just have fun," says the artisan as you leave. In that statement this collector of mementos of the past, who contributes much to modern building summarizes a philosophy to be envied.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN MARKER BRINGS BACK MEMORIES

HUMBOLDT—A group of small children, playing near their new Stephen H. Taft school building, had stopped at the south entrance of Taft park, and were reading from the bronze plate on the large stone.

The inscription thereon is "Humboldt College erected in 1872 just 4,026 feet north and 422 feet west of this marker was wrecked in 1926. 'The foundation of the state is the education of its youth.' Marker placed by Mary Brewster chapter and the Iowa society of D.A.R. assisted by college alumni 1928."

400 Students a Year

One little girl asked a passerby, "Was there really a college in Humboldt? Where did it go?" And the person questioned realized that a growing generation and new residents of the town do not realize that once nearly 400 students, in a single year, attended Humboldt college, then known as one of the strong educational centers of Iowa.

The educational enthusiasm of pioneer settlers found a leader in the Rev. S. H. Taft, founder of Humboldt. The first meeting called to consider the question of establishing a college was held June 22, 1866, and Mr. Taft was chosen president of the collegiate association.

Floods soon inflicted such losses upon those interested in the movement that nothing further was done until 1869. At a meeting in Russell hall, site of the present hotel, it was decided that the fundamental object of the association was to establish and maintain an educational institution which would forever be free from sectarian control.

Opens In 1872

The next year Mr. Taft went East to interest men in the project. His first contribution came from the Hon. Peter Cooper of New York. Other

funds made possible the completion and opening of the first building in 1872 with 111 students enrolled.

In 1895 J. P. Petersen and A. L. Ronel made a proposal to the citizens of Humboldt to establish a school of seven departments; to erect a men's and a women's dormitory for students and to ask citizens to donate 80 acres of land and the college building, and the money was subscribed.

The usual collegiate courses were obtainable, comprising ancient and modern languages, science, mathematics, literature and music in addition to normal and commercial courses. After years of administering the college, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, who also wrote for business and commercial magazines, moved to Minneapolis and started Humboldt Business College there.

In 1918 the main college building housed high school students during the building of the present high school. That year the high school students went on a strike, the only one in the school's history, "because it was too far to walk to the college hill." Striking students returned the next day, however.

Property Sold

In 1926 Fred Bradburn purchased the college property for use as a dairy farm, and the buildings, then dilapidated, were torn down. The main building had been built of hand-hewn stone blocks from local quarries.

Many other buildings, unique in their beauty because they were built of hand-hewn stone of the same type, include the Doan block, the Johnson Department store, Trust and Savings bank, the DeGroote Clothing store, the grade school building, the Congregational church and several houses. The late Mayer Bros. did much of the artistic hewing of stone blocks.

HUMBOLDT—Harold DeGroote, new president of Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. Otis Thompson of Corinth club, and Carrie Olmsted and Mrs. Alvin Hulsizer of the Garden club were introduced as new members of the City Beautification committee by Mrs. Royal Bennett at its meeting Tuesday.

The matter of planting more hard maple trees this spring was discussed, and it was pointed out that more cooperation is needed by individuals and organizations if the goal of 100 is to be reached in time for Humboldt's centennial observance. Anyone who plants a hard maple tree should report it to Mrs. Bennett so it can be counted.

Last year owners reported 48 trees planted. In addition the park commission planted eight and the Beautification committee planted 12, the money given by individuals and organizations. Thus, 68 trees have so far been planted.

Roy Worthington of the park commission reported that a survey had been made of trees in Taft park and that several dead ones would be removed. The Garden club plans to again care for the flower beds in Iowa park.

The matter of litter on city streets was discussed, and an effort will be made to obtain better cooperation from all citizens in attempting to keep the city clean.

Mrs. H. L. Strong reported that the Woman's club entry in the Community Achievement contest, in the form of a scrap book, was being readied. The book will describe the work of the Beautification committee in Humboldt and its results.

HUMBOLDT CLUB TO ENTER TOWN ACHIEVEMENT EVENT

100 Trees for 100 Years

HUMBOLDT — At its February meeting, the Humboldt Woman's club voted to enter the Community Achievement contest, sponsored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs in cooperation with the Sears-Roebuck Foundation, the latter granting \$60,000 in prize money to the six clubs in each of two size groups, which are judged winners.

The purpose of the contest is, as the name implies, community achievement. This may be along a number of lines — anything that really benefits the community. If the club should win a prize, the money has to be used here. But whether or not a prize is won, much can be gained from people working together for betterment.

Emphasis on cooperation and participation of other groups and individuals is an important factor in the contest. Judging is to be done on the following basis: merit and need of the project, 25 points; extent of cooperation of other groups, 25; effectiveness and permanent value to the community, 50.

The contest closes March 1, 1958, but the project need not be completed by that date, but must be far enough along so that judging can be done. A scrap book and a report sent in by the club will be considered judges.

The Humboldt club chose the field of beautification as its project. It wants to stress the planting of hardwood trees for lasting beauty.

In observance of the town's centennial which comes in about five years, the club suggests that 100 hard maples be planted. These would stand as a lasting memorial and be of permanent beauty and benefit to future generations. Any other beautifying can include anti-litter campaign, roadside improvement and landscaping entrances into town.

The civic committee of the club, Mrs. H. L. Strong, chairman, Mrs. M. J. Albus, Mrs. Stanley Nelson and Mrs. C. J. Torkelson, met with Mayor L. D. Snyder and Roy Worthington of the city park commission and discussed the project. Both men felt that it is a worthy effort and they endorsed it.

Letters are being sent to other organizations to ask their cooperation. Each is asked to appoint a member to serve on a central committee. It is hoped that enthusiastic response will be given the request.

It is felt that many of Humboldt's trees are getting old and dying and will need replacing. Also there are many new homes and additions where undoubtedly trees will be planted, and it is hoped that maples often will be chosen.

The new Highway No. 3 offers a fine opportunity to do planting along the right-of-way.

The committee, with the enthusiastic support of Mrs. Royal Bennett, club

president, welcomes suggestions and offers of help. As soon as the central committee is organized, the project will be underway in time for spring planting this year.

HUMBOLDT CLUB HONORED IN ACHIEVEMENT CONTEST

HUMBOLDT—Humboldt Woman's club's entry, the planting of centennial trees, in the Community Achievement contest was among the top 16 of 851 entries from clubs in Iowa, and as a result, the local club's representative, Myrtle Hewitt was one of 16 guests honored by the state federation at a dinner in Des Moines Wednesday night.

The contest was sponsored by the General Federation of Women's clubs in cooperation with the Sears-Roebuck Foundation, which pledged to grant \$60,000 in prize money to six clubs in each of two size groups, judged winners in the nation.

Purpose of the contest was to encourage community projects, with emphasis on cooperation and participation of other groups and individuals, and it ended March 1.

Mrs. Royal Bennett, last year's president, enthusiastically endorsed the contest, and her civic committee, Mrs. H. L. Strong, Mrs. M. J. Albus, Mrs. Stanley Nelson and Mrs. C. J. Torkelson, decided that the project would be to stress the planting of 100 hard maple trees as a memorial to the town's founders and for the benefit of future generations.

Last Arbor day, April 30, Mayor L. D. Snyder turned the first spade of dirt when a tree was planted as a symbol of the 100 to be planted for the town's centennial. The tree is growing on Johnson Hill, reminding residents of the impressive program given at the time of its planting.

The outgrowth of the Women's club committee is a permanent City Beautification committee with representatives from nine organizations. The group is also interested in anti-litter campaigns, roadside improvement and the landscaping of entrances into town.

Judging of the contest was done on the following basis: merit and need of the project, 25 points; extent of cooperation of other groups, 25; effectiveness and permanent value to the community, 50. These characteristics had to be shown in a scrap book submitted to judges.

The book was made by Mrs. Strong, chairman of the civic committee, and the cover was designed by Laurie Halberg, art director of the schools. Mrs. Strong said that the book showed the results of the tree-project and contained a write-up of Humboldt, letters of commendation and newspaper clippings. "The finest thing about the whole thing," said Mrs. Strong, "was the spirit of cooperation given by everyone in town."

"RUSSIAN BEARS AT KOZY KORNER"

HUMBOLDT—"Thanks to the Soviet Union I found out where Humboldt, Iowa, is," said Dr. William M. Cruckshand of New York, when he

appeared before a teachers' Institute here Tuesday.

He spoke of the number of papers and magazines in which Humboldt was mentioned at the time of the visit of the Russian delegation, but the prize headline was used by a Marblehead, Mass., weekly. It read, "Russian Bears Snooze in Kozy Korner." (That is the name of the motel where the Russians spent one night here).

HUMBOLDT— With joyous pride, 50 women turned over to the city council more than \$700 Tuesday after making a block-by-block drive for funds to help pay for last week's spraying for insects. The solicitors did not go into business district unless asked, by a wife, to call on her husband.

Gardening here is once more a pleasure, children can play outdoors without being mosquito bitten, and lovers of picnics have again moved outdoors. A very few, who didn't wish to cooperate, complained of killed flowers or money spent for washing windows but most people are happy.

* * *

The spraying project began when Mrs. W. B. Tigges called on her neighbor, Mayor L. D. Snyder, and asked if something could be done about the budget, but that he would do something about it if the women would help budget, but that he would do something about it if the women would help raise the money.

The Mullins Hybrid Corn company of Britt had a sprayer available then, so the work was done within a day or two.

MUCH OF INTEREST IN HUMBOLDT BLACKSMITH SHOP

But There's No "Spreading Chestnut Tree"

HUMBOLDT— Antique machinery of permanent interest may be found in the blacksmith shop on Sumner avenue in which hospitable Fred Hawkins has worked for 60 years and still finds interesting.

The shop thought by some to be 80-90 years old, was originally located near the Northwestern depot in Dakota City and was moved to its present location in 1890. At that time the blacksmith was Mr. Hawkins' father, Robert, who put his son to work at the age of 14. The main business was making horseshoes and taking care of tools and machinery.

Interesting Relics

One of the interesting relics in the building is an anvil brought from England. Another is a saw for making fillies (the outer rims of wagon wheels.) A machine used for trimming horses' feet is an oddity. Mr. Hawkins said, "I cannot run it, and the only ones I ever saw use it were my father and the late Charley Coyle."

Children often stop in to view the old machinery, and sometimes they even have to be told what a horseshoe is. They always have renewed interest after Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" has been included in a day's lesson, and they have been heard comparing the Longfellow and the Humboldt

smithies. Mr. Hawkins, a great-grandfather, is always glad to explain things to children.

Several years ago this writer was privileged to sit in the chair made from "the spreading chestnut tree" now preserved in Longfellow's home in Cambridge, Mass., the cost having been met by collections of coins from Cambridge school children. As she arose from the chair, a small boy tourist said, "When I grow up, I'm going to be a blacksmith so children will like me too."

Mr. Hawkins still makes shoes for race and saddle horses, but his real business is sharpening lawn mowers and tools and making repairs.

"What are you going to do New Year's day?" the smithy was asked.

"I'm gonna' sit by the stove and rest. Happy New Year," was his reply.

LIBRARY GETS \$10,000 GIFT FROM OLD UNITY CHURCH FUND

HUMBOLDT — A gift of \$10,000 in trust has been presented to the Humboldt public library by the Taft-Unitarian Memorial Foundation as a memorial to the Rev. Stephen H. Taft, founder of Humboldt, and his faithful followers, as well as in memory of Unity church founded by Rev. Taft and of the former membership of the church.

The fund comes from assets remaining in the Unity church which were placed, following the closing of the church, in the hands of the Taft-Unitarian Memorial Foundation. Trustees were C. W. Garfield, G. J. Bickwell, E. J. Leland, H. C. Hubbard and B. E. Stong. After the deaths of Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Stong, the other three carried on the work. Later they named M. L. Baker as a trustee.

For 20 years the income from the fund, and part of the principal, have been devoted to worthy causes, local, state and national. Previous gifts amounting to \$2,500 had been given to the library. The latest sum, like the others, will be invested in United States bonds, and only the interest may be used. It must be spent only for books and magazines. It is to be no pretext for the reduction of tax funds.

Foundation Liquidates

The Foundation has decided to liquidate, and the \$10,000 comes as the result of that liquidation and with the approval of the Iowa Unitarian association. It recognized the hard and faithful work of some of the members of the old Humboldt church in being instrumental in a major way in obtaining and establishing the library.

The church was organized in 1863 as a Christian Union society by the Rev. Stephen H. Taft and his colonists as a non-sectarian body. The building was erected in 1879 and dedicated in 1880 with the Rev. Mary A. Safford as pastor. At the dedication the church was named and thereafter known as Unity church of the Unitarian denomination, and its members made a cultural impact in this community.

Interest Started in 1906

Interest in a public library started on the evening of October 2, 1906, at a meeting of the O. W. L. club at the home of Mrs. H. E. Passig, now a

resident of Friendship Haven. Four days later in an address at the "Opera House," where Hotel Humboldt now stands, by the Hon. Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, a stirring plea for public libraries was made, and the ball started to roll locally.

A visitor in the G. S. Garfield home about that time was Mrs. Garfield's cousin, Mrs. John H. Finley, whose husband was an editor of the New York Times.

She admired Humboldt, likening it to a New England town, and she agreed that there should be a library here. She was a neighbor and friend of the Carnegie family and upon her return home, she called on Mrs. Carnegie to further present a case for Humboldt.

Eventually Mr. Carnegie's offer was forthcoming: "You raise \$10,000, one tenth annually for 10 years by taxes and furnish a site, and I'll give you \$10,000."

Urged Support

Then began work to get support for the project. Many influential people opposed it. There was difference of opinion on the site.

William Taft, son of the town's founder, published a pamphlet, delivered to every door, with arguments for the library. He pointed out that the state attorney general had given permission to the women to vote (the first voting privilege for women in Humboldt).

Clement Garfield and Thurlow Taft, now a judge in California, were interested as students, and they rang every door bell, or used their knuckles to knock, urging support, and so did the women.

Voters went to the polls January 28, 1907. Men's and women's votes were kept separate. The result: men, 249 to 95; women, 248 to 41.

Erect Building

The Library cost somewhat more than the \$10,000, and the Garfield family paid the difference. It is built of native stone dug from the site or across the street north, which was then a stone quarry. Each stone was hand-hewn by the Mayer Brothers, who constructed many stone buildings in town.

Dedication of the library was in the Congregational church Feb. 9, 1909. Miss Edith Prouty, local lawyer, presented the historical statement. Johnson Brigham, state librarian, and other state officers spoke. The Rev. C. P. Wellman of the Unitarian church pronounced the benediction before all adjourned to the library for a reception.

Glenn Rowell, a local cartoonist drew, for a local paper, the library door, over which is carved "Free to the People", and the steps. Andrew Carnegie, on the steps, extends his hand to a charming girl, "Miss Humboldt." Their exchange of greeting uses the exact words used in the dedication ceremony.

Mr. Carnegie: "This is my gift to you and yours, Miss Humboldt. Preserve it. Use it. May it be more a monument to your foresight and your thoughtfulness for future generations than it can ever be to me."

Miss Humboldt: We, the people of Humboldt, dedicate our library and

its increasing store of literature to the promotion of learning, fellowship and the general good."

One of Many Gifts

This latest gift to the endowment fund is one of many in lesser amounts given by many people through the years. The smallest was \$5 and was just as welcome as the others. Together they make possible the purchase of special books. There are now 14,345 volumes available, and new ones are continually on order.

Since the library's budget from taxes must pay maintenance, repairs and improvements and salaries, as well as books, the endowment provides more reading material.

The cooperative program with the schools (221 books were checked out one day last week from the children's department) necessitates large re-binding bills in addition to an increasing number of books required at increasing cost.

Sheila Kaye-Smith once said, I am mentally as much the books I have read, as I am chemically the food I have eaten. One has only to walk to a public library for mental sustenance.

The Taft-Unitarian endowment trustees have shown a desire to continue the cultural heritage from founders and pioneers for all time and all people in this town and its surrounding farm area.

Officially Accept Gift

The board of trustees officially accepted the money at a special meeting called for that purpose last week at the library. Signing the agreement were M. L. Baker, Mrs. C. W. Garfield, Mrs. W. P. Housel, Mrs. H. L. Strong and Mrs. Bernice Smith.

Deeply moved by the gift, they pledged a desire to use the fund wisely for the benefit of all.

Supplementing the comprehensive article on the "Taft Unity Gift"

written by Mrs. Bernice B. Smith, the author briefly reviews
the early history of the library.

The first library in Humboldt, then Springvale, was established in 1872 in the home of Mrs. B. H. Harkness and consisted of some fifty books of poems and history. The following year an organization was formed with Reverend Stevens as president, and Mrs. B. H. Harkness, Secretary, and was still housed in the same home when many more books were donated by friends from the East.

For a time in the early 80's a space was provided in a rear room of the Humboldt County bank. However, there was no adequate nor permanent home for the library until the building of the Carnegie Free Public Library in 1909.

Suffice to say that while many of our leading men supported this worthy

project, the most influential family connected with its inception and fulfillment, was the G. S. Garfield family. Many towns in Iowa had made application for a Carnegie library and many failed because they were unable to meet the conditions imposed. Humboldt's background also was very favorable.



George S. Garfield, long time cultural and educational leader and Humboldt Father of the Carnegie Public Library.

The establishment of the generous Taft-Unity Fund had long been a dream of G. S. Garfield, in the event that the Unitarian Church should cease to exist.

We quote in part from a speech which Mr. Garfield delivered upon the presentation of a gift by him to the library building upon its completion. "A public library is not an institution of a day or a year, but is an acquisition for all time and will easily outlive any petty personal animosities that may have actuated some of its early opponents."

Today the library calls for a budget of \$15,000.00 compared to the early \$1,000.00. More than 3000 patrons borrow 35,000 books per year at present.

Miss Nellie Pinney, a direct descendant of Dunham Pinney, who was one of the original colony in Springvale, has long been and is at present the efficient librarian.

In 1891 a vote in the school for the most popular books listed them in the following order: Bible, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Pilgrim's Progress, Tennyson's Poems, Paradise Lost, Whittier's Poems, Pickwick Papers, Ben Hur, Scott's Poems, History of England (Macaulay), Robinson Crusoe, and Life of Washington.

From the Humboldt Newspapers 1962

With a federal grant obtained through the State Library, the Humboldt

institution boasts one of the finest reference sections in the state for an establishment of its size, according to Nellie Pinney, chief librarian.

The library now has 21,757 volumes, as well as a large file of periodicals to suit the tastes of any reader. The Humboldt Newspapers, the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, and popular, technical, and topical magazines arrive at the library daily to be read and reread by patrons.

Fiction tops the list in demand as it does across the nation. In second place according to popularity are biographies and travel books. Social and political science run third on the list at the local library.

Titles that have been in and out of the library many times in the last few months show the books that Humboldt citizens have been reading. Best-sellers always in demand at the library are: "The Making of the President," "1960" by Theodore White, "A Nation of Sheep" by William Lederer, "Ring of Bright Water" by Gavin Maxwell, "Chairman of the Bored" by Edward Streeter, "Franny and Zooney" by J. D. Salinger, and "Living Free" by Joy Adamson.

Librarians Nellie Pinney, Laura Shellenberger, Mrs. Frank Lowder, and Mrs. Myrtle Parsons assist patrons in what ways they can. Gail Buckingham and Mary Rae Johnson, both high school students, also work part time at the library.

The adult section is now open from 1 to 6 p.m. Monday through Saturday and Friday night until 9. The children's section is open from 2 to 6 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

During the past year the loaning of records has aroused so much interest that the library decided that it would begin to build a record library of its own in conjunction with the service from the Iowa State Traveling Library.

Due to popular demand several musical comedies have been placed on the shelves. They are: "My Fair Lady", "Flower Drum Song", "Sound of Music" and "South Pacific". Recordings by Mitch Miller, Doris Day, George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and some folklore and juvenile records have also been purchased. All records will be loaned on a two week basis.

Several requests have been made for the "Biography of Frank Gotch." Persons knowing where the library might obtain or purchase copies of this book are asked to contact Nellie Pinney, the librarian.

New officers of the library board elected at a recent meeting were: Don C. Whittelsey, president and Harriet Housel, recording secretary. Other members of the board are Genevieve Berkhimer, Madalyn Swearingen and Elmer Lindhart.

The completion of the new air conditioning units is underway and will add much to the comfort of those frequenting the library during the summer months.

It has just been announced (October, 1962) that the library has been named beneficiary of the estate of James and Mary Lyle in the sum of nearly \$13,000.

Built by Late Father Dobberstein, Humboldt Fountain Is Unique Work

By Katherine Lattin



Picture of John Brown Park

HUMBOLDT—The town of Humboldt boasts a unique fountain—probably the only one of its kind in the world. It was pieced together in stone mosaic with seemingly magical skill by the world-famous creator of the beautiful West Bend Grotto—the late Rev. P. M. Dobberstein, who died in 1954.

Located in John Brown park near the business district of the town, the fountain is dedicated to the memory of the life and influence of a beautiful young Humboldt girl who died in her early 20's 48 years ago. The stone fountain and statute help preserve the memory of Fay Hessian but St. Mary's school—for which she was indirectly responsible—also carries cherished memories of her.

THREE MILLION separate pieces of stone were wrought into the magnificent fountain built by Father Dobberstein and located in John Brown park, two blocks south of Sumner avenue. The stones represent 33 states and five foreign countries and together weighed 52 tons.

Similar to the famous Grotto in West Bend, the fountain embodies in its construction specimens from the complete national collection assembled over

a period of many years by Father Dobberstein. Included are precious stones, ores, minerals, fossils, petrifications, corals and shells, as well as donations from rare private collections of a number of Humboldt citizens.

The fountain was built in segments at West Bend, the parts then being transported by truck to Humboldt to be assembled in the park by Father Dobberstein who commuted daily from West Bend while engaged in this project.

THE UNUSUAL project was the center of interest for residents of Humboldt who came in large numbers each day to watch the famous builder and marvel at the precision with which he fitted the segments together. Incredulity was expressed at how amazingly identical were the corresponding parts of the fountain.

A column rising in the center of the fountain is topped by a marble statue of a young girl, representing Fay Hessian. The statue itself was made in Italy and required two years to carve and prepare for shipment. It weighs 950 pounds. Many a visitor agrees with a state official who shortly after the work was completed made this statement: "We feel that seeing the statue is worth a trip of many hundreds of miles."

THE STORY leading up to the construction of the fountain and statue is one of a father's love and devotion to a daughter who died soon after reaching adulthood.

Denis Hessian, a wealthy Humboldt resident, was the father. He was a lapsed Catholic for a number of years and his wife and young daughter, Fay were non-Catholics. But for some reason, Mr. Hessian sent Fay to a Catholic college in Dubuque. While there she became a convert to the Catholic faith and upon her return home she was instrumental in having her parents embrace Catholicism.

A few years after Mrs. Hessian's death at Humboldt, Mr. Hessian and Fay went to Arizona, presumably because Fay had contracted tuberculosis. She died there in 1912.

RETURNING to Humboldt, Mr. Hessian conceived the idea of erecting a memorial to his beloved daughter's memory. He secured permission of the town of Humboldt to erect it in John Brown park. A Humboldt druggist who was a close friend — Ed Ruse — and other citizens assisted him. Father Dobberstein was consulted and volunteered his services and the donation of of the necessary stones for construction of the fountain, with the town of Humboldt paying for cement and other items.

However, Mr. Hessian did not live to carry out his plans. He died in 1914, leaving a large sum of money to cover expenses in connection with the statue and a bequest for establishment of a Catholic school in Humboldt and for other parish purposes. His bequest make it possible for St. Mary's to become a separate parish after having been a mission of the Livermore parish for some time. St. Mary's school, also made possible through Mr. Hessian's generosity, opened in September, 1919.

After Mr. Hessian's death the project in John Brown park was carried

on under leadership of Mr. Ruse. The statue was completed by 1917 and the fountain was completed in 1918.

ON SEPT. 22, 1918 the fountain was dedicated by Father Dobberstein at a public ceremony attended by thousands of people. Almost all the people of Humboldt and many from surrounding areas were present, along with others who came from a distance. Father Dobberstein was already winning fame then as the builder of the West Bend Grotto.

For years after completion of the statue, Mr. Ruse and other townspeople kept it in sparkling condition, washing it frequently and keeping the surroundings neat and clean. It still stands strong and erect in rugged grandeur, one of the beauty spots of the Humboldt community."

PARKS AND RECREATION

Aside from the beautiful John Brown Park the Water Works Park, located across the bridge southwest on Highway 169, some 30 years ago was laid out, landscaped and beautified by flower beds and native shrubs. No picnicking is allowed, but the public has access to its good fishing and for relaxation.

Another park north of the swimming pool, gently sloping towards the highway, is being developed. Already several pieces of playground equipment have been installed, and in years to come this will be another beauty spot of our town.

Isaac Walton Park, situated along the river north of the Country Club at the east approach to the new bridge on Highway 3, is already a picturesque camping and picnic spot.

Mill Park in Dakota City north of the west approach to the Dakota City bridge has been developed the last few years into a spacious and attractive area where fishing, swimming and picnics may be enjoyed.

From earliest years Riverside Park was owned by the A. D. Bicknell family, and was always open to the public for picnics and for many public events which took place there. After the death of Mr. Bicknell the family deeded by gift the park to the city of Humboldt. Today it is a lovely park with modern facilities, picnic tables, a bandstand and is well maintained by the city. It is now called Bicknell Park.

Within the last 10 years in Taft Park the Stephen H. Taft Elementary School and the addition have been erected. Ample playground is afforded all children. A basketball-tennis court has been provided which in the winter is flooded for skating and hockey games. This area of cement is spacious and well maintained.

There are also horseshoe courts, and several benches are scattered throughout the park for the use of those strolling through the park who might wish to visit or rest.

In addition there is a baseball diamond, originally laid out 53 years ago where semi-professional baseball was then played. On summer evenings softball is now played under the lights between picked teams of the town. Here, too, the games of the Humboldt Youth Baseball program, consisting of

three teams, are played. The standout team this year was the Pony League squad made up of twelve and thirteen year old boys. Who knows in twenty years from now which boy or boys will be playing in the big leagues. Surely these games for teen-age boys add much to their physical development.

Our entire county and state are proud of the historical Frank A. Gotch State Park located at the forks of the Des Moines River.

Humboldt is fortunate in its facilities for recreation. For outdoor sports may be included golf, swimming, fishing, boating, tennis, hockey, skating, coasting, water skiing, horseshoe, gun club, flying, football, track and baseball. Indoors one may enjoy bowling, basketball, the theater or billiards.

COUNTRY CLUB

The first golf course which remained in use for several years was located on the flat pasture at the foot of Volberding hill. In 1927 seventy acres of farm land and timber along the river at the present site of the Country Club were purchased for \$7000.00. Improvements were immediately begun and a golf course laid out. In 1947 a large porch was added to the original farm house. About a dozen lots nearby along the river were sold and cottages were built. In 1958 a strictly modern new club house was erected affording a beautiful view of the river. Today the golf course is one of the best, and is the locale of many amateur tournaments for both men and women.

HUMBOLDT CHAUTAUQUA

The earliest so-called Chautauqua in the memory of this writer was held in the late nineties by the Baptist Assembly in the woods across the river west of the present mill race bridge. The transportation across the river was over a temporary foot bridge and the kids of those days thought it was great fun to cross on the swaying narrow platform. Good crowds enjoyed the novel entertainment, consisting of lectures, music and a sermon by a noted preacher.

The next Chautauqua was held in College Park and continued for several years, and drew large crowds. The location was ideal, and the setting was beautiful—horses, buggies and wagons were scattered all over the campus. The entertainment was more diversified and similar to the former, was educational and informative.

The Chautauqua of the new series began with a guaranteed advance subscription and was held July 31 to August 9th, 1908, in Taft's Park under cover of a huge tent furnished by the "Red Path Company". The "Dixie Jubilees" were a great hit those years and many noted orators appeared — among them W. J. Bryan, Booker T. Washington, Governor Koch of Kansas, Governor Glen of North Carolina, Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana and there were high class musicians, prestigitators, and comedians. B. E. Stong, T. G. White and Lawrence Winne were among the officers and many farmers camped on the grounds the entire ten days. For them it was a delightful and cultural vacation and farmer Harry Adams and family rarely missed one. The weather was generally hot and the writer recalls the sea of drug store free fans or palm leaf fans swaying inside the sultry tent. Only

occasionally an August storm disrupted the program and once or twice when the wind howled and lightening flashed, the crowd quickly made its exit, for in those years, many feared the coming of a cyclone.

The Chautauqua continued for some twelve years and with the coming of the automobiles and other lighter fancies, Chautauquas throughout the State and nation slowly faded away. The old timers recall their educational and entertainment value, but time marches on. A season ticket for some twenty sessions cost \$2.00 and was transferable.

By Mrs. S. H. Burchfield

"One Hundred Hard Maple Trees Before the Centennial in 1963" was the goal decided upon in 1957 by the civic committee of the Humboldt Women's Club in discussing plans for the city's 100th anniversary. Now, four years later, at least 100 hard maples have been planted and while the committee has reached its goal, members urge everyone in the community to help plant trees to make Humboldt more beautiful for the centennial observance.

THE FIRST of the centennial trees was planted April 30, 1957, on Johnston Hill in a ceremony in which Mayor Roy Snyder participated.

That the tree project was truly community-wide is apparent in the list of the following organizations who have donated money toward the hard maple fund: Airline club, American Legion post, American Legion Auxiliary, Business and Professional Women, Eastern Star, Masonic Lodge, Garden club, Isaak Walton League, Lions club, O.F.A. club, Parent Teachers' Association, Rotary club, The Humboldt Shrine club, Woman's club and Y.E.S. club. A total of \$372 was thus raised to buy the trees.

Memorials were given by: the family of Mr. and Mrs. John Berkhimer; the family of Mr. and Mrs. John Reed; the Arthur Strachan family in memory of Mike Baker; Mrs. Mida Doan in memory of her father, Frank French; and Mrs. Passig in memory of her husband. Others donating were the Bud Tiggeses, Halvor Andersons, Don Boswells, Royal Bennetts, Wayne Millers and Jess Starners. Among those who have helped with the project were Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Friedman, Roy Snyder, Clint Tinken, Don Boswell, Dwight Hampson and Stoy Elwood.

THE CENTENNIAL tree committee also commends the Garden club for the beautiful flower beds in Waterworks park and the American Legion for plantings in both John Brown and Taft parks. The park commission, too, has greatly aided the "Make Humboldt Beautiful" project.

As Lucy Larke says in her appropriate poem in the last verse:

"He who plants a tree,
He plants love
Tents of coolness spreading above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Plant! Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own regard shall be."

FROM THE HISTORY OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY 1884

Oakwood Cemetery lies one mile southeast of Humboldt, and is situated upon a beautiful wooded bluff, overlooking the town and the silvery river.

Springvale Cemetery Association was organized on the 24th of March 1869, and on the 5th of April, following, these members were chosen officers of the same: John Dickey, president; B. H. Harkness, treasurer; Rev. E. C. Miles, secretary; S. H. Taft, H. Lane, John Johnston, D. P. Russell and D. Harvey, trustees. The membership was at first composed of those persons who contributed \$10 each toward the purchase of the grounds, but on the 17th of September, 1883, the constitution was so amended as to make all owners of lots living in the township members of the association. The grounds embrace eleven acres, mostly covered over with young oak trees, and is known as Oakwood. Its location and the conformation of the ground is such as to make it a place of great beauty when properly improved. The present officers are: B. H. Harkness, president; Hugh McKinstry, treasurer; J. M. Snyder, secretary; George M. Snyder, sexton; S. H. Taft, D. G. Pinney, D. Harvey, O. M. Marsh and George M. Snyder, trustees.

Indian Mound Cemetery is located on the southeast corner of section 13, township 91, range 29, and is so called from a large mound which is one, if not the highest point in the county, and from which pieces of human bones have been excavated, proving it to have been an ancient burial ground. It is owned by the Indian Mound Cemetery Association, which was incorporated Jan. 12, 1881, and is now controlled by five trustees. These at present are J. G. Lorbeer, president; C. A. Stoebe, A. C. Nopens, H. J. Ketman, F. W. Bowen. It lies in a beautiful and sightly spot, and when ornamented as it is intended to be, will be a pleasant place to carry the cherished dear ones who drop from the busy world. It is well secured with a good five barbed wire fence, enclosing two acres. There have been some twenty interments already. Considerable work has already been done to beautify the grounds. The first burial was Mrs. Christian Lorbeer, or "Mother Lorbeer" as she was more familiarly called, who died June 27, 1870.

The first temperance meeting was held on the evening of July 4, 1866. A most interesting address was given by Levi Leland, one of the old settlers, and latterly grand lecturer of Good Templars in California; a select poem was also read by Mrs. C. A. Lorbeer. A committee was chosen to take steps for an organization, which reported on July 30, in favor of so doing. A pledge was circulated, obtaining seventy signatures. N. S. Ames was chosen secretary. An original poem by Mrs. J. S. Lathrop was also read, which shows the feeling then existing.

Author's Note: Oakland Cemetery a mile South of Dakota City and Humboldt was practically abandoned more than seventy years ago and today it is difficult to discover its location. Once there were about twenty five pioneer burials: some remains were removed long ago, a few remain, unmarked and forgotten. The same situation exists on the Myron Whipple farm

plot historical cemetery located between Rutland and Humboldt originally consisting of two acres. Today only one or two markers remain of some thirty burials of pioneer years.

One of the most short-lived inflationary booms in history occurred over a period from the end of World War I in 1918 to the summer of 1920. This emotional period did not escape Humboldt or Humboldt County.

In Humboldt many thousands of dollars were invested by its citizens in a proposed monkey wrench factory for the town, and promoters from afar demonstrated along the street a supposedly new patent for the wrench. Many conservative men in town envisioned a great factory employing men and incidentally rich rewards for themselves. Needless to say, the factory was never built.

New cord-tire factories sprang up over night across the state and at least two were begun in our capital city. Stock was widely sold in \$500.00 to \$1000.00 blocks in Humboldt and vicinity. Certificates were issued in an enticing design with interest guaranteed at 8%. Some investors inspected the factory in Des Moines, set up in an abandoned building with a handful of mechanics, manufacturing this supposedly newly patented cord-tire. A year went by and one Humboldt citizen displayed his first dividend check at 8% interest, and the rush to buy stock was on. Within a few days he drove to the factory, and wrote his check for \$40,000.00 for the coveted stock just in the nick of time he reported, as the stock offer was over subscribed. Sad to say before the second dividend was due, the factory folded, the promoters left for parts unknown, and the half-million dollar factory was no more.

Many other wild-cat schemes assisted in depleting the pocketbooks of many citizens of the state.

At this time land values went from \$350.00 to \$500.00 an acre. Corn sold as high as \$2.25 a bushel. Hogs were as high as \$32.00 a hundred — cattle sold at a record price — silk shirts sold from \$12.00 to \$15.00 each — sugar for \$33.00 a hundred. No one asked the price of any goods or farm machinery or an automobile. The only question asked was, "Do you have it?" In July, 1920, Emery Sells, Manager of Humboldt Farmers' Elevator quoted Bill Johnston a price of \$1.86½ for his 10,000 bushels of corn. He refused to sell. A few months later Bill took 21 cents a bushel for what was left after the rats were through with it.

Then in addition to over-production during the war and curtailed foreign markets, the Federal Reserve Bank in the summer of 1920 forced the banks to call in all loans—suddenly, disastrously. The result—chaos, plunging prices deflation, corn dropping from \$1.86 to 22 cents in a few months, and many of our hard working citizens who had assumed heavy debt, were financially ruined. With the exception of the brief period of 1924 to 1929, when prices of farm produce rose again, though land did not, the tonic administered sustained the patient, but did not cure. With the shock of the Wall Street market crash in October of 1929, the real depression finally hit our county in 1931 and continued through the winter of 1932 and 1933. Corn plummeted

to nine or ten cents a bushel, eggs to seven cents, and hogs to \$2.00 a hundred or less; corn was burned in some farms and in some public buildings in Northwest Iowa. Foreclosures of lands and chattels were the order of the day, and in Plymouth County judge, banker and auctioneer were sometimes threatened with a rope by irate farmers. So effective were the threats that often sales continued with livestock bid in by the angry mob at a neck per head, thus enabling the mortgagor to defiantly retain his chattels.

Perhaps some of the younger students of the economic history of our country may find in this history, lessons for the future. History throughout the life of our nation depicts alternate periods of inflation and deflation. One follows the other as surely as the dawn follows the night.

On May, 1903, the town of Humboldt purchased thirty latest style iron hitching racks for \$179.00 for use on Main street, but they were not installed until after curb and gutter were built. The contract for this work between the town and F. W. Hunt of Des Moines, was signed on June 29, 1903 at a price of \$2.98 1/3 running yard for the gutters and 35 cents per cubic foot for curb. J. W. Foster was mayor. The work was completed during the summer and the street was graveled and rolled giving Humboldt its best Main Street in history; long rows of teams and wagons each day testified to the importance of the town as a trading center.

On January 28, 1907, the town voted to tax itself for the proposed Carnegie library 503 to 136.

In 1909 occurred the bitter fight to change the county seat from Dakota City to Humboldt and to issue bonds for the building of a new court house in the latter town. The location was debated and the town of Humboldt offered to donate a site in Taft Park. A deed was sent to S. H. Taft, donor of the park, for his signature and in a letter to the committee he stated, "The park would indeed be an ideal spot, but nowhere else can such a park be obtained for the town. My thought was to provide a place where children might play, young men and women stroll and the aged linger and hold converse without fear of being ordered to "move on." Of such value do I regard the park to the future well-being of Humboldt inhabitants that I would not sign such a deed as you sent for ten thousand dollars.

The proposition, however, to remove the county seat and to build a new court house in Humboldt was soundly defeated by the voters of the county, and, therefore, the town was saved the trouble and expense of furnishing a site.

In 1911 Humboldt supported a semi-pro baseball team under the name "Winne's Colts", composed of college stars from Grinnell and Iowa State. The great series with Charles City, played in Taft Park, will long be remembered. This Humboldt team was one of the best in this section and on July 4th that year in the park nearly four thousand people saw them cross bats with Eldora.

On July 29, 1912, the voters authorized the erection of a new city hall at a cost of \$8,055. This is a splendid two-story brick building which today

could not be duplicated for four times the contract price. The vote was 234 for and 18 against. R. J. Johnston was mayor.

In 1913 the town of Humboldt celebrated its 50th anniversary with speeches, bands, and parades. About fifty of the Mesquakie Indian tribe, dancing bears, wagon trains, five bands, fifty historical floats, and Frank Gotch driving a yoke of oxen hitched to an ox cart were the features of the semi-centennial parade. This year marked the last county fair on the old grounds in southwest Humboldt along the river, and on exhibition the first airplane circled overhead.

In August, 1914, the first World War began, and in desperate combat millions of men were engaged. On April 6, 1917, President Woodrow Wilson asked Congress for a declaration of war and declared "God helping us we can do no other". Humboldt county again contributed her share of her youth; Iowa's famous "Rainbow Division" will ever be remembered, and the youth of our county carried out their respective assignments with honor.

BITS OF HISTORY

So far as is known Jack Wells, who lived with the Dewitt C. Shattuck family at Rutland from the time he was a baby, is the only Negro buried in Union Cemetery. His lifelong friends in his last days, in Rutland, cared for him as one of their own, and erected an appropriate marker in his memory. Jack died in 1935, age unknown.

O. J. Hack came to Humboldt from the South in the 70's and located on the farm east of Union Cemetery, long known as the Hack farm. He brought with him two Negro children whom he raised to maturity. These children were known as Ben and Pidge Hack. Old timers remember both Ben and Pidge trudging from town barefoot and often loaded with bundles and sacks on their way home. Both did work in the fields, taking the place of hired men. They left for parts unknown more than fifty years ago. These three people were the only colored permanent residents of Humboldt and vicinity.

At various times in the past H. H. Russell employed colored cooks in the hotel. There were also colored shoe-shiners both at the hotel and in different barber shops. Tom Bagby, a colored trotting-horse driver, made his home at the training barn at the Humboldt Fair-grounds for some three years, and had many friends in the town.

One of the saddest family tragedies in the history of Humboldt began on July 7, 1901. Julius Metzner, who was intoxicated at the time, mistook Ole McMillan, deputy marshall, for another man, and shot and killed him. So far as known, this was the first and only murder in the incorporated town of Humboldt. Metzner received a life sentence in the penitentiary. On the evening of August 23, 1905, Pauline and her sister, Ida Metzner, were picnicking with friends on the Des Moines River above the dam. Suddenly a violent storm arose and while hurrying to return to the boat houses, the boat capsized and the two sisters drowned. Ida, the oldest of three sisters, had long been a clerk in the store of D. A. Ray and had also taught rural

school. Pauline had graduated from high school some five years previous and was an assistant in the post office at the time of her death. Both girls were highly respected and had many friends. Julius Metzner, the father, was returned from the penitentiary to attend the sad double funeral.

Another double tragedy occurred in 1909, when on the way to a Sunday School picnic, the hayrack in which the children were riding, overturned and Alameda Wilder, age about nine, and Ruth Fawcett, about fifteen, lost their lives. As both were loved and popular young girls, this tragedy shocked the town.

In the late 80's and early 90's the first velocipedes with the high front wheel came to Humboldt. There were only a few of these sold, as they were very dangerous and difficult to ride. Myron Webber was probably the first owner and rider in this town. In 1892 and '93 came the first low two-wheel safety bicycles, in style not much different from those of today. They were described as excellent, durable and easy to ride. The Ajax was one of the most popular makes. Royal French and the author were among the first proud owners of boys' Ajax bicycles in the summer of 1893.

In 1914 came the first motorcycles. The popular makes were the Harley Davidson, Indian and Pope. They became especially popular with the young people and were used on some extensive trips. Of course the condition of the roads prevented any large scale.

There were a few automobiles in town between 1905 and 1910. Among the early owners were Frank Gotch, A. B. White, Ed Winne, Dr. Field, Carlos Combes and Dr. Devereaux. The Stanley Steamer and one cylinder Cadillac were among the early ones. When these queer chugging vehicles appeared on country roads, horses were so frightened that the drivers had to get out of the buggy or wagon and hold the horses' heads. Oftentimes they caused run-aways and consequently many farmers were prejudiced against the autos. The early cars often had breakdowns and punctured tires, and many an arm was broken in cranking them.

From 1912 to 1915 cars were coming more into general use. The early Fords were known as "tin Lizzies". They were a big improvement mechanically over the early cars, economical to operate and cheap in price. About 1920 the first sedans were introduced and the Overland was probably the most reasonably priced and popular in this town.

The first state driver's license became effective in July, 1931, and the cost was twenty-five cents and good for two years. The first license plates were issued in April, 1911. In the 30's, with the building of paved highways throughout the state, automobiles became practically a necessity as they are today.

From 1888 to 1893 the first palatial residences erected in the village of Humboldt were built by J. N. Prouty, O. F. Avery and R. J. Johnston. All three are in fine locations today, all in good repair and reflect the architecture of that period.

A noteworthy item is the fact that five generations of the Reuben Dodd

family have lived in the same house near the John Brown Park. The house is now nearly 88 years old.

In 1880, Humboldt boasted of a washing machine factory owned by Thomas and Davenport; Clothing—C. A. Wright; three stone quarries—C. A. Lorbeer, A. B. Snyder and Thomas Shere; draymen—Hewlett, A. R. Beebe, Watkins and R. M. Lyle; elevator—O. F. Avery; three milliners and two feed stores.

The Town, population around 600, had four first class drug stores, as follows: E. D. Nickson, L. J. Andersen, C. Korsland and Porter and Wilson. Today with a population of (estimated) 4300, we have two drug stores; Larsson's Rexall and Tigges Drug.

On February 2, 1865, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Rogers, a daughter, Josephine M. Rogers. She was the first child born on the site of Springvale. She died at the age of twenty-two months.

T. T. (Tony) Rogers at the age of twenty-two came to the site of Springvale in Sept. 1862 with S. H. Taft where both men decided this was a favored location for the New York Colony which came the following May.

Mr. Rogers was an influential citizen and business man in Humboldt for many years.

The writer last met Mr. Rogers in October, 1911 in Medford, Oregon where some years previously he had gone to live with his daughter, Amy Louise and son-in-law Lloyd Moore, and together they operated a successful fruit farm. Mr. Rogers wore the same chin beard as he had years before when he was express agent in Humboldt, and at the age of seventy-one was spry physically and alert mentally.

The first steam saw mill was built by Edward McKnight at Dakota along the river in 1855, and was the pioneer mill in the county. Many log cabins were built in the rural areas of the county during the 50's and 60's. Henry Lott erecting the first on his two acre plot, just east of the present Livermore bridge in 1852. Several pioneer accounts record a few board shanties in early Dakota and perhaps one or two tiny log cabins, but on the site of Springvale no log cabins were built. Some of the early colonists occupied abandoned cabins west in Corinth township and perhaps one or two shanties in Dakota until the first frame homes could be built.

During the second summer (1864), S. H. Taft, T. T. Rogers and Durham Pinney built a circular saw mill joining the grist mill. Patrons of this saw mill from the north often hauled logs as far as thirty miles to receive the lumber for the first frame dwellings erected in that area.

At the organization meeting of the college in 1866, S. H. Taft suggested the name "Humboldt College" and in November, 1872, the name Humboldt was given to the village of Springvale with Mr. Taft's consent. This name honors Frederich, Hienrich, Alexander Baron Von Humboldt who was born in Berlin, Prussia in 1769 and upon the publication of his most noted scientific work in about 1850, "Cosmos" was acclaimed throughout the world as the

foremost naturalist, scientist, writer and traveler of his time. He died in Berlin just four years prior to the arrival of Taft's colony.

The Baron was widely read and admired by the Taft family, hence the name of our town, and in the early 80's Fred Taft, Humboldt editor named his newspaper, the "Humboldt County Kosmos".

Eighty-five years ago in November, Thomas A. Edison invented the parlor speaking phonograph, and in Humboldt on the old fairgrounds in a tent in 1893 a "Penny Arcade" was exhibited. Seven years later, famous voices were introduced into Humboldt homes by phonograph and graphophone and soon thereafter, on records, were heard the immortal voices of Enrico Caruso, the Italian operatic tenor, Harry Lauder, the Scotch musical comedian, John McCormack, the Irish tenor and Galli-Curci with her electrifying coloratura voice.

Today we have radio, perfected in the 20's, and television since the late 40's, both in almost universal acceptance; we have color television still in its infancy and the modern combination radio, television and stereo high fidelity consoles. The home has entertainment and educational inspiration never before known, all for free, except for the original investments and occasional minor repairs, and a few pennies for electric energy.

Today we rocket astronauts into space travelling 17,500 miles an hour, completing up to this date Nov. 1962 six orbits over the earth in some nine hours. Last July 4th one of the speedy jets of the Pan American World Airways at a speed of some five hundred miles an hour enabled the passengers to celebrate Independence day in far flung parts of the world. The plane was in New Delhi, Bangkok, Hong Kong and Tokyo, crossed the international Date Line in mid Pacific, thence to Honolulu and San Francisco all in the 4th.

Many of our scientists contend this is only the beginning, and that the school Children of today, will within the next half century, invent and perfect devices in transportation on sea, land and in space; in rocketry and electronics, and in communication, marvels undreamed of today. "Time marches on."

The Northwestern Railroad ran its last passenger train through Dakota City in 1950. Clayton Foster and Chris Christianson rode from Dakota City to Rutland as a last nostalgic farewell to the old morning and evening "Flyer", so familiar for 70 years to the traveling public.

The following bits of history were told to the author by Mr. C. W. Garfield: "A man named Joiner erected a building on the south side of Main street, just east of C. S. Smith & Co. for a drug store. He was succeeded in the drug business by Still Meservey who had a drug store at Fort Dodge. Mr. Meservey sent a younger brother up to run it. When Grandfather White came in 1880, Uncle Charles said the Meservey drug store was a great gathering place for some of the younger blades, who would walk out, most of them unrepentantly, and some of them rather lit up. You see the drug stores all handled "Medicinal" liquor. This building, by the way, originally had a rick front which had to be replaced by frame."

The old Wright House was a very hospitable place. It burned down later, and a prominent citizen of the town, is reputed to have set the fire. When the railroad first came and for a number of years later, the proprietor on Saturday nights in the winter, would clear out the dining room and let the young folks dance. Many came in from the country. Uncle Charles told me of many happy occasions at the dances they held. Of course, there was no charge for them."

Our historical researcher has listed a few family names of pioneer business people which for three generations have owned or operated in Humboldt. Of direct lineal are the E. A. Wilder, Hiram Lane, P. F. Saul, D. A. DeGroote and Frank Jaqua families. All except Byron Wilder, retired, are represented today on Sumner Avenue. Of direct lineal in business today are also the Parley Finch family and the A. E. Ruse family though by marriage William grandson, bears the name of Housel and likewise, Gilbert Nissen, grandson of A. E. Ruse, bears the name of Nissen.

Also in the Ruse family—A. E. Ruse, Harry Ruse and his son Eddie have all been in business in Humboldt, though Eddie has retired from the retail paint store. A. E. Ruse and Gilbert P. his son, druggists were only two generations.

Many other families in the County take pride in having pioneer grandfathers and grandmothers and even great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers.

Perhaps one or two family names on Sumner Avenue have been omitted but if so, such omission is unintentional.

On November 11, 1918, all the county joyously celebrated the Armistice, and many new fall model fedora was assigned, sometimes unwillingly, to the huge bonfires.

Of special significance were the deaths in the latter part of April, 1918, of two of the founders of Springvale, both coming to the then wild prairie land of Humboldt county from New York State. They were warm friends through adult life, the one a former Humboldt county school superintendent, the other once president of Humboldt college.

It is a strange and dramatic coincidence that at the funeral in Humboldt of A. D. Bicknell, pioneer of 1862, a telegram from California was received and read announcing the death that morning of Stephen H. Taft, pioneer 1862. As through their long lives they walked figuratively arm in arm, so they departed this life.

Each was a lover of nature, its streams, woods and fields; each was a traveler, lecturer and writer; each adhered to the same philosophy of life; each was a benefactor of mankind.

Each manifested in life a deep and genuine understanding and sympathy and love of his fellow men; no bitterness ever lingered in their hearts when men were prone to criticize.

In the sunset of their long lives neither feared the world beyond "from whose bourne no traveler ever returns;"—their lives had been true and good

dedicated to the moral and intellectual uplift of all the people of the community; their inherent desire was to establish and build schools, churches and libraries, and by word and letter to teach their fellow men all that is good and noble and to bestow upon them an aspiration for a richer and better life.

In purity of heart, in unselfishness of purpose, in achievement toward the education and culture of our people, these two pioneers have left to us of later generations an abundant heritage and an example of exalted Christianity.

Taft Park surveyed and platted by Taft and beautified by trees planted by him in 1873, and picturesque Bicknell Park high above the river, shall be a living part of Humboldt as long as there shall be a Humboldt. The memory of their lives and deeds and generosity shall abide with future generations.

In November of the same year occurred the untimely death of George W. (Cap) Lovrien, one of Humboldt county's beloved citizens. The late G. S. Garfield said of him in a beautifully written and fitting tribute: "George was a man of big warm heart and tender affectionate feelings, full of sympathy and consideration, always the soul of generosity—abounding in the love of people. He made warm friends wherever he went and enjoyed a wide and favorable acquaintance."

Another and the greatest public improvement in the county's history was undertaken and completed in Humboldt. A contract was let April 21, 1919, to the Horabin Construction Company for paving Sumner Avenue. The cost of paving was \$120,000 of which \$117,500 was assessed to abutting property owners. \$5,000.00 additional was pledged by the town for the building of the new river bridge. An additional \$5,000.00 was pledged to Bime Bellows for the removal of the bottling plant, and these sums with the cost of storm sewers and other incidentals made a total cost of about \$135,000.00.

This project with the building of the new public school in 1919 at a cost of about \$135,000.00 made the year a record building year. During this period John Cunningham was the Mayor of Humboldt. Dr. T. G. Ferreby was president of the School Board.

HUMBOLDT'S BYGONE DREAM COULD HAVE CHANGED THINGS

**Episode Will Be Only a Legend Within a
Generation or Two, but It Will Never Die
From Humboldt Independent**

A dream long since past might have changed the whole industrial picture around Humboldt had it materialized.

Instead of this community just being the center of another first class agricultural section of these United States, it was about to become a junior Pittsburgh a quarter of a century ago. Anyway that's what some people must have been thinking.

It all started back in 1922 when Pete Johnson found strong traces of oil in a spring on his land which encompassed what is now the Gun Club.

Johnson, like all mortal beings, had visions of striking pay dirt. He sent off a sample to be analyzed, and a report came back in due time showing the presence of oil.

As it turned out, Johnson was the only one who profited by the incident. On the strength of the report, he sold his 100-acre farm for \$300 an acre to a corporation created to develop the find.

Hopes To Strike Oil

Undaunted by the initial cost of the land, the Humboldt Oil & Development Company organized at \$50,000 capitalization. It also planned to develop gravel and lime rock on the farm, but the first concern was to strike oil.

Texas and Oklahoma oil men were called here to view the proposed grounds, and they went away agreeing that oil was underfoot waiting to be exploited. Such was also the verdict of a geologist named John Getz Sr. of Illinois.

Getz came here to witch for oil. He tested the land northwest of Humboldt above the dam known at Lake Nokomis. Carrying a machine which he claimed to be 90 percent effective, Getz located "the spot" on which to drill.

The geogolist predicted a big gusher 250 feet below which would produce 250 barrels of oil daily. He also believed a lake of oil existed 1,000 feet below the surface. Getz said he never expected to discover such immense deposits of oil in Iowa.

During the spring and summer of 1923, supporters of the oil company canvassed citizens of the county in an attempt to get people to subscribe to the idea. Shares of \$50 each were sold to citizens hoping to get in on the the ground floor. During the first two days of sale, \$6,000 worth of stock was sold.

Geologist Returns

In July geologist Getz came back to look over the site since the board could come to no agreement as to the place to drill the well. Getz maintained his reputation by locating a spot exactly where he had witched before, a spot near the river on the southwest corner of the company's holdings.

Getz' witching instrument worked succesfully for several of the corporations' officers, though it did not operate with success for everyone. On Getz' second trip out here, he was as positive as ever that there was oil.

By the latter part of August, crewmen had hauled a steam engine, boiler, drill, sand buckets, casing and oodles of lumber to the site. Soon an 80-foot derrick was completed but operations were held up in an attempt to sell more shares and lease more ground.

Barbecue Oxen

After the brisk selling campaign early in October, officials decided to get started with the drilling. A barbecue was arranged to celebrate this occasion. About 2,000 people attended, heard the Humboldt band play, and feasted on ox roast, coffee and buns.

Three or four local men gave pep talks in the absence of an out-of-town speaker; then the drilling began. Four feet were drilled in the presence of

the barbecue crowd, but lack of machinery prevented digging farther at that time.

The Des Moines contractors were "prepared to go down till they either strike oil or bring up hair on the auger", one newspaper account said. Not to disappoint anyone, the story goes, some obliging soul dropped a short length of rope in the hole one night. Next morning the unsuspecting followers were amazed to hear that what appeared to be human hair was found on the auger. The churning action of the drill bit had made the rope unrecognizable. They immediately sent away the sample to be analyzed and eagerly awaited the report. Some faces must have turned red when the answer came back—100 percent manilla rope.

That incident apparently only made many of the followers more determined to find the bottom of that hole, for two crews were hired to work 11-hour shifts. Rock was encountered and casings were damaged, but workmen set off dynamite charges and went through the rock barrier.

Fire Destroys Derrick

Drill work got underway again until fire of unknown origin one Saturday night destroyed the derrick and tools; that was early in December of 1923. The loss was estimated at \$2,000 and was not covered by insurance. The auger bit had only progressed 100 feet and was "just entering a vein of coal when work stopped," one account related.

The week after the fire, workmen began constructing a new derrick of sheet metal. Though it was never put into operation, some people perhaps thought the well would produce oil if only drilling were continued. Others probably realized their \$50 or \$100 was at the bottom of the hole but felt sheepish so kept still.

Looking back even now, oldtimers don't all agree as to facts of that memorable summer and events leading up to the abandoning of operations. Many will tell you the presence of oil in the springs and river was due to used crankcase oil having been dumped upstream. They jokingly relate how the knees of the geologist and witcher Getz would buckle when he passed over the subterranean oil lakes.

The oil episode is one which the older generation can tell their children for years to come. In another generation or two, it will be only a legend, but it marks a colorful chapter in the history of Humboldt and vicinity.

On January 27, 1928, the old historic Russell Hotel and Opera House were burned to the ground. A hundred reminiscences of their part in community affairs when Humboldt was young pleasantly linger in the memory of all old timers. To replace the loss caused by the fire the W. B. Frank interests erected a modern theatre building named the Humota theatre. In 1939 a new and modern brick hotel building was built upon the old hotel site and dedicated in February, 1940.

In the thirties after a previous defeat at the polls, the county voted by a large majority in favor of authorizing the State Highway Commission to

build two paved primary roads across the county and to connect by spur the towns of Bode, Livermore and Thor. All secondary roads are graded and graveled throughout the county and are well maintained in all seasons, and all farms are accessible to farm to market improved roads. The roads of this county, thanks to our supervisors, are second to no county in the state in quality and in their maintenance.

On November 3, 1936, the voters of the county authorized the building of a new court house in Dakota City to replace the inadequate small brick court house erected in 1872. With the aid of federal funds in the amount of 45 percent of the total cost, the building was erected in 1938 and dedicated on February 25, 1939. It is an imposing three story building 64 by 104 feet with basement and one of the most modern in the state of Iowa. It is built of grayface brick and trimmed with Indiana limestone; the attractive main entrance is featured in a buff Mankato stone. "The letters on the front of the building which identify it as the Humboldt County Court House are of solid cast bronze, anchored into the construction with bronze anchors. These letters are 18 inches high and about two feet wide." The building is beautiful, distinctive and well constructed. The interior is convenient, modernistic and equipped in latest style; it eloquently reflects the progress and wealth of Humboldt County. Its cost of \$175,000.00 which is paid is only a fraction of what this building would cost the county if constructed today. Still appropriate is the description of the site written in 1872 when the "old court house" was new. "The substantial and beautiful edifice crowns the bluff near Dakota, overlooking the twin valleys of the Des Moines. Like a grim sentinel it stands and keeps its watch over both towns of Humboldt and Dakota, that upon a summer day—

"Half drowned in sleepy peace they lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine in their green array."

LOOKING BACK A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

In 1938, prices were still low; the devastating panic of the early 30's yet hovered over our County. The following retail prices were quoted by our stores,—

A FEW HOT ONES FOR WEDNESDAY

No. 10 Prunes	2 for 45 cents
Case of 6	\$1.32
No. 2 Sturgeon Bay Red Cherries	9 cents
Case of 24	\$2.13
Carton Matches (6 boxes)	12 cents
46 oz. Grapefruit Juice	12 cents
46 oz. Tomato Juice	15 cents
46 oz. Pineapple Juice	25 cents
46 oz. tree sweet Orange Juice	25 cents
Cracker Jacks	2 for 5 cents

Vanilla Extract -----	5 cents
Large 8 oz. Bottle	
Fresh Lard, 100% pure, lb. -----	5 cents
Pure Pork Sausage, lb. -----	5 cents
Fresh Pork Liver, lb. -----	5 cents
Hockless Picnics—Tendered— lb. -----	11½ cents

One store sold 600 crates of beautiful California peaches on a Saturday in early August for sixty-five cents a crate bought directly from nine carloads on track at Gussie Sherman's terminal at Eagle Grove. Harold Joiner, at one o'clock Sunday morning cleaned out the big coolers of the last ten crates while the store had to remain open waiting for Max Sigman's big egg trucks to load one hundred eighty, thirty-dozen cases of eggs. Business on Saturday nights those days was terrific and hours were long, yet it was fun.

Men wore double breasted suits, and ladies, low hem lines on skirts.

Few people knew the location of Pearl Harbor; and the atom and hydrogen bombs, the cold war, the missile race and the telestar were unfamiliar words. There was no television, nor automobiles of variegated colors.

The stock market was still sensitive and depressed,—China and Japan were at war and an insignificant little Austrian Corporal named Adolf Hitler, was haranguing huge crowds as he reviewed military spectacles throughout a great nation and a gathering storm rumbled across the Atlantic.

The Packard, LaSalle, DeSoto, Graham, Hudson, Terroplane, Hupmobile, Nash, Overland and Lafayette; these were venerable names and their drivers speeded over the newly completed cement highways across the County and beyond.

Humboldt boasted over 2500 population, yet there was no hotel nor motel; rooming houses, however, were plentiful. "Broadway" on Highway 169 was still unborn, and the beautiful paved new residential districts of today, were wooded lots of fields of growing grain; beyond Sumner Avenue the dust blew in summer.

Then there was no swimming pool, nor modern airport, nor gas furnaces; coal was still the king of fuels.

Astronauts Glen, Shepard, Carpenter and Schirra were school boys, and Castro, Khrushchev and Major General Edwin A. Walker, were unheard of.

History notes changes through the ages; it is inevitable and inexorable.

ANOTHER CHAMPION

While the fame and deeds of Frank Gotch will long endure, those of another Humboldt county man who became a champion in his field and attained state and national publicity must not be forgotten in any history of our city.

We quote from the pen of Frank Jaqua, published in the Humboldt Independent of January 30, 1940, as follows:

Charles A. Sharp and his gastronomical surroundings are pictured above in the DeGroote Grocery in Humboldt, where he made a record of eating 52

big pancakes with accompanying butter and syrup, and drank 29 cups of coffee flavored with both cream and sugar, all between eight in the morning and eleven in the evening Saturday, January 20, 1940.

Editor Bill Miller of the Livermore Gazette, probably through jealousy, comments adversely and freely concerning our fellow townsman, C. A. Sharp, and his gastronomical feat, and following are excerpts from his article:

"... some like pancakes and some don't. Let's change the diet occasionally or base the winning points on calories or pounds instead—ten pounds of beef, ten of popcorn or eggs. We know people who are supposed to be dyspeptics and can't eat a cucumber pickle, but can mow away five pounds of steak without a murmur. They should be allowed to name their poison.

Also there should be a ruling on who cooks. Some cooks can't even boil water, let alone prepare food for a contest. Let them stage their eats in a Livermore cafe occasionally. We have men right here that five gets you ten can wrest the championship from Jaqua's town.

Bro. Jaqua designates this as a county-wide contest and that Sharp is the county champion . . . we have never seen any challenge issued county-wide . . . Everyone knows a fighter does better on the home grounds. Even a rooster is harder to lick on his own dunghill than in the neighboring backyard."

Author's note: The following year on Saturday, January 19, 1941, at the annual pancake day (and this was really a county contest) held in the same grocery, Charlie outdid all his previous records, consuming 68 big "Aunt Jemima" plain and buckwheat cakes and the trimmings as already described.

Charlie stated he profited by experience and for three days previous to the contest he subsisted on milk and crackers only. This time he was served his first big plate of cakes at 7:30 a.m., as the doors opened at 7 for the purpose of allowing the battery of pancake, syrup and coffee company sponsors to get set.

This time the fun lasted past midnight; thinning crowds were still milling around but the factory boys were poohed out. Local and state publicity followed Charlie's feat and his picture appeared in the New York Times. On the third day Charlie received a telegram from one of the big radio networks offering him an all-expense paid trip and royal entertainment in New York City for his appearance on the popular radio program "Vox Pop" on February 10, 1941, at 8:30 p.m.

Charlie was elated because he had never been to New York. All his friends felt that, due to his advancing age, Charlie should be accompanied by a younger man in his adventures in the metropolis. Memories of the sale of the Empire State building and Brooklyn Bridge to the unsuspecting were recalled, and so one of the main clerks of the store was chosen to accompany him, Keith Johnson.

Our young manager of the fruit and vegetable department, Merland Cody, was very disappointed, that in the drawing among three clerks for the

New York City free trip with Charlie, his name was drawn second, only an alternate choice.

Provided with ample funds by friends and store associates in due time he left town with Charlie for the big adventure, the champion and his manager. They were both interviewed on the show; the reception in Humboldt was clear as a bell and half the town heard the program. They were feted as becomes a champion and his manager, and fame at last had come to Charlie. The star shone brightly that night for Charlie; he was happy, though he and Keith knew its brilliance would soon fade away.

Pancake days came again in January of 1942 and 1943, but Charlie, due to advancing age and the loss of his teeth, decided to retire. He mixed with the crowds, ate a few plates of cakes with plenty of butter and maple-flavored syrup and basked in the plaudits of his friends who knew him as the retired pancake champion of Humboldt county, the ravings of Editor Miller notwithstanding.

Charlie was the son of a pioneer Wacousta township farmer. Milo Sharp, and nephew Seth Sharp, who planted and harvested the first five acres of wheat 106 years ago and threshed it by driving a team over the sheaves, then scraping the grains from the floor. He had the finest grove in the county; the first school in the township was in his home and the wife of Abial Hoag (a pioneer farmer in 1857) was the teacher.

Charlie is always remembered by many in earlier days when he was a prosperous livestock feeder and came to town driving one of the county's finest draft teams hitched to a brightly-painted wagon.

He held the reins so proudly wearing expensive pigskin gloves and he always stood in the wagon in front of the seat. Once in the early 1900's from one of the many horse buyers he was offered \$700 spot cash for the team. The story was at that time that Charlie disdainfully refused the offer and replied, in effect, "I raised this team from the time they were colts and they will stay on the farm where they were born as long as I live" and it is said in old age there they died.



Parley Finch

An important financier and builder of the Finch block in Humboldt.

INDUSTRIES AND BANKS

FARM BUREAU 1946

"Humboldt County leads Iowa in percentage of farmers in Farm Bureau. Humboldt County leads Iowa in Farm Bureau board attendance and it is the only county in Iowa in which all of its township units have received a superior rating.

People of Humboldt county should be proud of this achievement and it indicates that the people of this county are interested in a progressive agriculture and the good things connected with rural life. Today, there are 1354 Farm Bureau family members in Humboldt county out of 1440 farms. This represents 94 percent of the farm families in the county.

Humboldt county Farm Bureau in cooperation with the Iowa State College Extension Services sponsors the Boys' and Girls' 4-H club program. Today, there are approximately 375 boys and girls enrolled in 4-H club work and carrying out worth-while homemaking and farm projects in the county. The Humboldt County Boys' and Girls' 4-H club program is also recognized as one of the best in Iowa.

Again through its cooperative relationship with Iowa State College, Humboldt County Farm Bureau promotes and sponsors much educational activity in agriculture and homemaking such as weed control demonstration plots, new varieties of farm crops, soil and farm management, livestock feeding and management problems, family living problems, in fact, anything that is good for a full, wholesome rural life.

The best of cooperative relationship exists between the business men of Humboldt County Farm Bureau—this is extremely desirable and necessary in an agricultural county such as this.

The Farm Bureau is a family organization with a complete program for the whole family. The County Farm Bureau is affiliated with the Iowa and American Farm Bureau Federation—the largest farm organization in America. It has become the voice of organized agriculture.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY COOPERATIVE CREAMERY 1946

The middle of June, 1925, work was started on the building of what was to be known as the Humboldt Co-op. Creamery, which was destined to become not only a pride of the farmers and an asset to the town, but an institution to be commonly referred to and set up as an example through the entire State of Iowa.

On October 1st, A. P. Andersen, who had been hired as manager, moved to Humboldt and started the installation of equipment as well as supervising the completion of some work not included in the building contract.

On November 25th, the Creamery started to receive cream and on Thanksgiving Day, November 26th, the first churning of Springvale Brand Butter was turned out.

When building and equipping the Creamery, it was estimated that 250,000 pounds of butter would be made per year; instead of that 330,000 pounds were made the first year and with steady growth each year, 1,258,318 pounds of butter was made in 1943 and during the 20 years of operation up until 1946, a total of 19,005,193 pounds of butter has been manufactured by the Humboldt Co-op. Creamery, at a total value of \$7,135,249.80. In addition to manufacturing butter, the Humboldt Creamery has supplied a large part of the milk distributed in Humboldt since 1929. Also in 1937 the Creamery started a food locker department for the convenience of its members and at this time a total of 830 individual lockers are in operation.

IOWA PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

The citizens of Humboldt enjoyed electric lights for the first time in the year 1899. The distribution of electric current to the residence and commercial houses was made possible by a group of Humboldt men who organized the Humboldt Light Company.

The first electric current was manufactured by a water wheel, which was connected to a small generator by a clutch arrangement. This small generating plant was located at the old mill site. Due to limited generating capacity and the small demand for electric service, electricity was available to its users for only a few hours during each evening.

When the demand for electricity increased, an Erie City Ball steam engine was installed, which was operated when the water was too low to use the water wheel. It was also operated when the demand for electricity was greater than the water wheel could handle.

In 1911, the Northern Iowa Power Company was formed by local men who took over the Humboldt Light Company and built the present hydro electric power plant and also promoted the building of electric transmission lines to towns in Humboldt and surrounding counties.

The Humboldt hydro electric power plant has a total capacity of 525 kilowatts, which consists of three 175 kilowatt General Electric generators driven by three auger type James Leffell horizontal type water wheels.

In this same year, the present concrete dam was built at the head of the mill race, which replaced the old wooden dam at the same location.

In 1915 the Northern Iowa Power Company sold its holdings to the Northern Iowa Gas and Electric.

This company extended its transmission lines to several more communities, and, in 1922 and 1923, built the Rutland hydro electric power plant located at Rutland, Iowa, on the best branch of the Des Moines River. This plant has a total capacity of 800 kilowatts, which consists of two 400 kilowatt Allis Chalmers generators driven by two vertical type Allis Chalmers water wheels.

In 1924 the Northern Iowa Gas and Electric Company sold its property to the Central Iowa Power and Light Company. This company operated its property until 1927 at which time it was sold to the present company—the Iowa Public Service Company. It has, since 1927, built many more transmission lines to interconnect its main load centers. It has also added more generating equipment in different locations throughout its territory.

One of the largest transmission lines operated by the company is the 161,000-volt line which is interconnected with other electric power producing companies in Iowa and neighboring states and is known as the Iowa Electric grid. At present the company is building a 138,000-kilowatt power plant south of Sioux City at a cost of \$25,000,000 which, when completed, will also be interconnected into the Iowa Electric grid.

The Iowa Public Service Company brought natural gas to Humboldt in 1954, when the Northern Natural Gas Company built a pipeline to town for distribution by the Iowa Public Service Company. The local district built the distribution system.

In the immediate trade territory the Iowa Public Service Company serves 15 towns and 490 farms with electric service. The towns are Humboldt, Dakota City, Thor, Hardy, Pioneer, Gilmore City, Pocahontas, Bradgate, Rutland, Bode, Ottosen, St. Joe, Livermore and LuVerne.

At the present time 27 men and women are employed to handle the maintenance, operation, construction and clerical work required. Of these 22 live in Humboldt, two in Dakota City, one in Gilmore City, one in Bode and one in Rutland.

R. V. (Smiley) Worthington has served as Humboldt district manager of the Iowa Public Service Company since 1931, retiring last February after 44 years of service with the company, 36 of them in Humboldt. The new manager, B. D. Dyke of Canton, S.D., moved his family here in December to assume his new position. He was formerly district manager at Canton, and has been with the company for 12 years.

Other long-time employees include George Beebe, hydro plant superintendent, 40 years; Clarence Long, hydro plant operator, 30 years, and Mear-

lin Belt, electrical maintenance foreman, 25 years. Howard Rapple retired last November after nearly 29 years with the company.

Tom Welch is district engineer, a position he assumed in 1953, and Einar Hansen has been district service superintendent since 1957. The Iowa Public Service Company offices and warehouse are located in a brick building built six years ago at the corner of Sumner avenue and Fifth street in Humboldt.

DODGEN INDUSTRIES, INC. HISTORY IN HUMBOLDT

On July 1, 1954, Foster Silbaugh sold his business to a group of businessmen who formed a cooperation to be known as Silbaugh Manufacturing Company. The majority of the stock was owned by Dodgen and Company of Fort Dodge, Iowa. This company manufactured the Humboldt Snap-Tach Loaders and Humboldt Stalk Shredders as well as doing some custom work when time permitted.

The directors of the company could see a definite need of something to manufacture besides the Loaders and Shredders as the company experienced some seasonal decline in their products, which caused some over-production and eventually, lay-off of help.

Dodgen and Company of Fort Dodge, Iowa, who had experienced a very nice business in assembling and distributing the new Bulkanizer Feed Bodies for North American Manufacturing Company of Sioux City, Iowa, had reached the point where they would be forced to expand their facilities to keep up with their growing business. Consequently, on April 1, 1958, the complete line of bulk bodies, parts, and service was transferred from Dodgen and Company in Fort Dodge to Silbaugh Manufacturing Company in Humboldt.

This business change was very welcome—it meant a number of new employees and new faces. John Dodgen was made our General Manager and a new addition was added to the old plant to accommodate mounting the bulk bodies on trucks and to make more room for our expanding business.

In July of 1961 Dodgen and Company of Fort Dodge, Iowa, purchased all the outstanding stock of the Silbaugh Manufacturing Company and formed a new company known as Dodgen Industries. This new company consolidated the Dodgen and Company, Dodgen Investment Company, Dodgen Associated Manufacturing Company, and Silbaugh Manufacturing Company. The officers and directors of the new company are:

C. W. Dodgen, Chairman of the Board of Directors
Joe W. Dodgen, President
John N. Dodgen, Executive Vice President
Jack E. Dodgen, Treasurer
John E. Miller, Secretary

In the spring of 1961 Dodgen Industries purchased a 12 acre tract of land on U.S. Highway 169 at the north edge of Humboldt where a new building was erected containing 23,000 sq. ft. of production and warehouse space.

The building is designed so additional space may be added in two directions.

In February of 1962 the modern building was occupied by the consolidated Dodgen Industries. The predecessor companies' offices and warehouse in Fort Dodge, office in downtown Humboldt, and the old plant in west Humboldt, were combined under one roof. On May 4 the spacious plant with all its modern conveniences was dedicated . . . introducing a New Consolidated Company with New Facilities and New Products . . . to help MECHANIZE ANIMAL AGRICULTURE.

HUMBOLDT TELEPHONE HISTORY

Events as they occur frequently make so little impression that they are not recorded, or they are so widely known at the time that record is unnecessary, but in passing years those who knew are gone.

One or both situations becloud the beginnings and early history of the telephone in Humboldt.

In the first decade of the telephone's history in Iowa, pairs of telephones connected offices and factories, then switchboards connected larger numbers and finally a single wire line connected nearby cities by what then was "long distance". Most of this development was in eastern Iowa and a few other cities.

The first record of statewide telephone development is a map of March 1, 1888 which showed northwestern Iowa virtually without a telephone line — there were no lines in Wright, Hancock, Kossuth or Palo Alto counties. A single-wire long distance line was marked from Fort Dodge to "Dakotah" and Humboldt. While there was a line from Fort Dodge to the east and west, probably Fort Dodge is as far as a caller could be heard.

Newspaper reports would indicate that the single telephone and line made up the only service here until 1899 when a franchise was granted to an A. M. Adams to build a telephone exchange. Apparently a few telephones and a switchboard were installed, and service under the name Humboldt Telephone Company started.

In 1902, the franchise was conveyed to the Royal Union Telephone Company which operated the exchange until 1917 when it was consolidated into the Iowa Telephone Company which in turn became Northwestern Bell in 1921.

Records of the number of telephone users in the early days are almost completely missing. Old telephone directories in an attic or file would be a clue, but there are no reports of any saved. One record shows there were 100 telephones in 1902. The earliest official record is 1934 when there were 815 telephones — 617 in town and 198 on rural lines. By 1946 the total had doubled, then it doubled again to the 3,250 of mid-1962.

The switchboard in use before and during 1934 was replaced in 1947 and has been expanded and modernized since to the present with places for 13 operators to assist on calls at any one time. The company earlier had announced plans that all Iowa exchanges would be dial operated by the end

of 1964. No other plans for Humboldt had been announced.

In 1934 there were 20 employees. By 1962, despite better tools, the force had expanded to 34.

DeKALB HISTORY

In 1935, the DeKalb Agricultural Association decided to locate its first Western plant at Humboldt, Iowa. The sales office was opened in that year, and in the following spring of 1936, 700 acres of seed was planted. During that year, the original plant was completed. The next year, the first warehouse with a capacity of 100,000 bushels was added. During the years additional facilities have been constructed—in 1947, the South dryer was completed which is also used as warehouse capacity. A new sheller and grain storage building were completed that same year. In 1956, the grading building was modernized and new equipment was installed. New grain tanks were erected on the plant property in 1962. The drying capacity is now approximately 36,000 bushels (one fill) and there is storage capacity of more than 200,000 bushels.

At one time, as many as 1,400 detassellers were employed in a season. With the introduction of Male Steriles this number has been considerably reduced. There are 12 Full time employees, and an additional 40 people are employed during the Fall Processing Season.

Increased yields from better inbreds, use of fertilizers, and better farming practices have reduced the total acres required from a peak of 6,000 seed acres in the late 1940s.

The Humboldt District Sales Office handles sales for North Central Iowa. The Regional Sales Office handles sales for the Northwestern Corn Belt Region, composed of North and South Dakota, Minnesota and most of Iowa. Located in the Humboldt Office is a Poultry Specialist dealing with DeKalb Associate Hatcheries in the Northeast two-thirds of the state. It is also the headquarters for the DeKalb Research Testing Farm at Dayton, Iowa. The Humboldt sales and research offices have 6 full time employees and a seasonal part time employee.

HISTORY AND FACTS OF THE HUMBOLDT COUNTY RURAL ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE

At the meeting of the Farm Bureau board on March 5, 1936, the possibility of a rural electrification project was brought up for discussion. It was moved by Levi Olson and seconded by Ole Skiye that rural electrification be included as one of the Farm Bureau projects for 1936. County Agent D. B. Groves was instructed to proceed at once with the project and to put the entire Farm Bureau organization behind the movement.

On March 16, G. J. Long of R. E. A. appeared at a county-wide meeting held in Humboldt City Hall to explain the program. Those in attendance voted unanimously to have a survey made of the county showing the existing homes served by electricity, those not served and the number of miles needed

to serve those not now on a line. Fifty people attended this meeting and ten townships were represented.

Following the March 16 meeting a committee was appointed in each township with practically all of the members being Farm Bureau members. On April 8 the second meeting was held in the Humboldt High School and attended by thirty of these township committeemen. Township maps were given out and they were instructed to draw on the map existing electric lines and then to indicate the location of all other homes in that township not now on existing lines. At the same time an educational program was started consisting of publicity and meetings in the various townships to explain the program. As soon as the educational part had pretty well been completed a sign up campaign was started at which time all of those on proposed lines were asked to sign petitions.

On June 1, 1936 a temporary organization was established with following officers and directors: President, C. A. Underberg; Vice President, Anton T. Anderson; Secretary, D. B. Groves; Wacousta, Herman Kramer; Humboldt, L. L. Frederick; Vernon, Floyd Notestine; Grove, Jay Hansell; Rutland, Paul Edwards; Avery, T. J. Stephenson; Weaver, Carroll Adams; Corinth, Gordon Barth; Beaver, Geo. Lenning; Norway, Edwin Korslund.

Considerable time was spent in getting power rates from the various sources but none were satisfactory.

The county map showing proposed lines on it and indicating all who had signed petitions was prepared and forwarded to Washington, D.C. about June 18, 1936.

During July and early August the county agent visited all farmers in the county living along proposed lines who had not signed petitions and secured additional signatures which were forwarded to R.E.A.

On August 23 official word was received from R.E.A. that a loan of \$245,000 was granted.

On September 24, F. J. Lund was selected as attorney and on September 26, 1936 the Articles of Incorporation were signed by the following incorporators: C. A. Underberg, Paul Edwards, Walter Millward, F. A. Notestine, P. P. Osia, T. M. Olson, Carroll Adams, Floyd Lane, T. J. Stephenson and H. F. Kramer.

The first annual meeting of the incorporators was held October 1, 1936 in the Farm Bureau Office, to organize the Association to be known as Humboldt County Rural Electric Cooperative and to elect the following directors: C. A. Underberg, H. F. Kramer, Paul Edwards, Floyd Lane, Carroll Adams, F. L. Dodd, Irwin M. Olson, J. H. Freeburg and P. P. Osia. The \$245,000 loan was to build 259 miles of line and serve approximately 680 consumers.

At the meeting of the directors, following the annual meeting, C. A. Underberg was elected Chairman and Paul Edwards, Secretary.

On October 10, 1936 another meeting of the directors was held and the firm of Young and Stanley was employed as engineer.

A joint meeting of representatives from Humboldt, Pocahontas and Cal-

houn counties was held on December 11, 1936, for discussion on the building of a Central Generating Plant, Articles of Incorporation and by laws drawn up and approved at a later date by Humboldt, Pocahontas, Calhoun and Buena Vista Counties. The plant was finished and in operation in June 1938.

At the annual meeting on February 2, 1937, the Board of Directors was divided into three classes, according to the Articles of Incorporation, of three Directors each. The first class to serve 1 year, the second 2 years and the third class to serve for 3 years. H. F. Kramer, Irwin Olson and Carroll Adams were elected for one year; Floyd Lane, Paul Edwards and C. A. Underberg for two years; and F. L. Dodd, P. P. Osia and Oscar Holden to serve for three years.

One room in the Housel building was leased for office space in March 1937. In April 1937, the bid of Snyder and Johnson for construction of power lines was approved. John H. Scoltock was employed as project foreman and construction was started in July 1937. Dorothy Cran was hired as bookkeeper on November 18, 1937.

By February 1938, 202 miles of line had been completed to serve 371 members. The line consisted of 51 miles of heavy three-phase line, 7 miles of two-phase line and 144 miles of single-phase line. The heavy three-phase line included a main feeder across the county which made possible the interconnection between the power plant in Franklin county and the one in Pocahontas county. The switch was thrown at the Wright-Humboldt junction on April 25, 1938, energizing the lines along this feeder for the first time. The first power came from the Hampton plant.

In June 1938 the Central Electric Federated Cooperative plant at Pocahontas began a 24 hour schedule and the power was supplied from there.

During 1938, 406 miles of line had been energized serving 719 members with an average consumption of 46 kwh per month per member.

New office and storage space was leased from the Humboldt Investment Company in April 1939.

Mr. Scoltock resigned as project foreman in March 1940 and Mr. Howard L. McKee was appointed to fill the vacancy. At the end of 1940 there were 834 members on 432 miles of line and the average consumption was 60 kwh per month.

Construction was limited during 1941 and practically at a standstill in 1942 because of the war. In July 1942 the Humboldt County Rural Electric Cooperative became a member of National Rural Electric Cooperative Association and the Iowa Association in October.

On March 1, 1944 the Humboldt County R.E.C. purchased a building from Snyder and Johnson for an office building. During 1943 and 1944 construction had to be approved by the War Production Board so it was a slow process. However, new consumers were added bringing the total membership to 1057 consumers using electricity and the average consumption had increased to 126 kwh per month. 214 farms were approved to be reached as quickly as possible and 300 applications were on file in the office.

Two way radio communication between the office and the trucks was put into operation in April 1948. This cut down the time of outages considerably and has proved invaluable during storm trouble. On May 21, 1948 the Board of Directors accepted the resignation of Howard L. McKee, as manager, effective July 1, 1948 and employed Henry J. Lenning.

Approximately 98% of area coverage was reached in 1949 and the lines had been extended to the majority of farms in the Humboldt County R.E.C. area.

After making a study of the feasibility of remodeling the office and warehouse building, it was decided by the Board of Directors on April 25, 1950 to purchase a tract of land in the northwest part of Humboldt for the purpose of building a new headquarters building, subject to the approval of the Rural Electrification Administration.

Plans were made for the new headquarters building in December 1952 and on March 20, 1953 the contract was awarded to the Fagre Construction Company in Eatherville, Iowa, for construction of the building. Construction was completed and operations begun from the new building in October 1953.

To improve radio transmission and reception a tower was built at the headquarters building. Also this made possible the moving of the radio transmitter from the building at the base of the water tower in Dakota City to the new building. A 200 foot tower was decided upon because of the large area coverage of Corn Belt Power Cooperative and the numerous reception dead spots we had had in Kossuth county making it impossible to keep in contact with our trucks.

Today the Humboldt County R.E.C. serves 1775 consumers and has 850 miles of line. The average monthly consumption in 1961 was 665 kwh.

REA and REC

The Humboldt County Rural Electric Cooperative is an organization composed of Humboldt and Kossuth county farmers for the purpose of building and operating electric lines so they may procure electric power for their use.

REA is a governmental agency, Rural Electrification Administration, which was started in 1935 for the express purpose of loaning, not GRANTING, money to organized cooperatives to build power lines, these loans to be paid back with interest over a period of years. It also acts as a advisor with experienced personnel available to groups who need help in solving their electrical problems.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The following are members of the Board of Directors: A. A. Schipull, Lu Verne, President, elected as director in 1948; Floyd Lane, Renwick, Vice President, original incorporator and director since that time; Eugene Drager, Algona, Secretary, elected to board of directors in 1950; Perry Morse, Humboldt, Treasurer, director since 1943; Oscar O. Holden, Humboldt, member of board since 1937; Arthur Strachan, Humboldt, elected director in 1938; J. C.

Skow, Wesley, member of board since 1940; J. V. Evans, Algona, director since 1955; Orren S. Olson, Bode, board member since 1961.

EMPLOYEES

Office	Date of Employment
Henry J. Lenning, Manager	February, 1946
Melville L. Wilson, Electrification Advisor	March, 1944
Harold Peterson, Office Manager	November, 1952
Merry Lee Parker, Secretary	July, 1956
Constance Marquardt, Cashier	January, 1961
Clint Harlan, Custodian	September, 1952

Line Crew

Heike Tjaden, Line Superintendent	October, 1941
Ila Rohr, Lineman	August, 1947
Harold Dale, Lineman	March, 1949
Nelson Hendrickson, Lineman	October, 1950
Jerry Helmke, Lineman	July, 1957
Dennis Fuller, Lineman	August, 1957
Lewis Schwint, Truck Operator	July, 1943

HISTORY OF HUMBOLDT MUTUAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION

The Humboldt Mutual Insurance Association was organized September 25, 1886 at Bode, Iowa, and has been in business in Humboldt County for 76 years. Mr. Andrew Gullixson of Bode was the first President and the first policy was held by T. A. Rossing of Bode, who also sustained the first loss amounting to \$15.00. The first annual report of the Association showed \$125. received for policies written.

In 1932 the office moved from Bode to Humboldt and was housed in office space in the American Legion Building. A few years later the office was moved to the second floor of the First National Bank Building. In December, 1958, a new home office building was erected in the central business district at 513 Sumner Avenue in Humboldt. Expanding over the years, Humboldt Mutual now has insurance in excess of \$36,000,000. in force.

The officers of the Association are:

G. E. Strachan, President

Henry C. Olson, Ottosen, Vice President

Edna M. Myers, Humboldt, Secretary-Treasurer

Directors include:

Wm. P. Lanning, Bradgate

Lawrence E. Marty, Hardy

Perry E. Morse, Humboldt

Richard Wiuff, Rutland

E. A. Weiss, Humboldt

J. Donovan Lerdal, Goldfield

Thomas A. Nervig, Eagle Grove

REASONER CASKET CO.

Jan. 1, 1950-1953—Independent jobbers

President—H. E. Reasoner

Vice President—Ronald N. Hansen

1953—July— Built factory

1954—Jan. 1— Started manufacturing — 3 employees — incorporated

President—H. E. Reasoner

Vice President—Ronald N. Hansen

Secretary-Treasurer—Paul E. Reasoner

1956— Paul E. Reasoner moved to Colorado

1960— H. E. Reasoner passed away

President—Ronald N. Hansen

Vice President—Mrs. H. E. Reasoner

Secretary-Treasurer—Mrs. Ronald Hansen

1962— 9 employees.

Our business territory covers over one hundred twenty miles including the City of Des Moines.

By Mrs. Ronald N. Hansen

CORN BELT POWER CO-OP

In 1935, less than one farmer in 10 in Iowa had electric lights in his home or electric power for his chores. Power suppliers in those days regarded rural business as unprofitable. They believed that, due to the small amount of electricity that could be used on a farm, the farmers never would be able to afford electricity.

In 1935 the depression had spread over the entire country. More than 10 million workers were unable to find employment. Farmers and small businessmen were either bankrupt or very close to it. A national emergency existed.

The Government was seeking every means to stimulate economic activity and restore opportunities. The National Administration called upon each state government for aid in this emergency with ideas and suggestions as to how business and employment could both be stimulated in their area and throughout the country at large.

From a rural survey the committee from Iowa reported that 80 per cent of the farmers would like to have electricity on their farms at a cost they could afford to pay. This report helped start the idea that if lower cost electricity were available, the rural areas and small towns in each of the 48 states offered an untouched market for employment and industry.

Bringing electricity to these rural areas would mean employment for thousands of workers, for engineers and men building the lines, electricians to wire the homes and farms, industry to supply the poles, wire and equipment; for manufacturers to produce light bulbs, lighting fixtures, pumps, motors, toasters, radios, etc. Here was a program that would benefit the

entire nation. The rural areas would receive the benefits of modern living; for industry and commerce, a vast new market open to them.

To stimulate industry and commerce, to restore employment opportunities and to aid agriculture, the Rural Electrification Administration was established by executive order in 1935.

Corn Belt immediately set about to construct a new modern steam generating plant. The site they selected for the new plant was south of Humboldt on the Des Moines River, south of the point where the east and west branches of the river meet. This site was selected because of an assured water supply and of its central location in the combined system.

Plans were formulated for the construction of 600 miles of 69,000 volt transmission lines, with 30 step-down stations at the various load centers to integrate the entire area covering some 25 counties into one composite system.

New Steam Plant

With a fully staffed office and supervisory positions filled, the task of building the new Humboldt Steam Plant and necessary transmission lines was under way. The site for the new Humboldt plant south of the junction of the east and west branches of the Des Moines River was purchased late in 1947, with actual construction starting June 18, 1948. Transmission line right-of-way acquisition began in March, 1948.

Formal Opening

With the Humboldt station in operation in early 1950, dates were set for its formal opening. October 9, 10, and 11, 1950 were "open house" days with the dedication program Tuesday afternoon, October 10, at the fairgrounds.

The Corn Belt Power Cooperative, serving the rural area of north central Iowa, in this short period of 15 years has become an important part of electrical generation in the state. Over these years Corn Belt has had a part in the growth and progress of Humboldt.

The first year of operation the annual payroll was \$180,000 with 58 permanent employees. The annual payroll in 1962 was \$714,150 for 123 employees.

The first year tax valuation for the system was \$1,778,757 and \$54,942 paid in property taxes.

In 1962, the system tax valuation was \$9,435,764 and taxes paid on this valuation, \$534,343 in the 24 counties in which the cooperative owns property.

In Humboldt county in 1949, the property tax valuation was \$205,451 and \$5,514 was paid in taxes. In 1962, the Humboldt county property tax valuation was \$3,853,405 and \$206,440 paid in taxes, of which \$135,160 are to be used for country school fund.

The cooperative thus pays 19.7 per cent of all Humboldt Community School taxes and 9.6 per cent of all county taxes.

Humboldt and Humboldt county has been good for Corn Belt and the Corn Belt has been happy to be a part of the 100 years of progress of the City of Humboldt.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK IN HUMBOLDT

The First National Bank in Humboldt, originally started in the late 1890's and was known as the SAFETY SAVINGS BANK. It was located at 625 Sumner Avenue, a location that has been known to the present generation as the Jaqua Printing Company building.

A 1906 year-end statement showed that the SAFETY SAVINGS BANK had total deposits of \$51,620. Officers and directors consisted of E. A. Wilder, President; H. E. Passig, Vice-President and E. O. Nervig as Cashier. G. S. Garfield and S. A. Nelson were the other directors. Several of these men, or their descendants, have played an active roll in the growth and development of the bank up to recent times.

By 1913 the bank had changed its name to the FIRST NATIONAL BANK. An old bank statement shows that deposits were \$246,836. Officers and directors at that time were D. A. Ray, President; H. E. Passig, Vice-President; E. O. Nervig, Cashier; and directors D. A. Ray, E. A. Wilder, G. S. Garfield, H. E. Passig and E. O. Nervig.

It was at about this time the bank moved to quarters at 605 Sumner Avenue, a location that they occupied until 1961, when they moved to their new building. The bank continued to grow in their new location with the same group of officers and directors for a number of years.

A look at the records in June of 1927 shows that E. A. Wilder was President; H. E. Passig, Vice-President; E. O. Nervig, Cashier. C. W. Garfield and James A. Nervig were also directors. Deposits had by this time grown to \$1,044,164. The records in 1928 showed that B. B. Watson was appointed as Cashier.

The records showed the same group of officers and directors were in office for a number of years. The deposits were declining however, indicating the serious trend of times that existed in our country during this period. A 1931 statement showed that deposits had declined to \$892,939. Officers and directors were E. O. Nervig, President; C. W. Garfield, Vice-President; B. B. Watson, Cashier; and James Nervig and G. J. Bicknell were directors.

In 1933, the First National Bank was closed for a few days only, during the Bank Holiday as declared by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. On September 30, 1933 a newly organized FIRST NATIONAL BANK IN HUMBOLDT, was officially opened with C. W. Garfield as President. Other officers were J. D. Berkhimer and E. O. Nervig, Vice-Presidents; B. B. Watson as Cashier, and additional directors of G. J. Bicknell and G. P. Ruse. Deposits were aproximately seven hundred and eighty-thousand to begin with.

The same officers and directors served through 1934 and 1935. Deposits had increased to \$1,026,860 by December of 1935 and the bank continued to make a good growth. At the annual meeting in January of 1936, J. F. Miller was elected a director to add to the list of officers and directors. In November of 1937, B. B. Watson was elected a director to fill the unexpired term of J. D. Berkhimer.

For a number of years the officers and directors remained the same, with

a continuous growth in deposits of the bank. In December of 1941, deposits were \$1,423,737. By the year 1944 they had grown to \$3,388,677 and by 1947 they had reached the total of \$4,823,394.

A 1950 statement shows that C. W. Garfield and G. J. Bicknell had retired from the board of directors and B. P. St. John and R. E. Bennett were elected to fill the vacancies.

In 1952 the officers and directors consisted of B. P. St. John as President, B. B. Watson, Vice-President; R. E. Bennett, Cashier, and C. W. Garfield and E. A. Kemplay as directors. Mr. Watson retired from the bank during the year of 1952.

During the period of 1953 to 1958, officers and directors were B. P. St. John, President; C. W. Garfield, Vice-President; R. E. Bennett, Cashier, and G. P. Ruse and E. A. Kemplay were the other directors. However, during the year of 1958, C. W. Garfield and E. A. Kemplay retired from the board. Two new directors were chosen to fill the vacancies consisting of H. L. Knight and Adeline G. St. John. The bank continued to grow and expand and it was felt that more directors were required to assist in carrying on the business. Therefore, in 1960 M. L. Baker became a director, followed in 1961 by Dale Fraser.

During the year of 1961 the bank moved to a new, modern-design building, located at 16 North Taft. This new building should enable the bank to serve the community for many years to come, giving many kinds of banking services with the latest in equipment. It was also during the year of 1961 that the Cashier, R. E. Bennett, lost his life in an automobile accident.

By 1962, the bank had grown and deposits had reached well over six and a half million dollars. Officers and directors consisted of B. P. St. John, President; G. P. Ruse, Vice-President; C. H. Lewellyn, Executive Vice-President; and W. G. Stewart, Cashier. Assistant Cashiers are Mary Vonderhaar, G. Robert Bristol, Alta Norman and Roger T. Day and Lester C. Mealiff. The directors are B. P. St. John, G. P. Ruse, Adeline St. John, C. H. Lewellyn, H. L. Knight, M. L. Baker and Dale Fraser.

The First National Bank in Humboldt has the distinction of being the only National Bank in Humboldt County.

WATER DEPARTMENT

By Henry Christianson, Superintendent

The first water system was built in 1891. Water for fire fighting was pumped from three large cisterns, one on main street and two on side streets about 150 feet off of main street. There was several hundred feet of hose, a hose cart, hook and ladder wagon and a pumper, all man-powered. Four to six men operated the pumper to provide power and produce pressure to fight fires.

On August 18th, 1890 a special election authorizing the council to construct a water system was held. Also voted on at this election—that bonds be sold for the construction of the water system and were not to exceed five per cent of the assessed valuation of the property of the town. Bonds were to be due in 20 years and to bear 6% interest. Election carried on both—138 for and 28 against.

A stone house at the west end of Main Street located where the Coca-Cola Plant now stands, was used for a pump house. A steam boiler and a 16 horse power engine was set in the basement with a duplex (two cylinder) type of pump installed. The water from a spring from the west side of the river fed across to the pump house. A six inch valve was installed on the discharge side of the pump and 2650 feet of 6 inch cast iron pipe extending east down main street and four hydrants. A supply tank was constructed on the hill west where the stand pipe was later built. This was of masonry construction—rock and cement plastered on the inside. It was 35 feet across and 15 feet deep and had a capacity of 135,000 gallons, enough for more than a week's supply.

This water system cost the town \$6,284.52. Daily use per person was estimated at about 15 to 20 gallons of water. The pump house was later located on 8th street south and the end of 3rd avenue south next to the river. A reservoir and a steam pump house was built. Water from the Johnson spring was used from the west side of the river. Another pump was added, this being a triplex (three cylinder) pump of larger capacity.

The source of funds for construction of the water system as it grew came from other than revenue from the sale of water. Twelve years later a statement of the water department revealed \$1,226.47 collected for water sales the past year. Expenditures were \$1,154.27—leaving a net of \$72.20.

On October 4, 1904, the standpipe was built to add more pressure to the system. This was placed on the hill where the reservoir of masonry had been built. The standpipe was 20 feet across and 50 feet high. The footings and the erection of the structure cost \$2,670.00. Some years later, electric power replaced steam and one centrifugal type of pump was added. However, electric motors were mounted on the other two cylinder type pumps and were in use till late 1932.

In the spring and summer of 1932, plans for a new water plant were on file. A contract was let September 20, 1932 and construction started soon

after. The new and present site was located upstream from the old site on the west side of the river about a half mile. This location was selected to bring the plant closer to the spring supply—as new springs had been developed at this site several years previously, as the Johnston spring had failed to supply enough water for the town. There was no bond issue for the construction of the new plant. City funds other than a water department fund were used to pay for the plant. City funds were returned from revenue from the sale of water.

The treatment plant, softening of the water, was in operation in February, 1933. By the end of the first year, there was a marked difference in the amount of water being used. People abandoned their cisterns, as the water delivered in the tap was superior to cistern water. This, was one of the first treatment plants in the state—Ames, Iowa having built one a short time before.

In the year 1947, we had to curtail lawn sprinkling to maintain enough water in the standpipe for fire protection. A contract in late 1949 was let for the expansion of the treatment plant. This was completed in February, 1951. The cost of which the water department sold revenue bonds for \$161,000.00. This was in excess of the estimate—about \$50,000.00. There were several extra work orders given the contractor, which were all necessary, to keep pace with the town that was expanding in divers pattern.

There was also the developing of an additional spring under the new excavation, to be harnessed in connection with the spring also under the first treatment plant, also new and developed at the time the first plant had been built. These two springs still furnish the town with the water needed.

By the end of this year \$67,000.00 of the \$161,000.00 revenue bonds will have been paid off with a balance of \$94,000.00 drawing $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ interest to be paid in the next ten years.

In 1952 a water board was appointed by the mayor to be operated separately from other city government.

The town was growing quite rapidly. As many as 84 service connections were made in one year, most of these to new homes. The last ten years has seen an average of 42 new homes built with other commercial building.

As early as 1950 it was also planned to strengthen our distribution system with larger feeder mains to meet the demand. The standpipe would also have to be replaced with something larger and higher to maintain pressure in the higher and outlying areas.

We planned piecemeal expansion in this field. This line of thinking also had a weak spot. Meeting bond retirement and operation funds for other expansion were nil.

There soon came a time when we had to keep the top one third of the standpipe full all the time. This meant intermittent plant operation, fill the standpipe with no place to put more water, until the system would draw down, for another plant run.

The insurance rating bureau was about to set up new fire insurance rates.

Their periodic check showed system deficiencies. The result would be an increase in rates. General obligation bonds were voted by the voters to finance a new water tower, which was put into service in the fall of 1959. The structure holds 500,000 gallons, while the old standpipe held 100,000 gallons. This new structure cost the voters \$104,000.00. The bonds for the remaining portion of this amount \$70,000.00 were just recently sold—\$15,000.00 at 3% \$40,000.00 at 2½% \$15,000.00 at 2.6% to be paid in 1969.

The system at this time was strengthened with larger pipe to the north and to the northeast, also south and west on the hilltop. Two new river crossings have been installed—a 10" line and an 8" line, also the original 6" line in the old system. The system with new feeder lines and elevated storage will enable the town to grow in any direction for years to come.

The pipe lines for this expansion are financed by revenue at a cost of \$42,000.00. The result of this expansion to the system was very worth while to the public and property owner. Fire insurance rates have been reduced to a rating, which is as low as our city can go, unless we have a paid fire department.

In the last thirty years, the system has expanded from 5.8 miles of cast iron pipe in 1932 to 23 miles of cast iron pipe—consisting of 2"-4"-6"-8"-10" and 12" pipe at the present, with 181 valves and 76 fire hydrants. Hydrants will produce, with few exceptions, 500 gallons per minute to 1200 gallons per minute. Plant capacity for a 24 hour run will produce 1,150,000 gallons. Peak run for one day has been 175,000 gallons. Average daily use per person on gallons pumped per year equals 84 gallons.

Four samples of water taken from the system every month are sent to State Hygienic Laboratories to meet standards for public drinking water, every drop of which is safe for drinking purposes. Health safety is only one aspect of water quality. Federal, State and Health authorities have established standards for water quality. These standards have been raised over the years and we believe they are sound.

Central treatment and softening of water of this quality is service that saves the public dollars in soaps, detergents, laundry, plumbing fixtures and hot water heaters. It is of such quality, tap water can be used in steam irons and storage batteries. Any expenditure to improve the quality would result in very little dividend on dollars spent.

Let's boost Humboldt, and don't forget, the quality of water is an asset to the town.

In 1932, thirty one years after the water system started as referred to above, \$1226.47 was collected for water and expenditures were \$1154.27 leaving a net of \$72.20. Thirty years ago there were 380 connections—today there are 1350 connections. Compared to 1961, twenty-nine years later—collections were \$51,678.99—disbursements were \$42,742.91—Transfers for bond retirement \$9,000.00—Balance \$633.67.

Present day estimated value of system is \$850,000.00.

STATISTICS

By Hugh Westfall

Humboldt's Street department is widely known throughout Northwest Iowa as well equipped and efficient. In Winter's snowstorms, Sumner Avenue is cleared from snow in a matter of hours—men and equipment used at any hour of the night. Immediately after a snowstorm, the plows are at work on the residence streets, and on resident drive-ways, a dozen privately owned tractor plows are available. Thus all streets of the City with its wide, hard surfaced streets can be traveled soon after the heaviest storms.

For 32 years, Hugh Westfall has been superintendent of streets. His work is excellent. His knowledge of machinery is superior. His record of service speaks for itself. All summer our \$9,000 sweeper cleans the curbs and gutters frequently, and Sumner Avenue is flushed each morning.

In summer our beautiful wide, tree lined residential asphalt paved streets with curb and gutter are the pride of the city. Hugh has submitted replacement value of all major equipment, most of which is of fairly recent purchase and all in good condition.

Machinery

Motor Patrol -----	\$20,000.00
Sweeper -----	9,000.00
Loader -----	12,000.00
Truck blade -----	8,000.00
Compressor -----	4,000.00
Spray truck -----	3,500.00
Garbage truck -----	7,000.00
2 trucks -----	6,000.00
Flusher & asphalt kettle -----	4,000.00
Sewer cleaner -----	4,000.00
Mower -----	2,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$79,500.00

\$120,000 value of Sanitary sewer

\$ 50,000 value of Storm sewer

There are 22 miles curb and gutter and asphalt and
8 miles of gravel streets.

Disposal plant was valued at \$32,000 when built in 1933.

Note: Mr. Westfall states there was more snow in winter of 1961-1962 than in 1936, but it was a colder winter and much more wind and drifting in '36.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

All of our citizens take pride in the efficiency of the Humboldt Volunteer Fire Department. Throughout its history beginning in 1891 with ten men

and a hook and ladder company, the department has year by year modernized its equipment and maintained its early reputation as an organization of capable and loyal firefighters. Today our 500,000 gallons of water available, stored in the newly erected standpipe, contrasts very favorably with the old 100,000 gallon capacity of former years.

Today the two new trucks, one a pump truck purchased by the city, and one a tanker for farm use, purchased by Beaver, Corinth, Grove, Rutland, and the east one-half of Weaver townships, will bring the equipment of the department to an efficient level, and fill some needs lacking before.

The trucks, delivered in October, will round out the fire department's supplies, making four trucks, one boat, powder, foam and water extinguishing equipment, and protective garb for the members. There are now three trucks housed in the station. One of these will be sold to make room for the newer ones.

The Humboldt department, made up of men over 21 years of age, living within the city limits is on a completely voluntary basis. A man may join upon the approval of present members and may resign whenever he wishes. The average age of the volunteers is 35.

Silbaugh, the chief, has served in that capacity for four years, and has worked on the department for the past fifteen. Other officers include Fred Funk, assistant chief, Bill Stow, captain, and Arden Olson, secretary-treasurer.

CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE

Some 60 years ago as the forerunner of the Chamber of Commerce, a men's club met each month which was a combined social and business affair. Later this club became the Commercial Club. This eventually evolved into the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce. Through the years, with almost a complete membership of the business men of the town, and especially in the last 35 years, it has been dominant in all phases of the industrial growth and material progress of Humboldt and the county. Today this is known as the Humboldt-Dakota City Chamber of Commerce.

As one industrialist said who recently moved a large business to Humboldt, I quote the following: "The city's people abound with enthusiasm for their community that you just don't find many places other than with a bunch of Texans."

To supplement the influence of the Senior Chamber of Commerce there was formed some twenty odd years ago, the Humboldt-Dakota City Junior Chamber of Commerce. They, too, have been active in all phases of development for the welfare of Humboldt, Dakota City and the county.

Their outstanding achievement has been the development from a wilderness of the Frank A. Gotch State Memorial Park, located at the forks of the rivers. This organization immediately after the resolution forming the park had been signed by the governor, took charge of the development of the park. They donated untold man hours to clear the site, modernize the park, erected a shelter house and a beautiful memorial to Frank A. Gotch. They continue to maintain and supervise the park today.

On February 25, 1962 the Humboldt-Dakota City J.C.C. was host to the J.C.C.'s of Iowa. This was the 5th annual awards banquet honoring outstanding young farmers and recognizing distinguished services to the community, co-sponsored by the American Dairy Association of Iowa.

Our citizens were proud that among the many awards presented throughout the state, that of Donald Hood of Humboldt County received the award for the outstanding young farmer of the county. Also, Don McFarland, Humboldt, Iowa, received the distinguished service award.

THE JAYCEE CREED . . .

We Believe:

That faith in God gives meaning and purpose
to human life;

That the brotherhood of man transcends
the sovereignty of nations;

That economic justice can best be won by free
men through free enterprise;

That government should be of laws
rather than of men;

That earth's great treasure lies in
human personality;

And that service to humanity is the
best work of life.

AMERICAN LEGION

On August 19 1919, all discharged soldiers, sailors and marines were invited to form a local American Legion post. The first officers were B. H. McGee, Post Commander, Gilbert Pinney, Vice Commander, Gilbert Ellstad, Adjutant, Dr. Floyd Clark, Chaplain and C. W. Garfield, Historian. G. P. Ruse and Byron Wilder were the first delegates to the state convention. The first post was named Adams Post 119, in memory of Melvin Adams who died at Camp Dodge.

On December 25, 1949, a \$500,000.00 fire destroyed six mercantile establishments as well as the interior of the Legion Building. Many of the records of the post were lost, including the original charter.

In 1920 the post had a membership of some 250 and then began a movement to build a memorial legion building, also to be used as a community hall. A corporation was formed and stock sold at \$25.00 a share. An enthusiastic drive was held on May 10, 1920. Bells were rung and solicitors canvassed the city and adjacent territory. This drive alone raised over \$35,000.00. The new building was commenced in the spring of 1923 and dedicated on November 11 the same year. The Woman's Club bought \$1000.00 of stock and the club furnished the basement for a kitchen and dining room.

The Legion collected \$40,000.00 insurance on the building damaged by the fire and borrowed the remainder to rebuild. Today the membership approaches 250 members, veterans of both World Wars and the Korean War.

DEDICATION OF HUMBOLDT'S NEW AIRPORT BIG "SUCCESS"

September 16, 1962

Over 600 Attend

Humboldt

Terming it a huge "success" those in charge of the dedication of the new municipal airport at Humboldt said that more than 600 persons attended the activities there Sunday.

One hundred and twenty-five persons in 46 planes flew in to attend the flight breakfast and the program which included speeches, airplane rides and demonstrations of military aircraft.

Brig. Gen. Frank Berlin, a director of the Iowa Aeronautics Commission and assistant adjutant general of the Iowa Air National Guard, was the guest speaker.

He complimented the city on its "real fine airport" and said its establishment was a progressive step for the community which would attract more business. He told his audience that there is now at least one airport in each of the state's 99 counties.

Military aircraft were on hand, including two large army transport planes and three helicopters. Over 500 persons enjoyed plane rides during the day.

Members of the Humboldt Lions Club were in charge of the flight breakfast. Bill Stowe, president of the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce, and Fred Meyer, secretary, greeted those who arrived by plane. Because of foggy conditions over other parts of the state, several of those planning to attend were unable to make the trip by plane. Members of two local flying clubs were in charge of arrangements for the formal dedication of the airport.

The airport is located directly west of Humboldt on Highway 3, just adjacent to the National Guard Armory and consists of about 30 acres of land. Recent improvements include an automatically lighted runway, a new hangar, waiting room and telephone and gasoline facilities.

The airport is under the direction of a five-member airport commission appointed by Mayor Jean Kleve of Humboldt.

Fliers will be free to use both the original northwest-southeast runway, 3,000 feet long, and the new north-south strip, 2,400 feet long. The north-south runway was constructed early this summer and has been open only a short time.

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY 1ST HOWITZER BATTALION—194TH ARTILLERY HUMBOLDT, IOWA UNIT HISTORY

The Humboldt National Guard unit was organized in November 1947 as, Battery A, 194th Field Artillery Battalion (155mm Howitzer) (Tractor Drawn), with 2 Officers and 13 Enlisted Men and was located in the former Hemp Plant.

The unit was alerted for active duty in August 1950 while at Summer Field Training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and was activated 11 September 1950 with the first duty station at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.

The 194th Field Artillery Battalion was released from active duty on 17 January 1955 and reverted to National Guard status. Meanwhile many of the original members had returned home and the unit was reactivated as Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 194th Field Artillery Battalion on 9 March 1953 with 5 officers, 1 Warrant Officer and 21 Enlisted Men. In 1954 the Armory was remodeled and enlarged into the spacious quarters it now occupies.

The unit was redesignated as Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 1st Howitzer Battalion, 194th Artillery in May 1959 to conform to the Army's Pentomic organization, present strength of the unit is 15 Officers and 53 Enlisted Men.

Battery Commanders since the Humboldt unit was organized in 1947 are:

Capt. Leonard Hart -----November 1947—May 1952

Capt. John W. Hobson -----March 1953—June 1957

Capt. Wesley J. Warner -----June 1957—February 1958

1st Lt. Laurie L. Halberg --February 1958—September 1960

Capt. John W. Hobson ----September 1960—September 1961

1st Lt. Clark A. Lane -----September 1961—Todate

Battalion Commanders since 1947 are:

Lt. Col. Elmer P. Lindhart -----1947—1956

Major Clinton E. Meadows -----1956—1957

Lt. Col. James A. Flanagan -----1957—1962

Major Warren C. Nelson -----1962—Todate

The financial contribution of the unit to the community in 1962 totaled \$71,370.00 with the members earning \$37,000.00 and the remainder from three full time technicians and two Regular Army personnel stationed here.

The local National Guard unit is made up of men from the Humboldt community and the surrounding towns, and makes available to the young man of this area another method of fulfilling their military obligation. Young men training at a regular army training center, where they complete basic training and receive on the job training or schooling according to the qualifications. Prior service personnel may enlist in the unit and complete their obligation in their local community.

The local National Guard unit has a dual status, as do all National Guard units, in that they are subject to call by the President in a Federal status any time or may be called to State duty by the Governor of Iowa for any state or local disaster or emergency.

Headquarters and Headquarters Battery, 1st Howitzer Battalion, 194th Artillery is proud to be a part of the Humboldt Community and will strive to prosper and grow with the community in future years.

THE HUMBOLDT WOMAN'S CLUB

Compiled by Dorothy DeVault (Mrs. G. J.) Bicknell, Humboldt, Iowa
from information in the Geo. J. Bicknell files

The Humboldt Woman's Club was organized 1901, and Federated 1902. On the front page of the Annual Year Book for 1903-4 is this quote—"Everywhere in life, the true question is not what we gain but what we do."—Carlyle.

Club Colors: Pale Green and White — Club Flower: Carnation.

Members who gave programs and were hostess—

Sara (Mrs. A. D.) Bicknell	Dr. Dorothy J. Stevens
Mrs. Emily B. Hubbard	Charlotte (Mrs. L. H.) Barrett
Mrs. Emma J. Preble	Mary W. (Mrs. G. S.) Garfield
Florence (Miss) Prouty	Clara F. (Mrs.) Harkness
Mattie (Mrs. Brig) Stong	Illa (Mrs. J. H.) Mayer
Mrs. Nora Ward	Edith (Miss) Prouty
Myra L. (Mrs. C. P.) Clark	May J. (Mrs. C. S.) Corey
Mary H. S. (Mrs. R. J.) Johnston	Maggie A. (Mrs. P. A.) Hackley
Margaret (Miss) Preble	Jennie F. (Mrs. F. C.) Lovrien
Nettie L. (Mrs. H. H.) Russell	Lucy A. (Mrs. R. F.) Oestrich
Mrs. Lou Wallace	Kate Bogart (Mrs. C. J.) White

This Year Book also contains the Constitution and By-Laws.

The Year Book of 1905-1906, lists the members, all of the twelve above were listed except Mrs. Emily B. Hubbard. Added members were—

Mrs. Mary H. S. Johnston is Recording Secretary for the Iowa Federation of Woman's Club. She holds this office in 1906-1907; by 1908-1909, she is on the Committee of Industrial and Child Labor of the General Federation of Woman's Club.

The 1906-1907 Year Book has new members—

Ella DeGroote (Mrs. D. A., who is Oliver DeGroote's mother)

Maggie A. (Mrs. P. A.) Hackley

Mattie (Mrs. U. G.) Grigsby

M. G. (Miss) Avery

Mrs. Mary H. S. Johnston, President; Mary White Garfield, Vice-President; Lucy A. S. Oestrich, Corresponding Secretary; Miss M. G. Avery, Recording Secretary; and Sara Mills Bicknell, Treasurer.

The annual dues were reduced from \$2.00 per annum for active members to \$1.00 per year in the 1907-08 year book. By 1912-1913 Year Book, there were fifty-nine (59) members listed. The 1912-1913 Year Book lists Gladys (Mrs. Frank A.) Gotch, and again Mrs. Emily B. (Mrs. H. C.) Hubbard.

The Year Book for 1918-1919 lists one-hundred and forty one (141) members—the President was Mrs. Sadie H. (Mrs. A. R.) Gardiner; and the previous year the President was Mrs. Sallie (Mrs. D. F.) Coyle.

The Year Book for 1921-1922 has on its cover "We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing while others judge us by what we have already done" unquote from Longfellow.

In 1924 the Humboldt Woman's Club gave \$50 to the library to purchase books. At that time they paid the light bill for the Tourists' Park, and purchased \$1,300 in Legion Building stock. Civic improvement was, and still is, a prime concern of the club. The club divided the town into sections and offered a prize for the best kept section. A series of four lectures was sponsored by the club, and for many years the club sponsored movies at the theatre to raise funds.

Money was given to fix up the tennis courts in 1925 and at that time the entry of the United States into the World Court was endorsed by a signed letter from the members.

At this time the club furnished a rest room in the Legion Building and from that date until 1952 money was furnished by the club to pay for an attendant on Saturday nights, and the cleaning, and furnishing of that rest room was a continuing project of the club. In 1952 the Chamber of Commerce assumed the financial responsibility of the public rest room.

In 1926 the club gave \$100 to the Boy Scouts and a milk program for needy schoolchildren was undertaken. In 1927 the club began selling towels hemmed by the blind women of Iowa. This was continued until the present time. Each blind woman receives 20 cents for each towel which she hems. No doubt her receipt for towels in 1927 was much smaller as the linen towels sold for 30 cents and today 70 cents is the average cost. From 100 to 300 towels are sold every year.

In 1928 \$100 was contributed for a children's reading room in the Public Library and in 1929 began the sponsoring of a presentation of "The Messiah" which continued until 1939. In 1954 The Humboldt Community Chorus was organized and this musical organization was sponsored by the Humboldt Woman's Club who also contributed \$25 for music. Music has always been an integral part of the club programs.

In 1930 the club contributed \$100 to a fund to purchase the Russell Hotel Site and this same year the Club contributed \$350 of the total cost of the children's wading pool which was located in Taft park until the present swimming pool was built, the club members undertook to supervise the children during the summer when it was open and later paid for an attendant for the pool.

In 1931 the Humboldt Garden club was formed as an outgrowth of the Woman's Club. Woman's club members and Garden club members undertook the beautification of the Water Works Park in 1933 planting every tree and shrub known to grow in Iowa.

In 1935 the club petitioned to keep a liquor store out of Humboldt and these petitions were presented in Des Moines.

Tuberculin tests were given in the school to 300 children in 1936 as a Woman's Club project and for many years the club purchased Christmas Seal Bonds to further the fight against tuberculosis. The club was one of the organizations helping to purchase an audiometer for the schools to test the

hearing of the school children. Another school-related project was \$50 to purchase glass bang-boards for the gym in 1959.

Always active in Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs projects, in 1937 the local club placed first in the Community Service Contest, and in 1938 Mary H. S. Johnston was made an honorary Vice-President of the I.F.W.C. In the Community Achievement Contest in 1958 the Humboldt Club was one of the ten state winners for their project of planting 100 hard maple trees . . . one tree for each of the centennial years. These trees were planted in parks, along highways, and in private yards.

During World War II 300 books to send to army camps were collected by the club, nine Russian War Relief kits were purchased, and money collected for the "Buy a Bomber" campaign. The club was the first I.F.W.C. member to buy a Defense Bond (\$50). In 1945 books for the Russians were collected and boxes of food, clothing, were sent overseas. CARE for Greece was a special project of the club and an adopted Greek family received financial help from the club.

Each year during the commencement exercises the Woman's Club presents a cash award of \$5.00 to the graduate who has earned the highest average in English for four years. Those so honored are:

1930—Gladys Breed	1947—Edgar Hanson
1931—Dorothea Dunker	1948—Lorraine Schulze
1932—Lillian Arent	1949—Dick Fredericksen
1933—Arlene Reasoner	1950—Pamela Stevenson
1934—Olive Swanson	1951—Catherine Strong
Ruth Vonderhaar	1952—Mary Wogen
1935—Katherine Volberding	1953—Donna Mease
1936—Pearl Johnson	1954—Mary Jo Rathke
1937—Agnes Schultz	1955—Judy Edwards
1938—Edna Soppeland	1956—Barbara Nelson
1939—Lucille Gerhrt	1957—Ann Jensen
1940—Florence Hart	1958—Joan Loftus
1941—Ruth Williams	1959—Nanette Erickson
1942—Joe Wier	1960—Janet Tallman
1943—Elaine Laursen	1961—Gloria Cody
1944—Arlene Kirchhof	Bill Edwards
1945—Marilyn O'Connell	1962—Elaine Brandsgard
1946—Maxine Cran	
Hope Shellenberger	

Each year since 1929 the club has given one or more Christmas baskets to a needy family, and the club supervises the distribution of Christmas baskets to needy families by giving names to other organizations. Another Yuletide project was begun in 1953. Members bring gift-wrapped packages for patients at the Mental Health Institute at Cherokee.

The club contributes to the Florence Crittendon Home each year, to the Crippled Children's Society, has sponsored a Campfire group, given funds to

UNICEF, CARE, the County Health Council Fund. The club shared in a drive for funds to purchase a spraying machine for the city "Operation Bug Lift".

In 1955 began the custom of giving to the library books in memory of deceased members and ten books are now on the Memorial shelf at the library.

The club organized a Home Department which meets two or more times a year giving the homemaker instruction, help in providing an attractive, happier home. This group has sponsored special lessons in home sewing, breadmaking, cake decorating, picture framing, etc.

The club entered the Vogue Fashion Sewing Contest and Mrs. Helen Miller was twice second place winner in the State Contest in 1960 and 1961.

The club's most recent project was the Roadside Park in Highway 169 just south of Humboldt. The site is a little over one acre in size and water was piped in and picnic tables were built by Industrial Arts classes at the high school with materials furnished by the Woman's Club and several other organizations. The highway department empties the waste containers and keeps it mowed. The park is an attractive stop for travellers.

Each club member contributes 30 cents per capita to the Humboldt County club's project of sending a handicapped child to Camp Sunnyside a newly developed summer camp. This campship goes to a Humboldt County youngster. This year the club membership is 205.

The object and purpose of this club shall be mutual improvement of its members in culture, growth and the altruistic spirit; the establishment of an organized center of thought and action among women; and to promote the civic moral, intellectual and utilitarian advancement of Humboldt.

Past Presidents of Humboldt Woman's Club

Miss Edith Prouty -----	1901-1903	Mrs. George McCullough--	1931-1932
Mrs. Wm. H. S. Johnston--	1903-1905	Mrs. Harold Reasoner ----	1932-1933
Mrs. C. P. Clark -----	1905-1906	Mrs. Ray Leland (resigned)	
Mrs. Wm. H. S. Johnston --	1906-1908	Mrs. Dan Coyle -----	1933-1934
Mrs. Brigg Stong -----	1908-1909	Mrs. Harry Strong -----	1934-1936
Miss Edith Prouty -----	1909-1910	Mrs. Joe Reasoner -----	1936-1938
Mrs. Joe Sheldon -----	1910-1911	Mrs. Frank Lovrien ----	1938-1939
Mrs. H. C. Doan -----	1911-1912	Dr. Nellie Schultz -----	1939-1940
Miss Janet Sinclair -----	1912-1914	Mrs. Earl Ellsworth ----	1940-1942
Mrs. John Reed -----	1914-1916	Mrs. Harold DeGroote --	1942-1943
Mrs. Dan Coyle -----	1916-1918	Mrs. Web Shellenberger --	1943-1945
Mrs. Alfred Gardiner ----	1918-1920	Mrs. Ben Trexel -----	1945-1947
Mrs. Edgar H. Passig ----	1920-1922	Mrs. Clarence Beem ----	1947-1949
Mrs. Fred Lovrien -----	1922-1924	Mrs. Fred Fredericksen --	1949-1951
Mrs. Robert Oestrich ----	1924-1925	Mrs. Harold Solbeck ----	1951-1953
Mrs. T. G. Ferriby -----	1925-1927	Mrs. Karl Andersen -----	1953-1955
Mrs. Henry Stone -----	1927-1928	Mrs. Royal Bennett -----	1955-1957
Mrs. Henry Schoonover --	1928-1929	Mrs. Wayne Miller -----	1957-1959
Mrs. Fred Loverien ----	1929-1930	Mrs. Russell W. Johnson--	1959-1961
Mrs. K. J. Smith -----	1930-1931	Mrs. C. D. Parsons -----	1961-

HISTORY OF HUMBOLDT-DAKOTA CITY LIONS CLUB

The Humboldt-Dakota City Lions Club officially started with a charter night banquet on September 11, 1946, sponsored by the Fort Dodge Lions. Principal speaker was James I. Dolliver, congressman from this district at that time. Jesse Poole, then mayor of Fort Dodge and president of the Fort Dodge Lions, also had an active part in the program. Tail twisters from neighboring clubs helped keep the evening lively. There were 33 charter members and one transfer. Six of these are still active in the local club. They are William P. Housel, Merle Johnsen, Dr. Sam D. Linn, Dr. Ivan T. Schultz, Jerry Vandenberg and Dr. Wayne Warren.

Since then the organization has grown in membership and influence, and has served the community in many ways. Some of the projects are: promoting bicycle and automotive safety; purchase of Braille typewriter for Vinton School for the Blind; locally promoting the eye bank for the State University Hospital; "Block of Dimes" for National Polio Foundation; Christmas home decoration contests; purchase of glass bank boards for the high school gymnasium; and many others.

Two district governors and two international councillors have come from this club. They are Norman Watson and the late Rev. Robert J. Watson.

The club hopes to continue to promote service and good fellowship in this community for many years to come.

Ivan T. Schultz

HISTORY OF THE HUMBOLDT ROTARY CLUB

Back before anyone had heard of a talking motion picture

or listened to a radio

or seen a television show

or traveled in an airplane

or belonged to a Service Club

or witnessed a Boy Scout parade

or read about an atomic explosion

or heard of the United Nations

or heard of astronauts or cosmonauts

a young Chicago lawyer named Paul Harris, felt the need for fellowship and someone to discuss his business problems with. His closest friends were Gus Loehr, a mining engineer; Hiram Shorey, a merchant tailor; and Silvester Schiele, a coal dealer. And to these three friends, Paul Harris suggested that it would be a good idea to organize a new club where business men could get together periodically and get better acquainted. The idea worked. The circle grew, ideas unfolded, until the structure of what is now Rotary International, was formed, all as the result of a meeting of these four men, on the night of February 23, 1905, in a small business office on Dearborn Street in Chicago.

Within a few days other friends and acquaintances had been drawn into the circle of Gus Loehr, Hiram Shorey, Silvester Schiele, and Paul Harris.

The first meetings were informal, and the members of the group took turns holding the meetings in their respective offices and places of business. And it was this practice of rotation of meeting places that suggested the name "Rotary" for this new club. Basic rules were adopted and gradually the Rotary Club of Chicago came into being. Then Rotary Clubs spread to other large cities and throughout the entire United States and finally the entire world, until today, there are some 510,500 Rotarians in some 10,994 clubs throughout the world.

The object of Rotary is to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and in particular, to encourage and foster:

- 1—the development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service;
- 2—high ethical standards in business and professions;
- 3—the application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal business and community life;
- 4—the advancement of international understanding, good will and peace, through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Rotary first came to this area in 1917, when the Fort Dodge Club was organized. The Fort Dodge Rotary Club, in 1920, visited citizens in Webster City, and sponsored the Webster City Rotary Club. The following year, 1921, members of the Webster City Rotary Club visited citizens in Eagle Grove, and in 1921 the Eagle Grove Rotary Club was organized under the sponsorship of the Webster City Rotary Club. In the fall of 1924, members of the Eagle Grove Rotary Club began calling on citizens of Humboldt, with the idea in mind of instilling them with the Spirit of Rotary. Ward Barnes was president of the Eagle Grove Rotary Club at the time, and on November 24, 1924, President Barnes, along with other Eagle Grove Rotarians, called a meeting of Humboldt Business Men, interested in forming a Rotary Club. The group met in the I.O.O.F. Hall on the second floor of the Lane Clothing Store Building for a 6:30 dinner, served by the Rebekah Lodge. The following Humboldt Men were present:

Dr. Asoph Arent	J. F. Miller
E. B. Bravinder	A. E. Minion
R. D. Cook	H. H. Russell
A. H. Duncan	C. O. Schmidt
Floyd Goodrich	M. R. Shepard
Hans Halverson	Don M. Sterns
Frank Jaqua	H. L. Strong
Elmer Lindhart	L. W. Wade
Clark A. Lane	B. H. Wilder
Frank Lovrien	T. G. White
Hugh McCauley	Lawrence Winnie

C. M. Woodard

As a result of this first organization meeting the following were elected as the first officers of the Humboldt Rotary Club:

President—Floyd Goodrich

Vice-President—C. O. Schmidt

Secretary—H. L. Strong

Treasurer—L. W. Wade

Board of Directors: T. G. White

Dr. Asoph Arent

A. E. Minion

At this meeting, the Club adopted a Constitution and By-laws.

The first regular meetings were held in the Soda Grill, then operated by Mr. Tupper, located on the north side of main street in the building which is now occupied by Clayton's Variety Store. The meetings consisted of a dinner at sixty cents per plate, followed by Club singing; led by Ralph Cook, business meeting followed by a program concerning something of interest to the club and its activities. The practice prevailed then, as it does now, of having each new member give his life history before the Club. The first three months the Club operated under a dispensation from Rotary International, which had, and still does have, its headquarters in Chicago, Illinois.

On March 19, 1925, the Club received its charter. On this particular occasion in order to have more space, the meeting place was changed to the basement of the new American Legion Building. The Eagle Grove Rotary Club, the sponsors, was in charge of the Charter Night program. Special guest of the evening was Governor Bordman, Governor of Rotary District No. 11, who presented the Charter to Floyd Goodrich, president of the Newly organized Humboldt Rotary Club. Musical Entertainment was furnished by the Lotus Quartet of Fort Dodge, and by Mrs. Bernice Arthur, with her piano accordion numbers. The Charter is No. 1911 and is dated February 12, 1925. Following is the list of the Charter Members, with their classifications:

Dr. Asoph Arent—Physician

E. B. Bravinder—Farming

*Ralph D. Cook—Dry Goods—retail

Alex Duncan—Furniture—retail (later changed to Undertaking)

Floyd Goodrich—Manufacturing—gravel and tile

Hans Halverson—Poultry and Egg Packing

Frank Jaqua—Newspaper Publisher

Clark Lane—Men's Clothing—retail

**Elmer Lindhart—Automobile Sales

Frank Lovrien—Lawyer

Hugh McCauley—Accountant

J. F. Miller—Grain dealer

A. E. Minion—Newspaper Publisher

R. J. Mullen—Electric Light and Power

Arthur Parker—Abstractor

H. H. Russell—Motion Pictures

- C. O. Schmidt—Building Materials—retail
- *Don Sterns—Electric Light and Power
- **Harry Strong—Commerical Banking
- L. W. Wade—Electric Light and Power
- T. G. White—Stock Raising
- *B. H. Wilder—Undertaking
- Lawrence Winnie—Life Insurance
- *Dr. C. M. Woodard—Dentistry

Of this original group of charter members six are still living:

- *Ralph Cook
- *Elmer Lindhart
- *Don Sterns
- *Harry Strong
- *B. H. Wilder
- *Dr. C. M. Woodard

And of this group of six, two are still members of the Humboldt Rotary Club:

- **Elmer Lindhart
- **Harry Strong

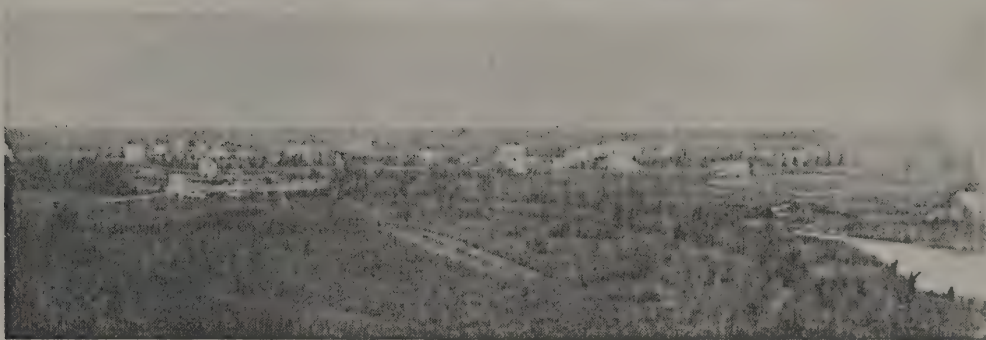
and have held continuous membership in Rotary for the some thirty seven years that The Humboldt Rotary Club has been in existence.

The Humboldt Rotary Club has doubled in membership since its inception. Starting with a charter membership of twenty four members, the Club has grown to a membership of forty eight. The present officers are:

- President—Henry Lenning
- Vice-President—Fred Hall
- Secretary—Harold Ennis
- Treasurer—Harry Strong
- Board of Directors: Frank Burr
- Arlo McGowan
- Byron Morrison

In 1937, under the leadership of Larry Lindhart, members of the Humboldt Rotary Club, visited with citizens of Pocahontas, and created interest in a Rotary Club for Pocahontas. In January of 1938, under the sponsorship of the Humboldt Rotary Club, the Pocahontas Rotary Club was chartered. This has been perhaps one of the most important projects sponsored by the Humboldt Rotary Club.

The Humboldt Club, has for many years, been a 100% supporter of the Rotary International Foundation, the organization responsible for the interchange of students all over the world. And the Humboldt Rotary Club also offers a college scholarship each year to a worthy senior of Humboldt High School. But more important than specific club projects is the support which the individual Rotarian gives to the Humboldt Community—for the Motto of Rotary is "Service Above Self".



Springvale—Early Humboldt



Modern Humboldt

There are few small cities in the State of comparable size which have so many diversified and important business industries and offices as are located in the sister communities of Humboldt and Dakota City. Many have extensive interstate business and some ship their products to distant States; each contributes its share to our substantial payroll—an all important factor in the substantial growth of our city.

Among the older industries which have long been the backbone of our stability are the Mineral Springs Bottling Co. now known as the Mineral Springs Coco-Cola Bottling Co. founded over seventy years ago.

The Concrete Products Company has for years employed many people and has long been one of our leading industries.

The DeKalb Agricultural plant, founded twenty seven years ago, has been of great importance in our steady growth.

The Farmers Co-operative elevator and the J. F. Miller and Son Elevator — each have contributed to the business of our towns.

The Humboldt Co-operative Creamery Association since 1925 has been a highly important asset numbering nearly five hundred dairy food suppliers.

The service industries, the Iowa Public Service Co. and the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, each has an immense investment in our county and each distributes a large pay roll.

Humboldt has long been the home of the Humboldt County Farm Bureau and the Humboldt Mutual Insurance Association.

Then too, the Court House in Dakota City and our City Hall distribute immense pay rolls for labor, salaries and supplies.

Among the newer industries or businesses, several have immeasurably accelerated our growth and prosperity.

The Corn Belt Power Co-operative, and the R.E.C. each has recently erected splendid office buildings. The Gunder Church furniture factory ships their products to all parts of the country. The huge Hayes Livestock Sales barn is one of the largest in the State, and the Agrico Company is an Iowa branch of one of the largest fertilizer companies in the nation.

The Dodgen Industries dedicated their new factory and offices in May, 1962 and ship their agricultural products to all parts of the country. The Hansen Apiary is known state wide. The Hygrade Food Products Co. does a big business. The Chantland Manufacturing Co. located South of Humboldt on No. 169 is a growing concern. Then there are the Fort Dodge Limestone Co.; The Knights' Cottage Cheese factory; the Reasoner Casket Co.; the Dodger Gym. Co.; Hadar-Wolters Athletic Co. the Hawkeye Structures, Inc.; Croft Ready-Mix; Sundrop Bottling Co. All add to an imposing industrial structure. Every little City must have industry to supplement its fine rural trade and the Chamber of Commerce, the banks and the Humboldt County Industrial Development Corp. are as a team ever seeking more.

Humboldt is proud of its two strong banks, and their part in the growth and progress of our community. Their combined assets total around fifteen million, and deposits around thirteen million dollars, financial statements exceeded by few cities in the State of like size. The First National dedicated their new banking edifice in 1961, and the Humboldt Trust and Savings Bank will dedicate their new home in 1963.

Humboldt is the county home of the Farmer's Home Administration, the County Selective Service, the Agricultural stabilization Conservation County Comm., the Soil Conservation Service and the Humboldt County Agricultural Society.

"What is the city but the people?"—William Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, Act III., Sc. 1, Line 198.

MANY HUMBOLDT HOMES AND STORES NOW BEING BUILT

Republican (1949)

HUMBOLDT, Sept. 9—With construction at a high level, new homes are springing up in many directions, business places are being constructed and property changing owners.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jensen are the first to open a new store to replace the paint and variety shop and living quarters destroyed by fire Christmas. The new store, which occupies the site of their former business-place, was opened Thursday and special open house continues today.

Fred Bowen is building a double business block which is progressing rapidly, and which will be used as a variety store to replace the one consumed by the holiday fire.

The Buchan Service station, at the intersection of highways No. 169 and No. 3, have started construction of a twelve room motel near their station.

New Homes Built

New residences under construction include, the M. E. Taylor and Robert Bristol's new homes in East Humboldt; Howard Price's place, north of Taft's park; Robert Henderson has moved a residence from his farm, and placed it on the lot he purchased from Mrs. Blanche Sampson, where it will be remodeled.

In North Humboldt, Don Pierson started excavating for a new residence, and H. Knight, who sold his residence to Dr. Donald Jensen who moved from Fort Dodge, is making progress although considerable rock, found while excavating, slowed the progress.

Mrs. L. W. Housel is building a new home east of her present residence, and Delmar DeSmidt and Harold Parsons have new homes started in north Humboldt.

The Philo Tabor residence, located in the handsome grove, is a most attractive site for a home.

Residences recently sold here includes the V. Ennis residence purchased by Mrs. Katherine Stucker, who came from Omaha.

Visitors to our City today remark of the hundreds of new homes, the several new residential districts—Rainbow Drive, College Heights, Hickory Lane Addition, Springvale Heights, Oak Park Addition, the new addition in Southwest Humboldt and others. They marvel at the great change in the last dozen years. They also comment on the cleanliness of the entire City and its miles of pavement and curb and gutter; of its new industries and its older ones; of the development of the "Broadway" business district only fifteen years old and the several business buildings adjacent to Sumner Avenue; special praise is accorded this wide business avenue with its splendid shopping marts on either side, and its modern fronts; the new post office building, and the new National Bank on Hotel row north, and East on Sumner Avenue, the new grocery store building and the new Trust and Savings bank building; its splendid churches and school buildings.

Where only a few years ago, there were corn fields north beyond the old French Hill, today it is the home of one of the State's biggest livestock sale barns, Knight's Cottage Cheese factory, Reasoner's Casket factory, the huge Fertilizer Plant and the beautiful and landscaped office buildings of the R.E.C. and the Corn Belt Power Co-operative, the Dodgen Industries, ready-mix Cement Plant and Bowling Alley.

The Sande Construction Co. of Humboldt has built many of our finest Commercial Buildings and homes, as have several other contractors. Don Jensen has constructed several high priced buildings and he has the contract for the new Catholic Convent edifice.

Harry Anderson in less than five years, has erected well over forty moderately priced homes, besides removing and remodeling several others.

It is worthy of note that Roger Isacson of the City has (in 1962) been awarded a certificate from the Iowa Branch of the American Institute of the Architects which reads, "To a distinguished craftsman in the field of masonry." He was the only bricklayer in the State to receive this high award. He is at present (October, 1962) foreman of masonry of the new Trust and Savings Bank building.

Hubert Johnson with the Sande Construction Co. has also a state wide reputation as an expert craftsman in fine cement work.

Table 17
TRENDS IN RETAIL SALES, SELECTED CITIES

	1948		1958		Per cent change 1948-1958	
	No. of estab.	Sales (\$000)	No. of estab.	Sales (\$000)	No. of estab.	Sales
Cresco -----	108	7,108	84	8,558	-22.2	+20.4
Eagle Grove -----	73	5,472	67	6,077	- 8.2	+11.1
Emmetsburg -----	84	7,653	81	7,801	- 3.6	+ 1.9
Harlan -----	106	9,139	95	10,802	-10.4	+18.2
HUMBOLDT -----	68	6,050	92	9,870	+35.3	+63.1
Manchester -----	108	7,708	102	11,137	- 5.6	+44.5
Nevada -----	78	6,958	65	9,398	-16.7	+35.1
Osage -----	96	7,464	85	9,775	-11.5	+31.0
Sheldon -----	107	8,904	93	10,033	-13.1	+12.7
Waukon -----	96	6,955	90	9,108	- 6.3	+31.0
Winterset -----	87	7,245	90	10,499	+ 3.4	+44.9

Up to date statistics (1963) would demonstrate the city's accelerating business growth in comparison with other cities of the state of comparative size.

Table 16
POPULATION TRENDS, SELECTED CITIES
1940-1960

Cities	1940	1950	1960	Percentage change
				1940- 1960
Cresco -----	3,530	3,638	3,809	7.90
Eagle Grove -----	4,024	4,176	4,381	8.87
Emmetsburg -----	3,374	3,760	3,887	15.20
Harlan -----	3,727	3,915	4,350	16.72
HUMBOLDT -----	2,819	3,219	4,031	42.99
Manchester -----	3,762	3,987	4,402	17.01
Nevada -----	3,353	3,763	4,227	26.07
Osage -----	3,196	3,436	3,753	17.43
Sheldon -----	3,768	4,001	4,251	12.82
Waukon -----	2,972	3,158	3,639	22.44
Winterset -----	3,631	3,570	3,639	.22

As evidence of the growth of our city we now compare our growth with that of our neighboring little cities:

Population Trend	1940	1950	1960
Humboldt -----	2819	3219	4031
Eagle Grove -----	4024	4176	4381
Emmetsburg -----	3374	3760	3887
Clarion -----	2971	3150	3232
Pocahontas -----	1730	1949	2011
Algona -----	4954	5415	5702

Humboldt has built a hundred new homes since April 1, 1960, besides just having completed two apartment buildings, the Logan, containing eight apartments and the Jensen, containing four apartments. In addition to this, several office rooms on Sumner Avenue and several houses in the residential district have been remodeled for housekeeping.

From the earliest days, in the winter, Lectures or Lyceum courses were popular and through the years many noted musicals and lectures have appeared in Humboldt.

The first motion pictures came to the Russell Opera House at the turn of the Century. Some patrons reported they were so squeaky and dizzy that one man was compelled to drink a bottle of Peruna to quiet his nerves. Price—five and ten cents.

By 1910 or 1911, the electric moving (silent) picture came and good crowds were well satisfied with the reception.

Talkies came in the 30's and today these afford superb entertainment in the first class Humota Theatre.

It is estimated that today in Humboldt and Dakota City there are a hundred social clubs, also Church fellowships and Circles, fraternal, patriotic and business organizations, and those which combine sociability, business and civic enterprises.

The first black top on a few residential streets was applied during the administration of C. W. Garfield in the late 30's and was applied as an experiment only, in an attempt to keep down the dust. Grades were established and curb and gutter were built on many blocks with the aid of W.P.A. in the early forties during the administration of Wm. P. Housel, Mayor.

During the administration of Mayor O. H. DeGroote beginning in 1946 came the black topping of fifty blocks of streets at a cost of about \$30,000. This project was completed on August 10th, 1946 and consisted of a high grade hot mix of asphaltic mat and seal coating of an inch and one eighth base in thickness. Then in 1947, a contract was signed with the Gilloti Contracting firm for the curbing of an additional seventy seven blocks, at a cost of \$100,000, and the paving was completed in 1949.

Since these years, additional fringe blocks have been paved including the new residential sections of the City.

Times were good in this period in Humboldt County as witness the prices of farm grains and soybeans:

Prices by J. F. Miller Elevator

April 6, 1948

Corn -----	\$2.14
Oats (new) -----	1.15
Soybeans -----	3.55

From 1950 to the present, Mayors D. C. Pierson, LeRoy Snyder and Jean Kleve, and their administrations have extended water, sewer and gas facilities to the several new residential additions, completed the extension of the water system and built the new 500,000 gallon standpipe.

They have also continued the curb and gutter and paving program to most parts of the city. These administrations have kept pace with the fast growing city during the last decade.

City Officials

Jean M. Kleve, Mayor
Harold Solbeck, Clerk

Councilmen

Dr. P. W. Williams
G. S. Linton
R. T. Newton
Dr. Carl C. Hoveland

County Officials

Attorney, H. A. Stoebe
Auditor, Orin Nelson
Assessor, Marie Phillips
Clerk of Court, M. A. Wallukalt
Engineer, Vernon Miller
Recorder, Francis Sorlien
Sheriff, E. H. Bradley
Superintendent, Frances Messer
Treasurer, Phyllis Christensen
Coroner, Dr. J. H. Coddington
State Representative, Percie Van
Alstine

Church Pastors

Methodist Church
Rev. Fred M. Shultz
Congregational
Rev. Francis P. Burr
Fifth Avenue Baptist
Rev. David C. Brown
Our Saviour's Lutheran
Rev. L. C. Jensen
Rev. John Beem
St. Mary's Catholic
Rev. Sylvester A. Grady
Assembly of God
Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Fogleman
Zion Lutheran, Beaver Twp.
Rev. Elmer M. Strelow
Seventh Day Adventist
Elder A. R. Klein

Note: Robert H. Baker on November 6th, 1962 is the new county attorney elect, and Esther J. Ruble is now County recorder elect.

**Civic and Service
Organizations**

Chamber of Commerce
Bill Stow, president
Rotary Club
Byron W. Morrison, president
Kiwanis Club
M. E. Thompson, president
Lions Club
Dr. Sam Linn, president
Jr. Chamber of Commerce
Ralph Monaghan, president
American Legion
Mason Knight, commander
Legion Auxiliary
Mrs. Lawrence Terwilliger
Veterans of Foreign Wars
Ralph Monaghan, commander
V F W Auxiliary
Mrs. Gerdon Waters
Woman's Club
Mrs. C. D. Parsons, president
Business, Professional Women
Grace Powers, president
Beta Sigma Phi sorority
Muriel Jensen
Worthwhile Club
Mrs. E. A. Zuetlau
Newcomers Club
Mrs. C. H. Lewellyn, president
Humboldt Development Corp.
Henry Lenning, president
Girl Scouts
Mrs. Don Callenius
Methodist Men
Lester C. Mealiff

HUMBOLDT'S INDUSTRIES, BUSINESS and PROFESSIONAL 1962

Industries:

Agrico
Carnation Company
The Borden Company
Humboldt Co-op. Creamery
Knight's Cottage Cheese
Gunder Mfg. Co.
Chantland Mfg. Inc.
Dodgen Industries
Concrete Products Corp.
Croft Ready-Mix
Corn Belt Power Co-op.
Humboldt County REC
Iowa Public Service Company
DeKalb Agric. Ass'n. Inc.
Dodger Gym Co.
Fort Dodge Limestone Co.
Hawkeye Structures, Inc.
Humboldt Livestock Auction
Mineral Springs Coca Cola
Sun Drop Bottling Company
Northwestern Bell Telephone Co.
Reasoner Casket Co.
Hadar-Wolters Athletic Co.
Prime Refrigeration
Consumers Co-op. Ass'n.

Professional

Dr. Asa S. Arent—M.D.
Drs. Schultz & Schultz—M.D.'s
Dr. M. L. Northup—M.D.
Dr. James H. Coddington—M.D.
Dr. Beryl Michaelson—M.D.
Dr. J. O. Bower, Jr.—Dentist
Dr. B. F. Schuller—Dentist
Dr. W. W. Warren—Dentist
Dr. P. W. Williams—Dentist
Dr. E. P. Hansen—Optometrist
Dr. D. C. Whittlesey—
Optometrist
Dr. David W. Hoyt—
Chiropractor
Dr. Carl C. Hoveland —
Chiropractor

Dr. K. G. Pride—Chiropractor
Dr. S. D. Linn—Veterinarian
Dr. Dean Harmon—
Veterinarian
Garfield, Baker & Miller—
Lawyers
Franklin Jaqua—Lawyer
John P. Mansfield—Lawyer
Harlyn Stoebe—Lawyer
Wm. P. Housel—Lawyer
Parsons & Parsons—Lawyers
Humboldt County Mutual
Ins. Ass'n.
Ben Miller Insurance
Stanley Nelson Insurance Ag'y.
Skaugstad Realty
Smith Insurance & Real Estate
Agency
Worthington Insurance & Real
Estate
Rodney Knudsen—Realtor
Lindhart Funeral Home
Humboldt County Abstract Co.
Houston Nursing Home
Sisson Nursing Home
Torgerson Nursing Home
Mark L. Brandsgard
Mann's Bookkeeping & Tax
Service
Humboldt County Abstract Co.
Olson Abstract Company
Hawkeye Loan Co., Inc.
**Building supplies, Contracting,
Plumbing, Heating—etc.:**
Harry Anderson
Don Jensen
Sande Construction
G. A. Beebe Plmbg. & Htg.
Hoag's Heating & Plumbing
Mangle Heating & Plumbing
Vonderhaar Htg. & Air. Condtg.
Chaudoin Mfg. Co.

Hawkeye Cabinet Co.
Edge Brothers
Beatty General Grading Co.
Hatcher Excavating
Glen Nelson
Anker Nielsen
Frank Mayall
Jennings Nielsen

Lumber

Anderson Independent Co.
Home Lumber Store
Humboldt County Lumber Co.

Groceries:

Chappell's IGA Supermarket—
Humboldt
Cody's Market
Hood's Super Valu
National Food Store
Chappell's Supermarket—
Dakota City

Hardware & Appliance—Radio & TV

Lee Hardware
Coast to Coast Store
Gamble Store
Humboldt Hdw. & Appliance
Van's Appliance
Prime Electric
C. & G. Radio & TV
Humboldt Sewing Machine &
TV Center
Irv's Radio and Television
Service
Hendrickson TV Repair

Farm Implements:

Carlson Impl. Co.
Humboldt Impl. Co.
Kleve Impl. Co.
Stow-Skow Company
A. & T. Impl.

Dry Goods — Apparel:

Anthony's Department Store
Johnsons' Department Store

Fashionette
Ora's
Dale's Surplus & Outlet
DeGroote Clothing & Shoes
Lane Clothing Co.
Wind's Bootery

Cafes & Drive-Ins:

A. & W. Root Beer
Wright Spot Drive In
Dairy Sweet Drive Inn
Bennetts Cafe
Eateria Cafe
Grauman's Cafe
Greene's Cafe
Johnny's Steak Harbor
Broadway Cafe
Red Ox Cafe
Nissen Cafe
Thorson Cafe
Hotel Cafe
Elsie's Cafe

Printers:

Jaqua Printing Co.
Humboldt Reminder
Royal Press

Banks:

First National Bank
Humboldt Trust & Svngs Bank

Taverns:

Books Tavern & Pool
Knotty Pine
Wagon Wheel Inn
Smoke Shop
Dakota Tavern
Gordy's

Hotel:

Hotel Humboldt

Motels:

Beacon Motel
Kozy Korner Motel

Farm Products—etc.:

Farmers Co-op. Ass'n.
J. F. Miller & Son Elevator

Dale Fraser, Inc.
Dittrich Produce & Surge
Dairy Equipment Co.
Bayse Hatchery
Hastings Hatchery
Tommy's Hatchery
Quality Seed
Haas Feed Supply

Automobiles and Repairs:

Arends-Johnson Motors
Bjornson Pontiac & Salvage
Humboldt Motor Sales
Lindhart Chev. Co.
Dale's Welding & Repair Shop
Henderson Machine &
Welding Co.
Shorty's Repair Shop
G. & H. Motor Parts
Laing Electric
Funk's Garage
D. Rhodes Repair
Laird's Body & Align. Serv.
Klein Repair
O. K. Rubber Welders
Satch's Auto Recondition Shop
Schultz Motor Co.
Whitey's Repair

Miscellaneous:

Anderson's Interiors
Halsrud Paint & Wallpaper
Andy's Sportarama
Perfection Tackle Co.
Ben Franklin Store
Claytons Variety Store
Blackman Cleaners
Nelson Cleaners
Boswell Greenhouses
Foley's Flowers & Greenhouses
Smoke Shop
Donahue's Speedy Wash
Coin Clean Laundromat
Electric Service Co.
Hollar Electric
Porter Electric

Hof-Thomas Jewelry
Locke Jewelry
Humboldt Bakery
Humboldt Bus Assoc.
Humota Theatre
Larson's Rexall Drug Store
Tigges Drug Store
Newton Furniture
Starner Furniture
Rathke Motor Rewind & Repair
Saul Studio & Camera Shop
Sime Locker
Star Bowling Lanes
Wilkinson Furn. Repair
Hansen's Apiary
Star Ballroom
Hygrade Food Products Corp.
Darrell Dillon, Inc.
Martin Well Drilling Co.
Judd Berryhill-Water Systems

Service Stations:

Apco Service
B. & W. DX Service
Christensen's Phillips 66 Serv.
Gehring's Skelly Service
Johnny's Mobil Service
Johnson Truck Stop
Meaghers Service Station
Petersen's Cities Service
Ruse's Conoco Service
Stevenson's Standard Service
Svensen's Conoco Service
Thorson's Phillip 66
W. & H. Co-op Oil Co.
Wes' Standard Service
McFarland DX Station
Ole's Conoco Station &
Radiator Shop
Odenbrett Motor Co.

Beauty & Barber:

Crawford Barber Shop
Melavin Barber Shop
Foster Barber Shop
Morgan Barber Shop

Morrison Barber Shop
 Frances Bradley Beauty Salon
 Charm Beauty Shop
 College Heights Beauty Salon
 Harold's Hair Designs
 Henry's Coiffures
 Dot's Beauty Shop

Naeve Barber Shop

Auctioneers:

Edward Andersen
 Norman C. Edge
 Jean M. Kleve
 Merlin Pollock

MAYORS AND CLERKS OF HUMBOLDT

Election	Mayor	Trustees	Recorder
July 13, 1869	John Dickey	D. P. Russell D. A. Martin John Johnson S. H. Taft T. T. Rogers	B. H. Harkness

Election	Mayor	Clerk
June 8, 1871	J. N. Prouty	
Mar. 8, 1872	B. H. Harkness	J. E. Barker
Apr. 12, 1873	S. K. Winnie	J. E. Barker
Mar. 9, 1874	B. H. Harkness	A. J. Collson
Mar. 15, 1875	J. Dickey	S. H. Brewer
Mar. 20, 1876	A. E. Wilder	S. H. Brewer
Mar. 10, 1877	H. McKinstry	S. H. Brewer
Mar. 11, 1878	John Dickey	S. H. Brewer
Mar. 1, 1880	A. D. Bicknell	S. H. Brewer
Apr. 5, 1881	Carlos Combs	S. H. Brewer
Mar. 13, 1882	A. Earthman resigned (Nov. 6, 1882)	G. T. Nash
Feb. 5, 1883	Parley Finch	C. A. Phelps
Mar. 10, 1884	S. H. Brewer	C. A. Phelps
Mar. 9, 1885	T. B. Connor	C. A. Phelps
Mar. 8, 1886	L. Baker	J. B. Swain
Mar. 10, 1887	G. Shellenberger	S. Rogers
Mar. 9, 1888	F. French	S. Rogers
Mar. 11, 1889	A. D. Bicknell	H. S. Wells
Mar. 9, 1890	L. Baker	H. S. Wells
Mar. 12, 1891	P. Finch	H. S. Wells
Mar. 14, 1892	W. J. Taft	H. S. Wells
Apr. 3, 1893	D. A. Ray	H. S. Wells
Apr. 10, 1894	D. A. Ray	H. S. Wells
Apr. 12, 1895	D. A. Ray	H. S. Wells

Election	Mayor	Clerk
Mar. 2, 1896	C. S. Smith	H. S. Wells
Mar. 10, 1897	C. S. Smith	E. L. Chase
Mar. 12, 1898	D. A. Ray	J. E. Barker
Mar. 10, 1899	D. A. Ray	J. E. Barker
Mar. 10, 1900	J. W. Foster	J. A. Parker
Mar., 1901	J. W. Foster	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1902	J. W. Foster	J. A. Parker
Mar. 12, 1903	J. W. Foster — D. A. Ray	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1904	D. A. Ray	J. A. Parker
Mar. 12, 1905	D. A. Ray	J. A. Parker
Apr. 2, 1906	A. E. Ruse	J. A. Parker
Apr. 8, 1907	A. E. Ruse	J. A. Parker
Apr. 9, 1908	A. E. Ruse	J. A. Parker
Apr., 1909	A. E. Ruse	J. A. Parker
Apr. 6, 1910	A. E. Ruse	J. A. Parker
Apr., 1911	A. E. Ruse	J. A. Parker
Apr. 1, 1912	R. J. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Apr. 7, 1913	R. J. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Apr. 8, 1914	R. J. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Apr. 8, 1915	R. J. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Apr., 1916	R. J. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Apr., 1917	R. J. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Mar. 8, 1918	John Cunningham	J. A. Parker
Apr., 1918	John Cunningham	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1919	John Cunningham	J. A. Parker
Mar. 12, 1920	John Devine	J. A. Parker
Mar. 8, 1921	John Devine	J. A. Parker
Mar. 9, 1922	George Bicknell	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1923	George Bicknell	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1924	George Bicknell	J. A. Parker
Mar. 11, 1925	George Bicknell	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1926	Mary H. S. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1927	Mary H. S. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Mar. 8, 1928	Mary H. S. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Mar. 9, 1929	Mary H. S. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1930	Mary H. S. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Mar. 12, 1931	Mary H. S. Johnston	J. A. Parker
Mar. 8, 1932	George McCollough	J. A. Parker
Mar. 10, 1933	George McCollough	Harry Jakway
Mar. 12, 1934	George McCollough	Harry Jakway
Mar. 10, 1935	George McCollough	Harry Jakway
Mar. 16, 1936	C. W. Garfield	Harry Jakway
Mar. 8, 1937	C. W. Garfield	H. F. Jakway

Election	Mayor	Clerk
Mar. 16, 1938	C. W. Garfield	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 1, 1939	C. W. Garfield	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 11, 1940	C. W. Garfield	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 8, 1941	William Housel	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 12, 1942	William Housel	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 16, 1943	William Housel	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 12, 1944	Harry Mayer	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 16, 1945	Harry Mayer	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 16, 1946	O. H. DeGroote	H. F. Jakway
1947	O. H. DeGroote	H. F. Jakway
1948	O. H. DeGroote	H. F. Jakway
1949	O. H. DeGroote	H. F. Jakway
Mar. 12, 1950	D. C. Pierson	H. F. Jakway
Apr. 6, 1951	D. C. Pierson	H. F. Jakway
Apr. 4, 1952)	L. D. Snyder	H. F. Jakway
to)		
Nov., 1957)		
Nov. 6, 1957-1963	Jean M. Kleve	Harold Solbeck

Springvale was incorporated July 14th, 1869. Because of technical failures, the 32nd General Assembly legalized the incorporation and approved it on March 27, 1907.

The name was changed from Springvale to Humboldt on November 11, 1872 by resolution of the Board of Supervisors.

SUMMARY

Many Iowans have traveled far and have thrilled at the sight of spouting "Old Faithful" and the rushing streams, deep canyons and gorges of the lofty Rockies, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Redwood Forest and the Yosemite Valley, and the snow capped peaks of Glacier National Park, all masterpieces of nature's grandeur, but these same Iowans are practical fellows with a mighty pride in Iowa's part in the feeding of the world, and they would never trade, even if they could, the state of Iowa's miles upon miles of lush green cornfields and pastures, its good butter and cream, its cornfed beef, pork, poultry and eggs for all the wondrous beauty of snow-capped Mount Ranier.

In driving across Iowa one fails to see a mountain, or a mile deep gorge or canyon, or yet the mighty sea; definitely our scenery does not compare with the Mountain states. Yet, the Iowa scene in part is rough and irregular and diversified, especially in Northeast Iowa along the Mississippi; even in Humboldt county there are several scenic and historic drives.

On an autumn day one can stand on the high knoll in the southwest corner of Indian Mound cemetery, the highest natural point in Humboldt county, and thrill to the view. The haze of an early Indian summer day fills the valley of the Des Moines; fields of ripening corn and stubble newly turned spread before one; all about are groves marking the farm houses and yards; it is a picture of prosperity and serenity. In the distance one views the two meandering branches of the Des Moines, where the eye follows the gorgeous colors of the winding timber lines to the place where they unite. Wild beauty and tepees of red men 110 years ago; today beauty and achievements of white men. The distant past pauses before one, lingers a moment, then comes drifting slowly through the years. The car leaves this beautiful cemetery of memories, where lie the parents of Frank Gotch and many other pioneers, and passes over the river bridge just above the Forks, past the Gotch farm and south, thence east to the old Fort Dodge river road, which follows the united Des Moines in a southerly direction into Webster County. On this drive, except for occasional cultivated bottom lands and a few farms to the right, the topography remains as it was. The river, creek, and bordering bluffs are the same; on the left and close by, through thickly wooded banks and underbrush, flows the wide, winding river on its long journey to the Mississippi, flowing swiftly over several rapids which in pioneer days marked the fords. The narrow road follows the river south; today just an improved and widened "Indian trail", along which Indian trappers and hunters maintained their habitat and where a few years later our own early settlers joined them in the hunt.

This history is a panorama of events, epochs and people, and its narrative is told by those who lived during some part of the past ten decades. It speaks of the human experiences of our pioneers who founded the village, and it is often spoken and written by them, and of them. They were the first actors

upon the stage which is today called "One hundred years of progress." In their time, they spoke and wrote and worked and built. Some appeared and disappeared, and at last all passed in review. We of today can only pay tribute, applaud and remember. Later generations in the 80's and 90's took their places on the platform, and shared it with the hundreds of newcomers to our town. They added the second story to the tiny homes already built. They too, in their turn, worked and achieved and built, and as time marched on, they passed in review to receive the plaudits of our people; their achievements are part of our history.

Today the ranks of the descendants of our pioneers are thinning, and in business, industry, and the professions new names and new faces have appeared in the last thirty years, the period when Humboldt emerged from a town to a city, and in those intervening years the city has doubled its population.

A detailed history of our city would necessitate the employment of several researchers and the writing of several volumes, for in the minutes alone of our city council are recorded some 1400 meetings, many of importance. These records are preserved in the vaults of the office of the city clerk. Then too, our history is recorded and preserved in more than 8000 newspapers of the town and county. Another part of our history lies buried in the cemeteries of Humboldt County and in those of distant states. In a beautiful Indian Mound Cemetery lie many of our pioneers, and in landscaped hundred and one year old Union Cemetery, over five thousand of our people lie buried.

Among the many prominent people, there also are resting the men who were unsung, yet of extreme importance in the building of our city. These are the ones who wielded the hammer and saw; the men who hewed the stone from our quarries and those who lifted heavy blocks to the knees and then to the wagon; the men who mixed the mortar and carried the hod; the men who with pick and shovel 96 years ago, dug the canal (mill race). The blacksmith, the harness maker, the shoemaker and the wagon maker have also gone to their rest. Their names carved on their tombstones shall shine as brightly in the memory of their descendants as the names of those who furnished the capital to build this city.

Not only in the will of Stephen H. Taft, our founder, but also on his last day on earth, he requested of his son that his ashes be transferred to our Union Cemetery, and that a suitable monument to his memory should be erected. This was done.

It was on the evening of September 11, 1913 that the author saw Reverend Taft for the last time. In the Bicknell home, to a small gathering of friends, he stated in effect that he had suffered many reverses in the founding of our town. Since he had left, scarcely a day passed but what he thought of his early days in Humboldt. He would remember until the end, the town and its people, and the name Springvale would always lie deep in his heart.

Not far from Mt. Taft's monument are the mausoleums of Frank A. Gotch,

world's champion wrestler; A. B. White, Humboldt's great merchant; John Miller Olsen, noted citizen and farmer; and S. O. Rossing, the Rutland banker and son of pioneers. Humboldt's greatest editor of all time, Frank Jaqua, lies beside his wife, Alice, in St. Mary's well-kept cemetery on the bluff south of Humboldt.

Some of us here, now of advancing age, have known many of these people who have spoken and written in this moving drama.

The author sees in his mind's eye, the whiskered face of Mr. Taft in earnest appeal; the smiling face and well developed muscles of Frank Gotch as he taught the boys to use the hammerlock; the dignified G. S. Garfield as he presented the diplomas on the stage of the old opera house to the high school graduates; J. N. Prouty as he stroked his whiskers and said, "Yes, they've called me Old Man Prouty for fifty years"; Mrs. Olive White and Mida F. Doan, his Sunday School teachers in the Congregational Church; Mrs. J. J. Smart, Jennie Sinclair, Charlena Welch, Luella Thomas, Minnie Nichols, Clarence Messer, and Ralph Towle, his school teachers; Bert, C. J. and Ted White, businessmen; Lorenzo W. Housel and A. D. Bicknell, lawyers, the latter with whom the author officed at the time of Mr. Bicknell's death.

I talk again with Frank Lovrien and Ted Connor, my football teammates; the kindly Mrs. Mary Garfield, a friend of my mother; I watch patriotic Frank F. French, S. E. Rollins and August Buckloly as they march by; I see Dr. Welch, Dr. Kinney, Dr. Doan, Dr. Arent, Dr. Coddington, Dr. Sproule and Dr. Miller as they hurry by; I see D. A. Ray, E. O. Bradley, B. E. Stong and J. H. Rine, competitors of my family. In retrospect, I see Rasmus Jacobsen, John Miller Olsen, Byron Parsons and Colonel J. J. Smart, prominent farmers of the community. I talk with Fred Mayer, a neighbor, an expert stone mason father of the Mayer Brothers, and an expert fisherman.

In fond remembrance, I listen in awe to the tales of adventure and courage on the fields of Shiloh and Vicksburg and Kennesaw Mountain, as told by Levi Crandal, Wm. P. Hardy and my grandfather on a winter's night long ago.

Many memories of my town, older and newer, flit before me, and my affection for its people has grown deeper with the fading years.

As we, the elders of today, dream of the future, let us hope that our present school children may write a second and more comprehensive history of our City, in celebration of our sesquicentennial year. May they be generous in evaluating our first "100 years of progress", and if errors of mind have been made along the rugged way, let them never forget the achievements so costly won, by our people, midst darkest days.

May the next fifty years record greater triumphs of material progress than we have known before, and that they may reflect and supplement the humanities of which we have been so proud.

We the people of our city must have no regret that our destiny envisions no large city; but it is one of picturesque locale and healthful environment; it is the home of an energetic and progressive citizenry, appreciative of its

cultural and spiritual values. It is a community of friendly, gracious and generous people, an ideal family town where law and order are respected.

We are blessed with splendid schools, churches, business establishments and public utilities, and with productive soil and healthful climate—we are a fortunate people.

We live in a free and open country with a view of the hills or woods or rivers or prairies from almost every window. We see a beautiful and changing landscape—verdant lawns, majestic trees, fruitful gardens and fields at our very door. We are undisturbed by the din of humming industry, the black sooty smoke rolling from a hundred factories, devoid of teeming tenelements, free from the raucous uproar of a city night. Our smaller communities foster the morals of our youth, and encourage, maybe, a more compact community life and spirit. Each knows his neighbor, there is intensified in us a feeling of sympathy and understanding for those less fortunate and we are ready to help our friend and neighbor in sickness or in sorrow.

May the dauntless spirit of our pioneers, which adversity never crushed, their courage which was challenged by storm and bitter cold, and their achievement, which was so marvelously wrought, ever be a worthy challenge to us of today and to those of generations to come.

Our typical native Iowan loves the small towns and farms of his county, its woods and streams and trails he knew so well when a boy. He neither yearns for other habitation, nor anticipates one. As Brigham Young said as he descended from Echo Canyon with his weary, faithful band of Mormons and looked upon the beautiful valley where now stands Salt Lake City, and as S. H. Taft, the founder of Humboldt, said sixteen years later, as he gazed upon the beautiful valley of the Des Moines, so we of today may likewise say, "This is the Place".

This, then is the story of our people — of those who lived here and are its history; the story of pride and success, of perhaps bitterness and disappointments — a story of human frailties and fallibilities; many of them served humanity nobly, the foremost purpose of life.

Our pioneers remembered in fading years the bright hours of their youth as they wandered over the green hills and along the river trails, as we of today remember our childhood days; their dreams were not always realized nor have ours been, yet they were thankful for life and so are we.

The changing years of Humboldt's history is ever fascinating — may we of today emulate the faith, the courage and the gentleness of the lives of so many of those of our citizens who have gone before.

SONG OF THE CEDAR — In Part
Paul Engle — Iowa's Noted Poet

I

A hill-held valley with a river running
Out of the north hills into the south,
Fish from that river, corn from those hills,
To nourish the Indian's red and hungry mouth.

Then the wide river splashes where a man
Rides through the rapids on a rapid horse.
Next on that river bank a mill for grain
To be, like hill and river, a nourishing source.

**A city is not hills, or look of place,
But men and women and the looking face.**

II

Black walnut logs, with rocks, were sunk across
The Cedar, to make a dam for grinding flour;
Later, a longer concrete dam to change
Earth-colored water to earth-lighting power.

(Sometimes, where the high tension wires go over
Indian village site, a lone man hears
Beyond the wire droning from the dynamo,
A stone-axe hacking the dynamic years.)

**A city is not merely natural force,
But people in their love, pride, hate, remorse.**

City of trade, machines, of radio
Signal bounced from the moon incredibly,
Vigorous place, out of wilderness made
By human and electric energy.

**A city is not store, cash, factory,
But what its people are, and want to be.**

**A city is not building, street, alone,
But character that strengthens it like bone.**

**A city is not walls of colored brightness,
But, in its lived-in homes, the heart's lightness.**

**A city's future is not tall stone piled
On stone, but a free mind in a living child.**

